THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number

George Pattullo—Fannie Hurst—Forrest Crissey—Arthur Somers Roche—Garet Garrett
Maximilian Foster—Corinne Lowe—Viola Rodgers—Helen Van Campen—H. G. Wells

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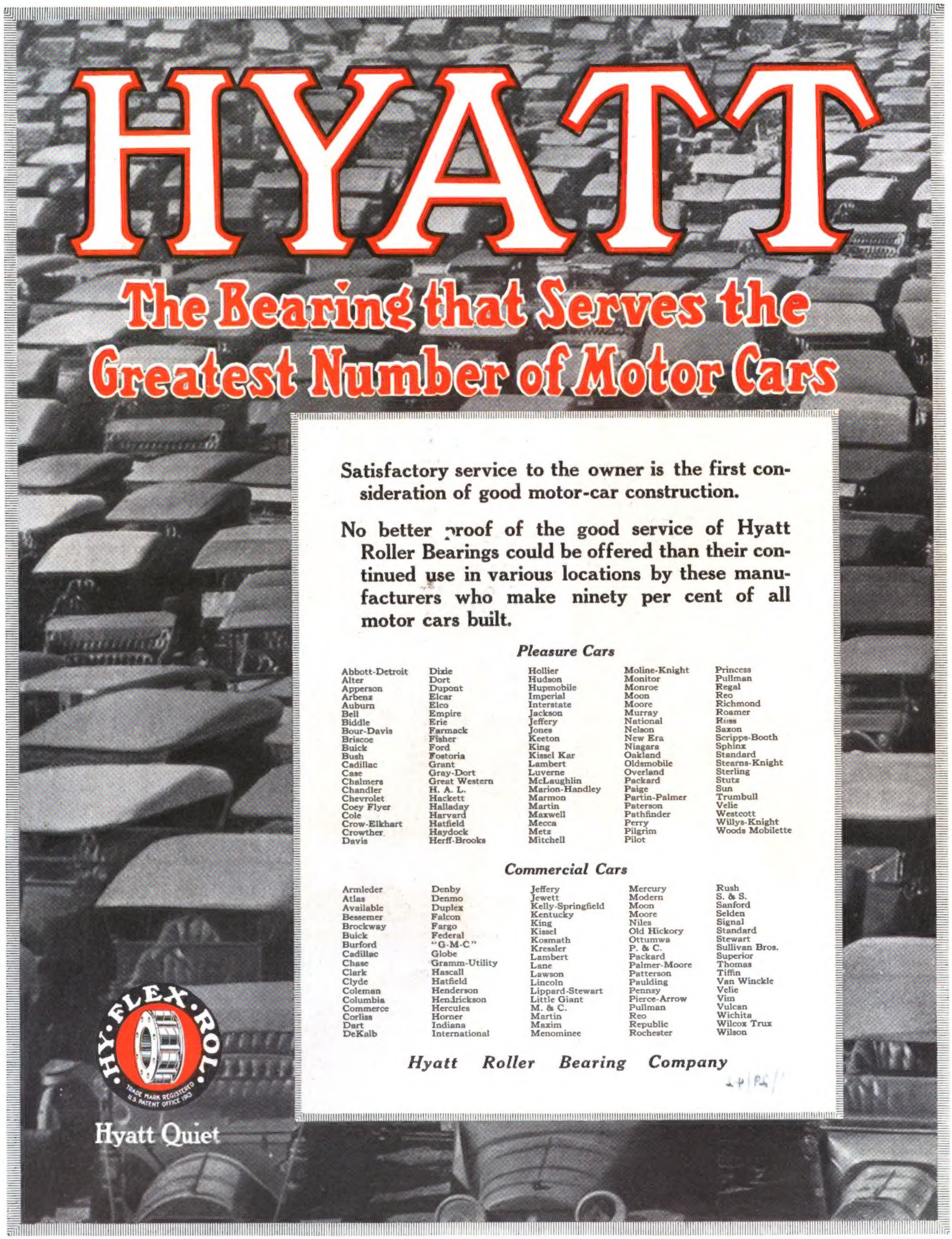

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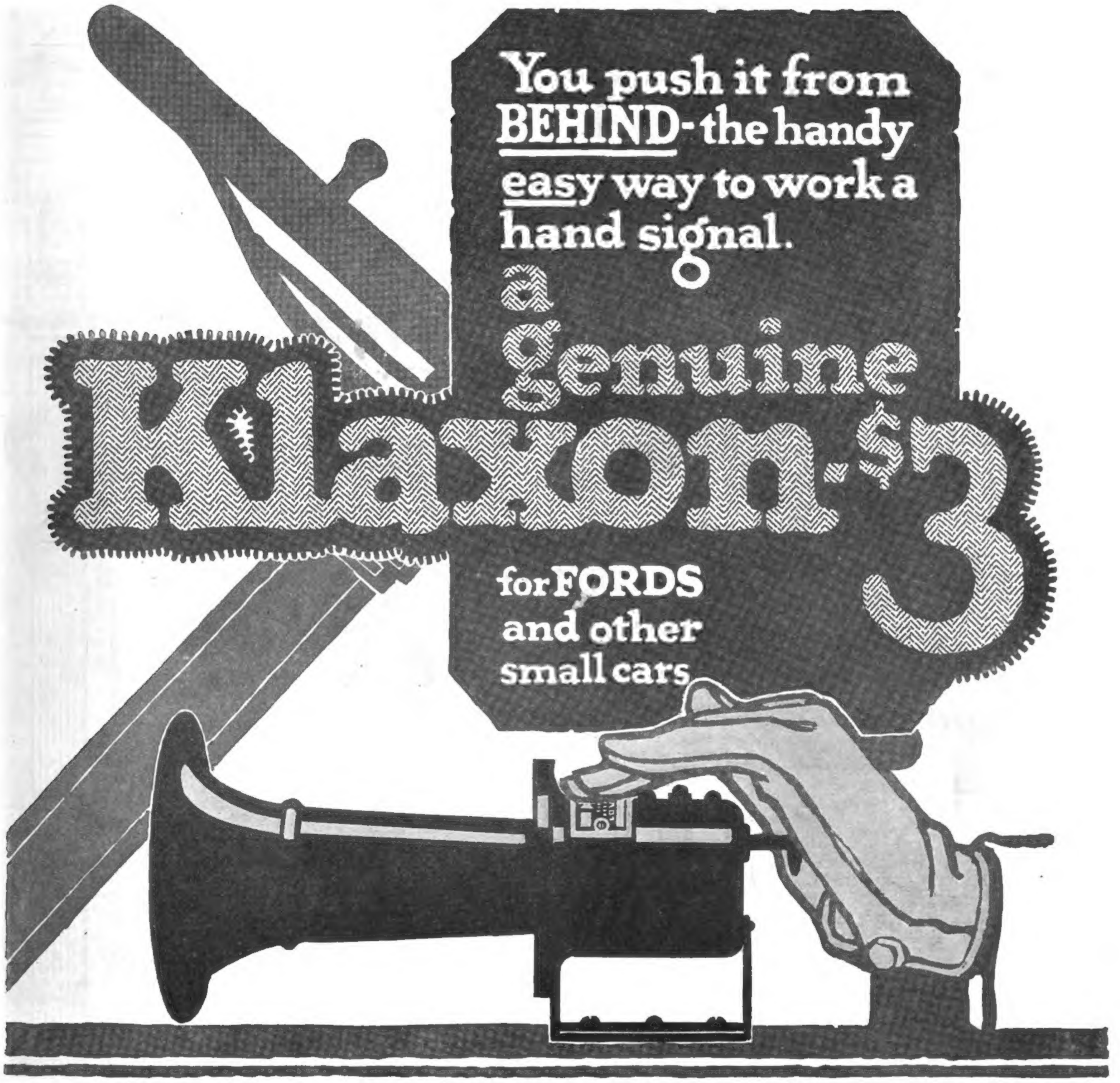

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To Klaxon Dealers: Right now—on the streets and roads of the United States—there are more than a MILLION small cars with signals that are feeble, weak, unsatisfactory or entirely useless. Some are old-time bulb horns. Some are "Buzzers." Some are cheap hand horns. A big majority of the owners of these million cars will want the new Klaxon-3.

Because it has the KLAXON NOTE. Because it has the Klaxon OVAL Projector that sends the sound straight ahead instead of scattering it. Because it CARRIES. Because it WARNS. Because it pushes from BEHIND—the *new* and *better* straight-from-the-shoulder way. Because it ALWAYS WORKS. Because it has Klaxon QUALITY in it, the Klaxon NAME on it, Klaxon reputation BEHIND it. And because it costs THREE DOLLARS.

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How much of this market is in your own town? Estimate the number of cars there—and you can safely figure that TWO-THIRDS—two cars in every three—are bang-up good prospects for Klaxon-3s.

We are doubling the capacity of the largest signal factory in the industry to take care of the demand for KLAXON-3s. But we suggest that you write your jobber at once to avoid disappointment in deliveries.

Klaxon Company, Newark, N. J.

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THE PIKER'S MARKET

By Maximilian Foster

A FEW days ago, in one of the more or less palatial refreshment places that dot the Wall Street district, a group of plainly dressed men, all of commonplace appearance, stood at the bar, drinking champagne at seven dollars a bottle. All reports to the contrary, the bubbling grape is not Wall Street's daily tipple. "A piker's drink" is what the big men, the big operators and brokers, term it; though never mind about that. The bartender having rung up the check on the cash register, one of the men, a middle-aged person who, from his looks, might have been taken for a shopkeeper or a small professional man, produced a roll of bills.

The roll was huge. It was in its dimensions of the shape and size of a tomato can, added to which all the bills were of big denomination—all but one, it seemed. Buried in the roll was a single, simple V; and as the glance of the man fell upon it he hiccuped disdainfully.

"Here, you dog!" he grunted. "What're you doing among real money?" And, crumpling the bill into a ball, he tossed it to the floor.

This anecdote is not related because of its humor. It is not even alleged to be funny. The sole reason why it is published here is that it seems to cast a vivid and illuminating light on what, just now, is going on in Wall Street. Never has Wall Street had so much money. Never has the public shared so freely in that money. This, in fact, is the point to be dwelt upon. Not only have outsiders been running the market—running away with it, one might say—but they have never before been of such an obscure, indiscriminate class.

The anecdote just related was told to a broker, the head of one of Wall Street's biggest margin houses, and he nodded indifferently.

"I know," he said; "the Street's filled with clowns like that. This is the Public's Market, you know. You could call it the Piker's Market instead."

The Miraculous Flood of Inpouring Money

AS EVIDENCE of this the broker hauled out the firm's account book. Two hundred and sixty-two separate accounts showed on the book in question, and of this number only fifteen displayed transactions in lots of one hundred shares or more. The remainder were trading in lots of five, ten and twenty shares. However, this must not be taken to mean that the bulk of the present speculation is done in fractional lots—for that matter, in separate hundred-share transactions; there is still a mass of heavy trading taking place. The point is that, mixed in among this, more shoestring dabbling is going on in Wall Street than the Street ever before has known.

The cause—that and the reason for the present tremendous bulge in Wall Street securities—is known, of course, to everyone. Three years ago an air of gloom pervaded every brokerage office. It was predicted freely that the country never again would see a big bull market. It was said everywhere that the public was out of the market, and out of it for good. To all intents this was true. The public was, indeed, out of the market; and only a convulsion could bring it back again. It had been tricked too long. It had been jobbed and cheated; swindled so often that at last it had grown wise. Added to this, much light had been let in on Wall Street ways and methods by various legislative inquiries—by these and by what the newspapers and periodicals published. Consequently no market that was purely manipulative would ever again attract the public. If ever it came back it would indeed be only through a convulsion. Well, the convulsion happened.

It was the war, of course. But for the war—for the miraculous flood of money the European conflict has caused to pour into America—there would have been no big bull market. However, now that it has come, now that it is here, the wave swelling high, it is curious to look on and see how the Street is taking it; to look back, too, and see how the Street at the beginning took it. Nothing that ever happened is better illustrative of the fact that Wall Street speculation is gambling, pure and simple; that, so far as Wall Street, as a mass, is concerned, its trading is based on guesswork—based solely and entirely on chance. Few among those who dabble in the market saw at the outset what the war would mean. The majority, the mass of outsiders on which professional Wall Street fattens, guessed exactly opposite from the truth.

When Gloom and Disaster Stalked in Wall Street

IN JULY, 1914, the first gun was fired. The war was on, and instantly the conflict became the biggest bear argument ever heard in the Street. Of course, for a time there was logic in this. It was only natural that Europe, in frantic need of money, would throw into the market its hoard of American securities. This, in fact, it did—or, rather, it attempted to do it; and, to prevent what probably would have been the biggest panic the world has ever seen, the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors. This averted the panic; but, though it did, it could not avert the gloom, the despair that, like a creeping flood, settled down on the Wall Street district.

The country was saved; but it was saved only for the moment, said Wall Street. Ruin, it averred, was at hand. Give it time, give it a few months or so, and the United States would come crashing down financially with all the rest of the world. This prophecy, uttered as if by Jeremy, was heard in every Wall Street brokerage office. Rather curiously, it was uttered also in more than one more dignified financial rendezvous. The United States, it was repeated, faced the most perilous crisis in its history.

Perhaps it did. Perhaps, as it was said, the country trod the brink of disaster, of destruction. At any rate, so said Wall Street; and isn't Wall Street the country's pulse? The Street says it is. The Street, at the same time, believes it is. The only trouble was that while Wall Street, as a whole, was moaning its jeremiads, the country's industries had reawakened. Mills were going; factories were working; farms, mines, railroads—these and every other form of industry again were pegging away. In Wall Street there might be gloom—disaster, ruin and destruction might be stalking there; but, though it was, the rest of the United States didn't seem to heed it much. What it heeded was the rising stream of dollars—earned legitimate dollars—which already had begun pouring in. It thought little about Wall Street's distress. It cared even less about it too. So Wall Street kept on moaning.

That is the significant fact about the United States' historic financial center—the speculative side of that center, at all events: Its own misery it feels to be the entire country's misery. It is, in fact, the most self-conscious, self-centered community we possess. Given all its reputation for wiseness, for clearness of mind and alert farsightedness, the Street seems frequently incapable of seeing beyond its own nose. In this case, anyway, while the country had begun to roll up wealth, all that one heard from Wall Street for months was groans. On December 12, 1914, the Exchange reopened its doors. Again trading was resumed, but still the Street moaned on. It was, in fact, not until after the big boom in business—legitimate even if exceptional—was sweeping well

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along in its growth that manipulative, speculative Wall Street began to blink, to open its eyes.

The bulge, to its astonishment, was everywhere. Every other market had risen, and these markets still were rising. Manipulation was not the cause, either. The rise in each case was natural. Iron was up. Copper was up. It was the same, too, with lead, spelter, tin and what not. Foodstuffs were up also—all rising, climbing. Wall Street, seeing this, blinked again. Yet it still couldn't see the truth. Stocks weren't up; the pet, precious issues on which Wall Street feeds were as yet anæmic, moribund. Therefore, averred Wall Street, the prosperity talk was all bunk. Wasn't there a war? Wasn't the war the biggest bear argument the Street had ever had? Convinced that it was, the speculative element resumed its dyspeptic prophecies. These it alternated with attacks on the Government, on the President and his policies.

In the light of recent happenings it is amusing now to turn back to the literature that in those days Wall Street was putting forth. Caution was its keynote, not thoughtful caution, but whimpering timidity. Of the country's prosperity, in so far as the market reflected it, no hint was evident. The "list" was still limp. The margin houses were still vacant of customers. As they said there, "you couldn't raise money on twenty-dollar goldpieces," and every broker who had sold his car in the starvation times of 1913–1914 was still afoot. Prosperity? It was a joke. Since it hadn't hit Wall Street, the Street didn't believe it existed. This isn't all, either. Even when it awakened to the facts, blinked again and saw the money rolling in, the Wall Street crowd—that gang of alleged "investors" which is believed to make the market—all did their utmost to discount and discredit the country's tide of prosperity. It wasn't real, said the gang. It never would last. Even the margin houses—most of them, at any rate—took that same stand. Clients with their commissions are the meat and drink of these concerns; without commissions and clients they would one and all go under; yet there was hardly one of these houses with foresight enough to grasp the facts at hand. True, when the market began to stir they did urge their clients to buy. It was their business to do so. The more their customers bought, the more the commissions that came in. But though indeed they urged, urged hungrily, too, it was a cautious, deprecatory urging. The rise was only temporary, they said. They also added that the market was probably being nursed along in order that those on the inside might get out gingerly on the outside. "Be cautious," was the warning. "Don't hang on long." To be brief—to be brutally frank—when the Street had the big bull market it had been hankering for all the years since 1907, the Street, as a whole, didn't realize the fact.

But then why wonder? Wall Street of itself does not make bull markets. In all its history not even the so-called inside interests have made one. Always and inevitably it is the public that does it. All that the bulk of these insiders ever do is to raid or job and manipulate. At times, to be sure, they may control the market for awhile. One stock or group of stocks they may breeze up or down; but they might as well seek to control the solar system as to try to control the entire list.

Fireworks in Bethlehem

IT WAS along toward the end of March and the beginning of April in 1915 that Wall Street first responded to the boom. In other words, it had taken the Street's alleged wiseacres something like three months to awaken to the facts. Meanwhile, under the noses of those who say they can read the tape a vast amount of quiet buying had been going on.

Little of this was Wall Street buying. It was inside buying, of course, but all the insiders were not of the regulation Wall Street sort. Instead, they were persons in a position to know—to know actually, not to guess as Wall Street nominally guesses. Those who did it were the men in charge of the industries that first felt the impulse of the rising tide. These men had begun to see, and to see clearly, what the war meant commercially for the United States. So while the profits were piling up, while Wall Street was still moaning and saying the country faced destruction, they began quietly to buy. An instance of this appears in that well-known and now historic war bride, Bethlehem Steel. The course of Bethlehem shows accurately the value of the Street's alleged foresight.

In December, 1914, when the Exchange reopened, Bethlehem sold round 42. To the insider—of the Wall Street speculative sort—the stock looked inactive and uninteresting. It was reported that the concern had been grabbing off big contracts for munitions, and the report was confirmed virtually by the company itself; but the news still was pooh-poohed. If Bethlehem was making money, rolling up a wad, why didn't the stock show it? Why didn't it rise, setting off fireworks? This, in fact, is the Street's way of seeing things. It believes nothing till the market shows it. Before long, however, Bethlehem did begin to rise. And presently it began to shoot off fireworks. Then, but not until then, the Street sat up and took notice.

As this is written, two years have passed since the Exchange reopened its doors. Bethlehem, selling then at 42, has in that time sold up to 700, and is now selling round 644. However, had anyone suggested in 1914—for that matter, until months later—that Bethlehem ever would do this, the insiders would have laughed in his face. The stock, in fact, is a sort of joke; for it fooled even those Wall Street persons who are really on the inside—namely, that small intimate group that is the financial district's famous board or boards of interlocking directors. They, too, discounted and discredited what was happening. At any rate, it is told gleefully how some of them—these the "wisest" at that—"got out from under," as they expressed it, when the stock touched 75. They "unloaded" at 75—not at 700. Sad, wasn't it? Indeed, it was more than sad, it seemed to some of them inconceivably bitter and unjust.

Bethlehem, the first of the war brides, is not, however, the only one. There are a dozen others. In December, 1914, General Motors sold at 86. Recently it was selling round 750, and has sold as high as 850. Then there is International Mercantile Marine. When the Exchange reopened that stock was kicking round underfoot, offered at $1 a share and no takers. Recently it was active at 47. International Paper, rising from 8 to a high point of 75½, is another; and so is Central Leather, ranging from 32⅝ to 123. One might go on naming them by the dozen; but their number is not the point. The thing to be digested is that in nearly every instance of a rise the alleged inside traders promptly got on the outside, "unloading," as they termed it, once they'd taken a few points' profit. To be sure, after awhile they got aboard again; but by then the bloom had already been taken from the flower. It was the raw public that had taken it.

This does not mean that speculative Wall Street has not made money. It not only has made it, it has made more than it has ever made before. Elated as it is, though, the elation is tinged with a note of regret. If only it had guessed! If only at the outset it had seen! That is the sad part about it—Wall Street did not see. It did not, for that matter, even dream what was coming.

Of All Sad Words

ONE afternoon recently half a dozen men, each man long familiar with the Street, sat at a table in a brokerage office. That day one share of General Motors had been sold at 750, a drop of 60 points from the previous quotation; and one and all they were animatedly discussing the stock. All six had made money in the security, but still one and all voiced complaint.

It was the old story: Why hadn't they got in at the bottom and hung on till the top? One of the six, to estimate what he'd "lost," drew forth a pencil and began to figure on the back of an envelope. The basis of his figuring was on a thousand shares bought at 86 on ten points margin, and sold at 850.

The result was vivid: Less interest and commissions, the net profit figured out $756,262.50.

Gloom settled on their faces. They all sighed. Then with an effort they had changed to another topic, when the man with the pencil fetched another deep breath.

"Say," he exclaimed, "just think what'd have happened, too, if we'd pyramided every ten points up!"

The suggestion broke up the party. Silently they kicked back their chairs, and each departed in a different direction. It was too much to dwell upon. That was only human nature. You know what the poet says, that hackneyed line: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen. . . ." One wonders whether the poet wasn't a Wall Street speculator!

Just what has happened in Wall Street—what, too, is still happening there—the figures will serve to show. The year 1913 was a lean, bleak time in the market; the year 1914 was much worse. In 1913 the year's average of daily sales was 279,740; while in 1914 the average sank to 236,610. As a whole, however, 1914 was much worse for Wall Street than these figures indicate, the average having been computed on the basis of working days. Thus, while in 1913—lean as it was—there were 83,362,639 shares dealt in, the total year's sales for 1914 were only 48,031,833. In other words, this means that for the year the average turnover for each member of the Stock Exchange's 1100 members was only 43,665 shares.

The profits from this would not pay office rent and clerk hire. However, notice the figures for 1915. From 48,031,833 shares in 1914 the sales on the Exchange for 1915 sprang to 173,654,186 shares. The turnover averages 157,867 shares for each individual on the floor. Now, for 1916, it is estimated that the transactions for the year will reach 225,000,000 shares—a turnover of about 200,000 shares for each of the 1100 members. In November alone 35,709,915 shares were dealt in, an amount only 13,000,000 shares under the sum total for all of 1914. Added to this, in 1916 there already have been eight days on which more than 2,000,000 shares have been dealt in. The significance of this will be seen when it is remembered that until 1916 there had not been a single 2,000,000 share day since 1907. There were three in that year.

The Odd-Lot Traders

MILLION SHARE days no longer attract attention in Wall Street. They happen nearly every day. What is more, they will keep on happening till the market bursts. And that it is due presently to burst seems likely. At any rate, the prevailing uneasiness in Wall Street appears to forecast something like this. It is still further forecast by the class of persons that now are in the market.

Recently, in one of Wall Street's biggest brokerage houses, the manager of the place led the writer into the customers' room. The place was crowded. That day Ohio Cities Gas had begun to buzz and splutter. Selling at 75 early in October, it was now climbing fitfully to a high point of 124¼; and the customers' room was packed as closely as the proverbial sardine can. With a jerk of his thumb the room manager indicated the front row of chairs before the quotation board.

"See those fellows?" he asked.

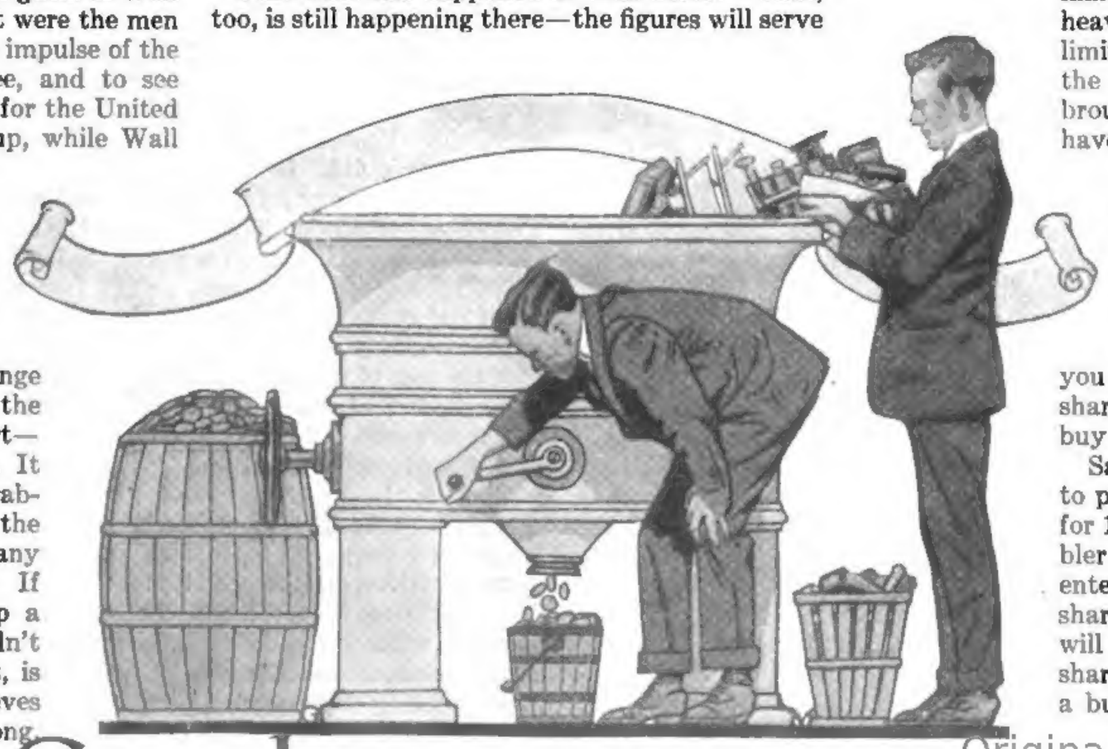
The writer saw them. Like the men in the barroom—the fellows buying champagne at $7 a bottle—all were of ordinary appearance. As a matter of fact, few in the room were anything else.

"Well, listen now while I tell you what they are," said the manager; and one by one he gave their occupations.

There were eight men in the row of chairs. The first was a head gardener employed on a Long Island estate. In the chair adjoining was a drug clerk. The third was a retail shoe dealer from across the bridge in Williamsburg. The fourth was a university professor. In turn, the three next to him were a dentist, a retail butcher, and the proprietor of an uptown café.

"That's how it's going," voiced the manager. "Every piker in Christendom has broken into Wall Street with his shoestring."

Crowds in brokerage offices seldom seem a very elevating or elevated lot, but never before have they looked so obscure, so indiscriminate. In the odd-lot houses this is especially the case. Odd lots, it should be explained, are any fractional part of one hundred shares, a hundred shares being the unit of all transactions on the Exchange. Amounts under that are seldom dealt in; and, as the habit has become almost a rule, this apparently would prevent gambling on margin in less amounts. As a fact, it doesn't. To-day from 25 to 27 per cent of all transactions in the market are odd-lot trades; and what is more, a heavy percentage of this odd-lot trading is done on limited margins. Shoestrings of $100 or $200 are the rule, and in consequence money has been brought into Wall Street that otherwise would have gone to the bucket shops.



The system of operation is this: Houses engaged in the odd-lot business will sell any number of shares of stock, from 1 to 99, at the offered price of 100-share lots on the New York Exchange; conversely, they will buy any odd lot at the bid price. Thus, if 51 is bid for 100 shares of United States Steel, you may sell one or more shares for 51; if 100 shares of Steel are offered for sale at 51⅛, you may buy one or more shares at this price.

Say, however, that the stock the dabbler wishes to purchase or to sell is inactive, and the market for 100 shares is quoted 80 bid, 82 asked, the dabbler may either sell at 80 or buy at 82; or he may enter his order to purchase or sell at the next 100-share transaction. In this case the odd-lot order will be executed ⅛ under this forthcoming 100-share sale, if a selling order; or ⅛ over the sale, if a buying order. This fraction of a point is the

(Concluded on Page 64)

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THE WRONG PEW

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

In Complete Exhaustion She Slid Into Her White Iron Cot Against the Wall

FOR six midnights of the week, on the roof of the Moncrieff Frolic, grape-wreathed and with the ecstatic quivering of the flesh that is Asia's, Folly, robed in veils, lifts her carmined lips to be kissed, and Bacchus, whose pot-belly has made him unloved of fair women, raises his perpetual goblet and drinks that he may not weep.

On the stroke of twelve, when on stretches of prairie the invisible joinder of night and day is a majestic thing, the Moncrieff Follies—twenty-four of them, not counting two specialty acts and a pair of whistling Pierrots—burst forth into frolic with a terrific candle and rhinestone power.

Saint Geneviève, who loved so to brood over the enigmatic roofs of the city, would have here found pause. Within the golden inclosure of the Moncrieff Roof, a ceiling canopied in deep waves of burnt-orange velvet cunningly concealed, yet disclosed, amber light, the color of wine in the pouring. Behind burnt-orange portières of great length and great depth of nap the Twenty-Four Follies, each tempered like a knife edge, stood identically poised for the first clash of Negroid music from a Negroid orchestra.

At a box office built to imitate a sedan chair—Louis Quinze without and Louis Slupsky within—Million-Dollar Jimmie Cox, of a hundred hundred Broadway all-nights; the Success Shirt Waist Company incorporated, entertaining the Keokuk Emporium; the newest husband of the oldest prima donna; and Mr. Herman Loeb, of Kahn, Loeb & Schulien, St. Louis, waited in line for the privilege of ordering *à la carte* from the most *à la mode* menu in Oh-là-là, New York.

The line grew, eighty emptying theaters fifteen stories below sending each its trickle toward the Midnight Frolic—men too tired to sleep, women with slim, syncopated hips, and eyes none too nice. The smell of fur and fragrant powder on warm flesh began to rise on a fog of best Havana smoke. At the elevators women dropped out of their cloaks and, in the bustle of checking, stood by, not unconscious of the damask finish to bare shoulders.

When Mr. Herman Loeb detached himself from the human tapeline before the box office, the firm and not easily discomposed lines of his face had fallen into loose curves, the lower lip thrust forward and the eyebrows upward. Sheep and men in their least admirable moments have that same trick of face. He rejoined his companion, two slips of cardboard well up in the cup of his palm.

"Good seats, Herman?"

"I ask you, Sam, is it an outrage? Twenty bucks for a table on the side!"

"No!"

"Is that highway robbery or not, I ask you!"

Mr. Samuel Kahn hitched at his belt, an indication of mental ferment.

"I wouldn't live in this town, not if you gave it to me!"

"It's not the money, Sam. What's twenty dollars more or less on a business trip, and New Year's Eve at that? But it's the principle of the thing. I should be made a good thing of yet!"

"Twenty bucks!"

"Yes, and like he was doing me a favor, that Louis Slupsky in the box office who used to take tickets in our Olympic at home. Somebody at the last minute let go of his reservation or we couldn't have got a table."

"Twenty bucks, and we got to feel honored yet that they let us sit at a table to buy a dinner! But say, Herm, it's a great sight, ain't it?"

"There's only one little old New York! Got to hand it to this town—they're a gang of cutthroats but they do things up brown. A little goes a long ways, but I always say a trip to New York isn't complete without a night at the Moncrieff Roof. You sit here, Sam, facing the stage."

"No, you! An old bachelor has got the right to sit closer to a girl show than a married man."

They drew up before a small table, edging a shining area of reserved floor space and only once removed from the burnt-orange curtains.

"A ha!" exuded Mr. Samuel Kahn, his rather strongly aquiline face lifted in profile.

"A ha!" exuded Mr. Loeb, smiling out of eyes ten years younger. Blue shaved to the last hair and less aquiline, his was the kind of profile that has driven strong men to pose for street-car advertisements of Red Wing collars.

"What'll you have, Sam?"

"Say, what's the difference? I'll take a cheese sandwich and a glass of beer."

"Now cut that! Maybe I squealed about the twenty bucks, but that don't make me out a short skate. This isn't Cherokee Garden at home, man. I'm going to blow my brother-in-law to New Year's Eve in my own way, or know the reason why not. Here, waiter, a pint of extra-dry and a layout of sandwiches."

"If you can stand it, I guess I can!"

"It's not on the firm either, Sam; it's on me!"

"For the price of to-night Ma and Etta would hang themselves, ain't it?"

"Say, we only live once. I always tell Ma she can't take it with her when she goes. Anyways for the discount we got on those Adler sport skirts, we can afford to celebrate."

"Say, Herman, I wish I had a dime for every dollar what is spent up here to-night. Look at the women! I guess American men don't make queens out of their wives!"

"For every wife who's up here to-night I wouldn't take the trouble to collect the dimes," said Mr. Loeb with cunning distinction.

"I guess that ain't all wrong neither. It ain't such a pleasure to be away from your family New Year's Eve, but I can assure you I'd rather have

Etta having her celebration with Ma and *Grossmutter*, and maybe the Bambergers over at the house, than up here where even a married woman can blush she should be."

"Take it from me, old man, a flannel petticoat in the family is worth all the ballet skirts on this roof put together."

"I bought Ma and Etta each one of them hand bags to-day at Lauer's for nine dollars. What they don't know about the price won't hurt them. Two for nine I'll tell them."

"To this day Ma believes that five-hundred-dollar bar pin I brought her two years ago from Pittsburgh cost fifty at auction."

"There's Moe Marx from Kansas City just coming in! Spy the blonde he's with, will you? I guess Moe is used to that from home, nix! There's a firm, Marx-Jastrow, made a mint last year."

"Look!"

The lights had sunk down, the sea of faces receding into fog. The buzz died too, and doors were swung against the steady shuffle of incomers. From behind the curtains a chime tonged roundly and in one key. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve!

Then the orange curtains parted and on a gilded dais the width of the room, in startling relief against a purple circle the size of a tower clock, the Old Year, hoar on his beard and with limbs that shivered in an attitude of abdication, held out an hourglass to a pink-legged cherub with a gold band in his or her short curls.

A shout went up and a great clanging of forks against frail glass, the pop of corks and the quick fizz ensuing. The curtains closed and the lights flashed up. Time had just sailed another knot into space, and who cared?

At a center table already a woman's slipper was going the rounds. It began to sag and wine began to ooze through the brocade.

"Well, Hermie, here's a happy New Year to you!"

"And to you, Sam, and many of 'em!"

"To Ma and Etta and *Grossmutter!*"

"To Kahn, Loeb & Schulien!"

"To Kahn, Loeb & Schulien and that to this time next year we got the Men's Clothing Annex."

They drank in solemn libation.

The curtains had parted again. A Pierrot, chalky white, whistled in three registers, soprano, bass and baser. A row of soubrettes rollicked in and out again in a flash of bushy skirts.

"Say, look at the third one from this end with the black curls all bobbing. I'm for her!"

"Where?"

"Gone now!"

Mr. Kahn leaned across his singing glass, his eye quirking into a wink.

"Old man, you can pull that woman-hater stuff on the home folks, but it takes your brother-in-law to lead you to the live ones. Eh?"

"You dry up," said Mr. Loeb, peering between the halves of a sandwich.

On a glass runway built over the heads of the assembled, a crystal aisle for satin feet, the row of soubrettes suddenly appeared, peering over the crystal rail, singing down upon the sea of marcelled, bald and dead heads. Men, sheepish of their smiles but with the small heels overhead clanging like castanets into their spirits, dared to glance up.

"Gad, Herman! What'll they think up next! Whatta you know about that—all those little devils dancing right over our heads!"

"There she is!"

"What?"

"The little one in the boy's black satin suit, with the black curls bobbing!"

"Watch out, Herm! You'll die of crick in the neck."

"I don't see any blinkers on you!"

"Hey, old man! Your mouth's open."

"I know. I opened it," said Mr. Loeb, his head thrown back and eyes that were suddenly bold staring up at the twinkling aisle.

At a table adjoining a man reached up, flecking one of the tiny black satin feet with a whirl of his napkin.

"When You Come Back From New York, You Bring Grossmutter a Pink Present, Not?"

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Then Mr. Herman Loeb, of St. Louis, committed an act of spontaneous combustion. When came the turn of the black satin and the bobbing curls to bend over the rail directly above him, he flung wide his arms, overturning a wine bottle.

"Jump!" he cried.

Beneath the short black curls a mouth shaped like a bud, reluctant to open, blew him a kiss. Then came a cue of music like an avalanche, and quicker than Harlequin's wink the aisle was clean.

"Gad!" said Mr. Loeb, his strong profile thrust forward and a light on it.

"That little one with the black curls? Say! You can put her on your watchfob and take her home."

"Wouldn't mind!" said Mr. Loeb.

"You and Moe Marx are like all the women haters. You don't know it, but you're walking in your sleep and the tenth-story window's open."

"We oughtn't to come up here in business clothes," said Mr. Loeb, eying his cuff edges.

A woman sang of love. A chorus, crowned and girdled in inflated toy balloons, wreathed in and out among the tables.

"She's not in that crowd."

Men to whom life for the most part was grim enough vied for whose cigarette end should prick the painted bubbles. A fusillade ensued; explosions on the gold-powdered air—a battle *de luxe!*

Mr. Kahn threw back his head, yawned and slid a watch from his waistcoat pocket.

"W-ell, a little of this goes a long way. If we want to pull out of this town a day after to-morrow we've got to get down to Cedar Street early in the morning on that sweater job lot. It's about time for us to be getting across to the hotel."

"Wait!" said Mr. Loeb.

A jingling and a right merry cacophony of sound came fast upon the bubble bombardment, and then, to a light runnel of song, the row of twenty-four, harnessed in slotted sleigh-bells and with little-girl flounced frocks to their very sophisticated pink silk knees.

The devices of vaudeville are perennial. Rigoletto, who set a court's sides aching, danced to bells. The row of twenty-four, pink and white as if the cradle had just yielded them up, shivered suddenly into an ecstasy of sound, the jerked-up shoulder of one, the tossing curls of another, the naughty shrug of a third, eking out a melody.

A laugh rose off the crowd.

"Say, this town'll fall for anything! That act's got barnacles. But the little devils look cute, though. Say—say, old man, cut that out! This is no place for your mother's son. Say!"

Mr. Loeb was leaning forward across the table top, his head well ahead of his shoulders. Of the third from the end of the row of twenty-four, a shoulder shrugging to the musical nonsense of bells was arching none too indirectly toward him, and once the black curls bobbed, giving a share of tremolo to the melody. But the bob was carefully directed, and Herman Loeb returned it in fashion, only more vehemently and with repetition.

"Say, Herman, enough is enough! You'll have her here at the table next. It's like Al Suss always says, the reason he woke up one morning and found himself married to the first pony in the sextet was because he stuck a stamp upside down on a letter to her and found he could be held for a proposal in stamp language."

To a great flare of the Negroid music, the row of twenty-four suddenly turned turtle, and prone on a strip of rug, heads to audience and faces to ceiling, twenty-four pairs of legs, ankleted in bells, kicked up a syncopated melody. From a Niagara of lace, dainty insteps quivered an arpeggio. A chromatic scale bounced off a row of rapidly pointing toes. The third from the end, seized with sudden chill, quivered into grace notes, small pink feet kicking violently to the chandelier.

Men red with laughter pounded their plates. The rhythmic convulsion passed down the prostrate line, forty-eight feet twinkled a grand finale, and the curtains swung, then opened, remaining so.

The line of twenty-four danced down and across the wide hairline that separates life and stage, butterflies sipping from table to table. The cabaret was done. Lights resumed and the business of food and drink.

Mr. Loeb flung out an arm, pulling awry a carefully averted pink sash.

"Say, little Jingle Bells, you and your friend!"

"Cut it out, Herm! If we want to be down on Cedar Street by ——"

"What's your hurry, little one?"

"It ain't mine, it belongs to the management."

"Won't you join us?"

"Herm, that job lot of sweaters ——"

"Oh, come on, little Jingle Bells!"

"My friend too?"

"Sure, your friend."

They teetered, the two of them like animated dolls, arm in arm, and so at ease.

"Here, you little Black Curls sit next to me, and you, Blondey, over there by my brother-in-law."

They fluttered into place.

"What'll you have, girls?"

"Anchovies and fine-chopped onions for mine, Joe. Tell 'em in the kitchen I said fine, and if the gentlemen are going to order wine, bring me a plate of oyster crackers first to take off the edge of my emptiness."

"Sure, another bottle of wine, waiter."

"Hermie, we ——"

"And you, little Jingle Bells, same as Blondey's order?"

"Yeh."

"Say, you know what?"

"No, what?"

"I fell for those bouncing black curls of yours before I was in the place five minutes."

At that there was an incredible flow of baby talk.

"Gemmemen ike ikkie gurl wiz naughty-naughty black curl-curlies?"

At Three o'Clock, in a Magistrate's Office, Herman Schullen Loeb and Sadie Helen Mosher Became as One

"You bet your life I do," said Mr. Loeb, unashamed of comprehension.

Mr. Kahn flashed another look at his watch.

"Say, don't you know, you girls oughtn't to keep us boys up so late. Ain't there no wear out to you?"

The yellow curls to his right bounced sharply.

"He asks if there's a wear out to us, Cleone? I wish it to you this minute, Baldy, that you had the muscles in the back of my legs. I guess you think it's choice for us girls to come out on the floor after the show!"

"Sylvette!"

"Yah, it's my New Year's resolution to tell the truth for thirty minutes if I'm bounced for it. If you got to know it, it's a ten per cent rake-off for us girls on every bottle of golden vichy you boys blow us to."

"Honest, Sylvette, you're wearing scrambled eggs instead of brains to-night. Why don't you cry a few brinies for the gemmemen while you're at it!"

That so quickened Mr. Loeb's risibilities that he dropped his hand over Miss Cleone St. Claire's, completely covering yet not touching it.

"You're a scream, kiddo! Gee, I like you!"

She drank with her chin flung up and her throat very white.

"Bubbles! Bubbles! God bless all my troubles!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Mr. Kahn, smiling at her.

"The gemmemen from out of town?"

"St. Louis."

"I had a friend out there—Joe Kelsannie, of Albuquerque. Remember him, Sylvette?"

"Do I!"

"I'm going out there myself some day if the going's good, and get me a cowboy west of Newark."

Mr. Loeb leaned forward smiling into her quick-fire eyes.

"I'll take you!"

"Stick her on your watchfob, Herman."

"No, sirree, I'll take her life size."

"Watch out, Hermie; remember the upside-down postage stamp!"

"Want to go, Jingle Bells?"

"Sure."

"But I'm on the level, little one. No kidding. Day after to-morrow. St. Louis—with me!"

Miss Cleone St. Claire drew herself up, the doll look receding somewhat from her gaze.

"Say, bo, you got me wrong. I'm one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand chorus girls you could introduce your sister to. Aren't I, Syl?"

"You let that kid alone," said Miss Sylvette de Long, in a tone not part of her rôle. "When the traffic policeman sticks up his mitt it's time to halt, see?" Lines not before discernible in Miss De Long's face had long since begun to creep out, smoky shadows beneath her eyes and a sunburst of fine lines, showing through the powder like stencil designs.

"Come on, Herm, it's getting late, and if we want to be down on Cedar ——"

"You think I'm kidding this little black-eyed chum of yours, don't you, Blondey?"

"Sure not! You want 'er to grace the head of your table and wear the family heirlooms!"

"Well, Sam, you're my brother-in-law—married to my own sister and living under the same roof with me—am I a habitual lady fusser, or do they call me Hermie the Hermit at home?"

"Never knew him to talk ten straight words to a skirt before, girls," said Mr. Kahn through a yawn; "and if you don't believe it, go out and ask Louis Slupsky, who used to play chinies with him."

"Say, you," said Miss De Long, edging slightly, "you're about as funny as a machine gun, you are! If you got a private life, why ain't you back in St. Louis a night like this showing her and the kids a good time!"

She was frankly tired, her eyelids darkening.

"I wish to heaven I was," said Mr. Kahn suddenly. "Take it from me, girl, it was nothing but a business hangover kept me. Come, Herm, if we ——"

"You think I'm kidding, little Jingle Bells, don't you?"

Miss St. Claire sat back against her chair; her black eyes had quieted. "If you ain't kidding you must be crazy with the heat or dr——"

"Look at my glass. Have I touched it?"

"The man's raving, Syl! Wants to marry me and take me back to St. Louis, Thursday."

"Cut the comedy and come! Herm, it's getting on to three in the morning."

"This little girl keeps thinking I'm kidding, Blondey. I always knew if I ever fell for matrimony it would be just like this. Right off the reel. No funny business. Just bing! Bang! Done!"

"Catch me while I swoon, but he sounds on the level, Cleone."

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"Bubbles! Bubbles! God Bless All My Troubles!"

"Well, what if he is? Of all the nerve! Whatta you know about me? How do you know I haven't got three kids and a crippled husband at home? How do you know ——?"

"I know, little Jingle Bells! Why, I was as sure of you, the minute I clapped eyes on you, as if we'd been raised next door to each other. I can see right down in your little life like it was this glass of wine."

Miss St. Claire threw out her arms in a beautiful and sleepy gesture.

"Well, boys, this is a nice little party, but I got to get up at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and I need the sleep. Oh, how I love my morning sleep!" She drew back, her bare outflung arm pushing her from the table. "If you'll call me and my roommate a taxi——"

"No, you don't, Jingle Bells!"

He placed a hand that trembled slightly on the sleeved part of her arm. She opened wider her very wide black eyes.

"Are you bats?" she said.

"I'm going to marry you and take you home with me, if I have to carry you off like a partridge."

"Cleone, I tell you the man means it!"

"You're right, Blondey. I never meant anything more in my life."

A sudden shortness of manner crept over Mr. Kahn.

"Man, you're drunk!" he cried, springing to his feet.

"See my glass!"

"Then you're crazy!"

"Sit down, old Baldy. Why's he crazy? That little roommate of mine is as straight a little girl as ——"

"Why, I tell you he's crazy! That man's the head of a big business. He can't kick up any nonsense like this. Come on, Herm, cut the comedy. It's time we were getting across to our hotel. Look at the crowd thinning, and what's left is getting rough. Come!"

"If you don't know how to behave yourself, Sam, in the presence of these ladies, maybe you better go back to the hotel alone. I'm going to see these young ladies to their door, and before we go me and this little girl are going to understand each other."

Mr. Kahn sat down again in some stupefaction.

"Well, of all the nerve! Who are you? Whatta you think I am! Syl, what's his game?"

Miss De Long thrust forward her tired and thinning face; her eyes had a mica gleam.

"Cleone, he wants to marry you. A decent man with a decent face from a decent town has taken a shine to you and wants to marry you. M-a-r-r-y! Do you get it, girl?"

"How do you know he's decent? I don't know no more about him than he knows about me. I ——"

"Ain't you got no hunch on life, girl? Look at him! That's how I know he's decent. So would you if you'd been in this business as long as me. Can't you tell a real honest-to-god man when you see one? A business man at that!"

"You got me right, Blondey. Kahn, Loeb & Schulien, Ladies' Wear, St. Louis. Here's my card. You give me an hour to-morrow, Jingle Bells, and I'll do all the credential stuff your little heart desires. Louis Slupsky knows me and my whole family. His mother used to stuff feather pillows for mine. Kahn here is my brother-in-law and partner in business. He's a slow cuss and ain't grasped the situation yet. But are you on, little one? Is it St. Louis Thursday morning, as Mrs. ——?"

"Herm! You're cr——"

"Syl—what'll I—do!"

"An on-the-level guy, Cleone. Marry! Do you hear: M-a-r-r-y! Say, and it couldn't happen to me!"

"Herman, man, I tell you you're off your head. Think once of your home—Ma, Etta, *Grossmutter*—with a goy girl that ——"

"Easy there, Baldy, you're adding up wrong. You and her both celebrates the same Sundays. If anybody should ask you for Sylvette de Long's birth certificate, look it up under the G's. Birdie Goldsmith. It's the same with my friend. Cleone, tell the gemmemen your real name! Well, I'll tell it for you. Sadie Mosher, sister to the great Felix Mosher who played heavy down at Shefsky's theater for twenty years. *Goy!* Say, Sammie, it's too bad a nut from the bug house bought the Brooklyn Bridge to-day or I'd try to sell it to you."

"Little Jingle Bells, if I put you in a taxi now and shoot up those credentials, will you marry me to-morrow at noon?"

"I—oh, I dunno."

"Marry, he says to you, girl. Think of the minus number of times girls like us get that little word whispered to 'em. Think of the short season. Moncrieff's a grouch. The back muscles of your legs! Marry, he says to you, girl! Marry!"

"To-morrow at noon, little one?"

"I—I sleep till three."

"And it couldn't a been me!"

"Little Jingle Bells?"

"Why, y-yes, I—I'm on."

At three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, in a magistrate's office, beneath a framed engraving of a judicial court in wigged session, Herman Schulien Loeb and Sadie Helen Mosher became as one. A bar of scant metropolitan sunshine, miraculously let in by a cleft between two skyscrapers, lay at the feet of the bride.

Slightly arear of them: Mr. Louis Slupsky; Mr. Samuel Kahn, with a tinge the color of apoplexy in his face; and Miss Sylvette de Long, her face thrust forward as if she heard melody. The voice of the magistrate rose like a bird in slow flight, then settled to a brief drone.

East is East and West is West, and St. Louis is neither. It lies like a mediator, the westerly hand of the east end of the country stretching across the sullenest part of the Mississippi to clasp the easterly hand of the west end of the country.

Indians have at one time or another left their chirography upon the face of St. Louis. But all that is effaced now under the hot lava of Americanism that is covering the major cities in more or less even layers. Now it stands atop its Indian mounds, a metropolis of almost a million souls, a twenty-story office building upon the site of an old trading post and a subway threatening the city's inners. There is a highly restricted residence district given over to homes of the most stucco period of the Italian Renaissance, and an art museum, as high on the brow of a hill as the Athenians loved to build. St. Louis has not yet a Champs-Elysées or a Fifth Avenue. And of warm evenings it takes its walks without hats. Neither is the café or the cabaret its evening solace.

It dines, even in its renaissance section, placidly *chez soi*, or rather *zu Hause;* the family activities of the day here thrown into a common pool of discussion.

On Washington Boulevard, probably sixty dollars a foot removed from the renaissance section, architecture suddenly turns an indifferent shoulder to period, Queen Anne rubbing sloping roof with neighbor's concrete sleeping porch of the hygienic period. Only the building line is maintained, the houses sitting comfortably back and a well hosed strip of sidewalk, bordered in hardy maples, running clear and white out to De Balaviere Avenue, where the *art-nouveau* apartment houses begin to invade. In winter, bare branches meet in deadlock over this walk. On the smooth macadamized road of Washington Boulevard automobiles try out their speed limit.

One such wintry day with the early dusk already invading, Mrs. Herman Loeb, with red circles round her very black eyes and her unrouged face rather blotched, sat in one of the second-floor-front rooms of a double buff-brick house on Washington Boulevard, hunched up in a red velvet chair, chin cupped in palm, and gazing, through perfectly adjusted Honiton lace curtains, at the steady line of home-to-dinner motor cars.

Warmth lay in that room and a conservative mahogany elegance—a great mahogany double bed, immaculately covered in white, with a large monogram heavily hand-embroidered in its center; a mahogany swell-front dresser, with a Honiton lace cover and a precise outlay of monogrammed silver. Over it a gilt-framed French engraving with Maternal Love writ in elegant script beneath. A two-tone red rug ate in footsteps.

Mrs. Loeb let her head fall back against the chair and closed her eyes. In her dark stuff dress with its sheer white collar she was part of the note of the room, except that her small bosom rose and fell too rapidly. A pungent odor of cookery began to invade; the street lamps of Washington Boulevard to pop out. The door from the hallway opened, but at the entrance of her mother-in-law Mrs. Loeb did not rise, only folded one foot closer under her.

"You, Sadie?"

"Yes."

"Herman home yet?"

"No."

"Smell? I fixed him red cabbage to-night."

"Yes, I smell."

"How she sits here in the dark. Thank goodness, Sadie, electricity we don't have to economize on."

(Continued on Page 41)

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The Fat Pay Envelope and the Thin

By FORREST CRISSEY

IN THESE strange days, when Business is scattering showers of gold, several million men are asking themselves whether 'twere better to stick to white shirts and a Position or abandon these genteel signs of "class" and make a grab for overalls and a Job.

The Fates have sprung the "deadly parallel" on the salary check and the pay envelope, and turned the spotlight of comparison upon them, with an unprecedented candle power that compels attention. Probably the position and the job have never before been such close competitors. Certainly this country has never seen a time in the past when the salary check was less chesty or the pay envelope more puffed up with the pride of life.

More than one weary accountant has lately looked up from his task of figuring the wages, the overtime, and the various bonus rewards of a force of workmen, and wondered whether he wasn't in the wrong pew, and whether he wouldn't improve his personal finances by throwing up his position and joining the ranks of the humble jobholders. In certain sections of the country reflections of this sort are fast becoming a favorite indoor sport of office help. Somehow this seems to be rather a serious pastime and not highly productive of smiles. On the other hand the wageworker is inclined to wear a broad grin.

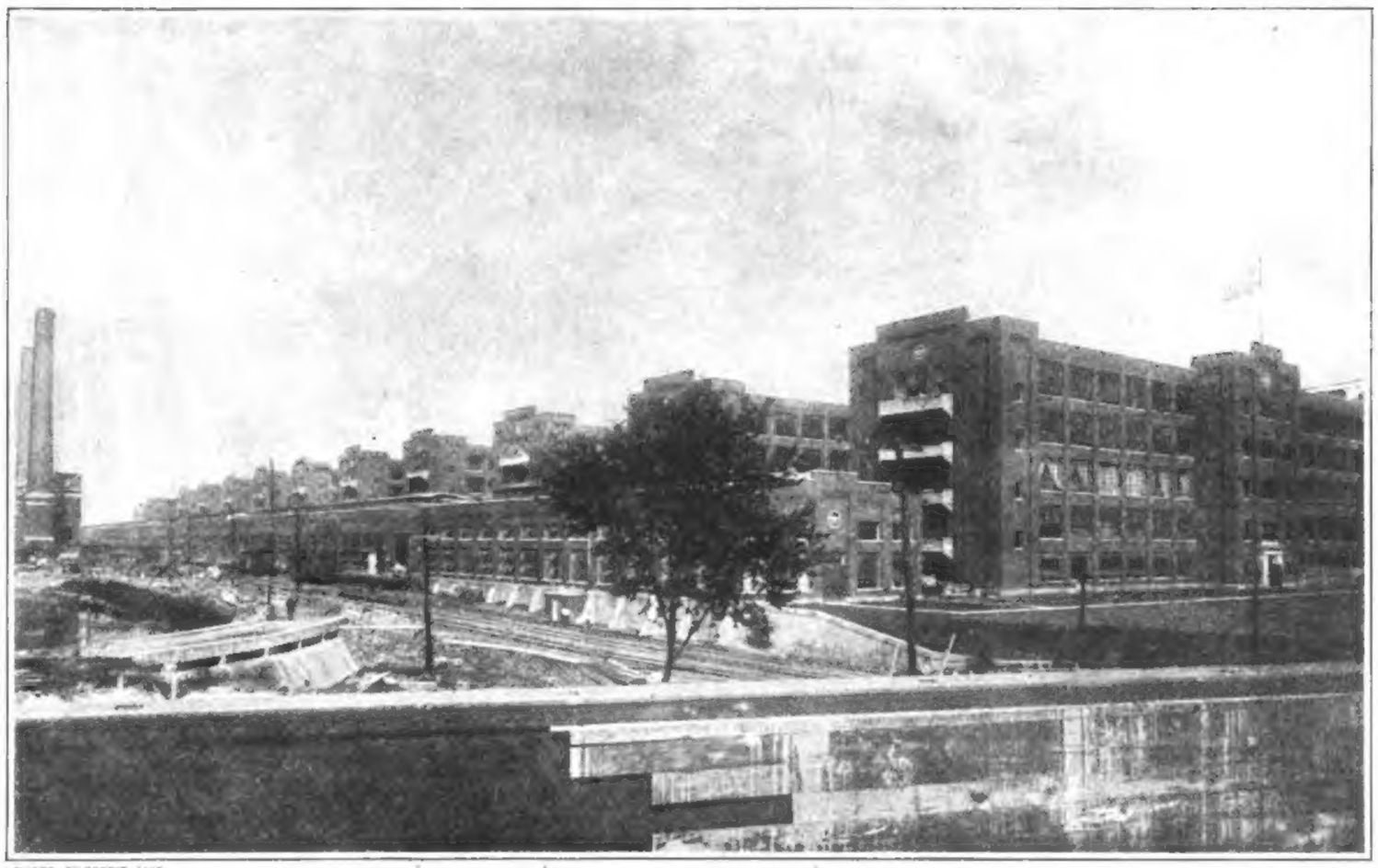

PHOTO. BY CORBIT, 1915

The Remington Arms Company Plant at Bridgeport, Connecticut

A pot-bellied, turtlelike craft, plying between the Wilmington pier and Pennsgrove—the natural port of entry for the great powderworks—carries thousands of toilers back and forth and is a genuine Tower of Babel, so far as the confusion of tongues heard on its decks is concerned. Almost every race is represented by the passengers to be found in its smoking room on any trip across. Italians rub elbows with Russians, and a Portuguese from the Azores borrows a light from his Polish neighbor.

As a boyish mountebank was entertaining the crowd by clever balancing tricks, a husky lad, fresh from a Delaware farm, leaned toward his Italian seat mate and timidly asked:

"Like your job over there?"

Instantly a smile flashed over the dark face, his white teeth gleamed merrily, and he laughed as only the Latins can laugh.

"Lika de job?" he exclaimed. "Ha! Ha! Eas-ah mon, kid! Eas-ah mon!"

"Dat's de right dope, too," volunteered a recruit from New York's East Side. "He's told de whole t'ing in a breath!"

And he had. It was Labor's judgment reduced to a single crisp sentence of American slang: "Easy money, kid!" Here was the wage-earner's acknowledgment to the War Bride.

Workers Who Buy Motors and Pianos

JUST outside the great works, where a million pounds of smokeless powder is made every day, is a workmen's village of nine hundred and eighty-one neat little houses, practically all of them containing six rooms, and every one equipped with a bath and electric lights. The cleanliness and order seen everywhere in this village are remarkable and suggest a military encampment.

"When it comes to the question of what the workers are getting in the way of wages," said my official guide, "those little houses ought to be taken into consideration, it seems to me. Their occupants pay only six dollars a month and they get their electricity at four cents a kilowatt. This means that the light bill of a tenant seldom exceeds seventy-five cents a month. A large proportion of the families occupying these houses had little or nothing when they came here, just following the outbreak of the big war and later. Many of them were absolutely destitute."

As we walked along the streets of this wonderful little village, which sprang up almost in a night and yet has an appearance of permanency, from house after house I caught strains of music—here the voice of a prima donna warbling a classic aria; there a piano repeating a Paderewski performance with a faithfulness that told unmistakably of the "player roll." Our ears were occasionally greeted with efforts of a simpler nature, indicating that the piano was responding to the touch of human fingers. When we reached the office of the quartermaster—who is, in an unobtrusive way, the controlling genius of the powder town—I at once put the question:

"Can you give me any idea of how many pianos, player pianos and phonographs there are in your village?"

"Certainly," quickly answered the quartermaster's assistant. "We have one hundred and fifty-five pianos, seventy-seven player pianos, and one hundred and seventy-six talking machines; but that isn't all, by any means. There are seventy automobiles and twenty-one motorcycles—all owned right here by the wageworkers of this village."

This statement served as preparation for a sight that met the eye at every plant we visited on Carney's Point—a parking space crowded with automobiles.

"I suppose those belong to the bosses, supervisors and other production executives," I remarked.

"They do not!" was the emphatic answer of my guide. "They belong to the operatives—the common toilers who do the unskilled work; men who live outside our little village and drive in to their shifts. You notice that car there in the eleven-hundred-dollar class? That is the property of an operative in the finishing department of this plant. His regular wage is four and a half dollars for nine hours, with seventy-five cents an hour for Sundays and legal holidays. He boards about eight men and carries them to and from their work. They pay him a dollar a day for board—so I understand—and a jitney fare. Under these conditions Joe can afford to own a good car."

Not long since a man connected with the quartermaster's department struck out into the country for half a day's hunting, to relieve the tension of the long strain he had been under in the construction work, when about twenty-two thousand men were working at Carney's Point. When he was ready to return he found himself some ten miles from the plant on a farm that had a half-abandoned appearance. At the house he met the owner of the place and asked whether there was any chance to get a ride into town.

"Sure!" was the answer. "I'm going to get out the jitney and start for the works in half an hour. I guess you think this farm looks rather tough. It does—but there's a reason! Anyone would naturally think that, with fresh eggs at from fifty-five to seventy-five cents a dozen and other produce in proportion, farms round here would be running at full tilt. But when the war boom struck this section I soon found out where I got off. Scouts from the powderworks and other munition plants were scouring the country all about here for men at big wages. Even if it had been possible for me to have paid five dollars a day, or thereabouts, in the big rush I could not have secured a hired hand. Why? Because you cannot hold farm work strictly to an eight-hour basis. The men know this and prefer to go into the works, where they are through at the tap of the bell, unless they prefer to work a double shift and double up on their earnings.

"There was just one thing for me to do in the face of this situation, and I did it—got a job at the powderworks. I began at twenty-eight and a half cents an hour, the dead line at which all American labor is started here. Of course the bonuses brought this up about forty per cent, and before long I managed to get a little advance of the basic rate. I work Sundays and holidays right along, and occasionally double up on my shifts. This means that I knock down pretty good money.

"Some of my neighbors owning or renting small farms saw the situation in the same light that I did and decided to go out after powder money. They figured that the farms would earn them more money idle than at work under such wage conditions. I happened to own an automobile, while several farmers between here and town had not yet bought machines. This makes it possible for me to pick up a full jitney load going to and from my work, and my fares more than pay for my fuel and the cost of keeping up my machine."

A Talk With the Installment Man

A GENTLEMAN in Wilmington owning a farm a considerable distance out of town tells me that the only farm labor he can get is "colored," and that he is obliged to pay these negroes two and a half dollars for an eight-hour day, and feed and house them. He admits that it is well for him that he is not dependent upon the income from his farm for a livelihood. His income is also in the form of powder money. With this source of supply he is able to support a farm or two.

But to return to the powderworks. In the office of the quartermaster I was introduced to a caller with the remark:

"Here is a man who has a better line on the financial condition of the ordinary workers in these plants than has anybody else, perhaps. He is the collector for a big installment furniture house having accounts in about half of the houses in our village. This means that he knows how much or how little the families bring here when they come, and how they get on from month to month. For this reason he is very close to the people, and his view of their circumstances and affairs should count for a whole lot.

"So far as the company is concerned, its policy is to refrain from interfering in any way with the personal affairs of its employees. It is their landlord, to be sure; but its representatives enter their homes only upon request, or when it is absolutely necessary in order to look after the property. Of course when there is sickness or childbirth in a home, and the presence of a nurse is desired, the company is glad to send one. Because of this policy it is natural that men selling goods in the homes of our people should know more about their personal affairs than we do."

This keen commercial man to whom I was introduced, and who has the run of the homes in the village and enjoys the confidence of a large share of the housewives there, declares that it is difficult to overstate the meagerness of the equipment most of the families brought with them. Of course there were exceptions; but, owing to the fact that a period of decided labor depression immediately preceded the outbreak of the war, the condition of most wageworkers was then at the lowest ebb.

In this connection, too, it should be recalled that the great powderworks was one of the first to get under way

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in meeting the military demands of the warring nations. Consequently the thousands of laborers who poured into Carney's Point at the beginning of the boom came without a taste of war prosperity and, as a rule, were lean and hungry, and traveled with little more household equipment than could be carried in a box and one or two shawls. Many of them were not only destitute but in debt, and their transportation was furnished them.

"Here," declared the collector for the furniture house, "is a typical case of what has occurred in the homes of the wageworkers in this district ever since the war started: In a house not two blocks from this office lives a man, with his wife and children, who had exactly five dollars when he landed a year ago. Naturally the first thing they needed was a cookstove. They had to have it at once. This meant that I was sent for. The man looked all right to me and so I gave him a line of credit. He has bought and paid for more than two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of furniture since their arrival. As a result their home is now comfortably furnished. The whole family is well clothed; and if the husband continues to earn as much money next year as in the past year they will not only have a good household equipment, from the standpoint of a workingman, but money in the bank as well.

"Every now and then a housewife will hand me a jolt. Only yesterday the wife of a powder presser, whose pay probably runs from twenty-four to twenty-six dollars a week, met me at the door with the inquiry: 'How much do we owe you now?' I answered that the amount unpaid was eighty-three dollars. Instantly she asked whether I would accept eighty dollars in full settlement of the account. Another woman, whose husband earns between five and six dollars a day, offered ninety-five dollars in settlement for her balance of one hundred dollars. The discount habit is spreading through the village and the whole works. This is decidedly interesting to anyone in a position to realize the condition of the average family on its arrival at Carney's Point."

Thrifty Workers Who Save Money

"OF COURSE there are cases of families who try to stave off their payments or beat us out of money; but these are mighty scarce now, for the undesirable element has been very carefully weeded out. I do not suppose there is a family living in this little village here, just outside the works, that has an income of less than ninety dollars a month. Many of them have a good deal more than that on the wage of a single worker. Some of the families, of course, have two or three men in the plant bringing in good pay. Is it any wonder that we find an outfit of good furniture, a piano or player piano, or a musical instrument of the talking-machine type in homes of this sort—not to speak of an automobile in the little garage made from scrap lumber?

"Though I find some cases where families have hard work to keep up with their payments, because the father spends too much money on week-end sprees, these unfortunate occurrences are not so numerous with the family men as one would naturally suppose; and they are far more frequent among the floaters, the unattached fellows who inhabit the bunkhouses. It must be admitted, too, that extravagance is not entirely confined to the men, and that sometimes this unprecedented prosperity goes to the head of women, who buy more recklessly than their husbands imagine. However, as a whole, this community is about as happy and thrifty as can be found anywhere, I believe."

Pennsgrove Swarms With Jitneys

Now a word about earnings outside the work of making military powder: A carpenter was pointed out to me, with the remark that his regular pay and bonus brought him five dollars and forty cents for a nine-hour day, with time and a half for Sunday work, which he never failed to put in. This man has no children, but owns an automobile which cost him a little less than seven hundred dollars, and a talking machine of the best type.

One of the most eloquent testimonials as to the effect of present earnings of unskilled laborers in the great powderworks on outside labor of the same character is given by the owner of the milk route that serves the powder village. This man is suffering from a state of prosperity that threatens to break him down through overwork. He gets a cent a quart for delivering two thousand quarts of milk a day; but he cannot get a driver to give him even temporary relief. He has offered sixty-eight dollars a month for one, without a single response.

In answer to the question: "Have you any deserters from the ranks of the White Shirt Brigade among your men in overalls?" my guide pointed out two young men just quitting their shift and remarked:

"The shorter of those boys was a clerk in a Wilmington hat store when the war broke out. His salary was ten dollars a week, and he dressed like a clubman—for a while! Being of the right sort he saw that he must either get a raise or else cut his expenditures in some miraculous way. His friend, there, clerked in a shoe store and drew twelve dollars a week. When they found out what workingmen were pulling down over here in the powderworks they decided they were paying altogether too high for white-shirt privileges; and so they took a plunge into overalls.

"Now one of them gets about twenty-two dollars a week and the other twenty-five. They are bright boys and it will not be long before they will be doing better than that. There are scores of men over here in the mills working as unskilled laborers who have given up positions, and sacrificed the associations that go with clean clothes and a white collar in working hours, in order to earn more money—in other words, to earn enough money to keep pace with the present high prices of necessities."

About the minimum salary for a clerk in the employ of the powder company appears to be sixty-five dollars a month. The range is up to a hundred dollars a month, broadly speaking. A storekeeper gets about a hundred dollars; but to these amounts must be added the twenty per cent bonus, and in some cases a special stock bonus. Outside the munition plants salaried men are not getting pay checks, as a rule, to correspond with this range of compensation. Business executives do not hesitate to admit that, as the scales stand at the moment, the wage-earner has at least a little edge on the salaried man. But they point out that there are compensations to offset this in the long run; that the instant when the present scale of powder production suffers a drop the unskilled laborer who is now receiving almost unbelievable pay, compared with any previous earnings, will be the first to find himself out of employment; that the salaried man will receive special consideration and every effort will be made not only to retain him but to do so, as long as possible, at his present basic salary.

Of course the appearance of the Dove of Peace will send all the bonuses and emergency rewards of every sort scurrying over the horizon. No doubt this parting with the pleasant-faced bonus will be sad and in many cases fiercely resisted; but it seems to be as inevitable as painful. Here, as everywhere else, employers are placing every possible emphasis on the fact that all special advances made to men on salaries are in the nature of emergency payments, made to relieve the stress of abnormal conditions, and are not to be considered as advances in salary.

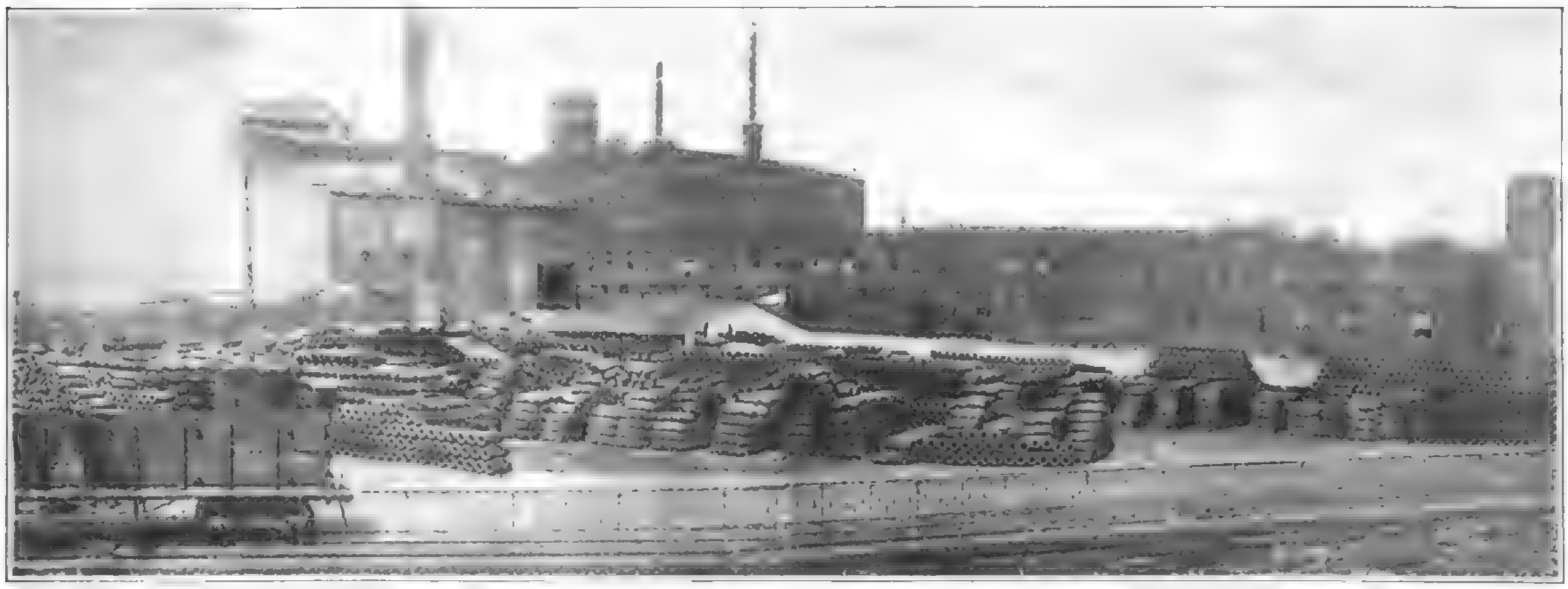
The Prosperity at Eddystone

BETWEEN Wilmington and Philadelphia is the great munition center of Eddystone. Here a general manager sketched the situation tersely by saying:

"Office men can go into the shop and earn six or seven dollars a day; and quite a number of them do this. Many more are prevented from taking the step because it would hurt their pride. For example, a man who has been a timekeeper or a timekeeper's assistant feels that he has, in a sense, been in authority over workmen, and that to change places would be a comedown not easily accepted, even with increased compensation. Storekeepers' clerks usually getting sixty dollars a month now receive eighty; the typical shopman ordinarily getting twenty-five cents an hour is now pulling down seven or eight dollars a day as a handy man.

"There are plenty of girls in these plants drawing five and a half dollars a day. Toolmakers who formerly drew forty-five or fifty cents an hour now get from ten to fifteen dollars a day, with time and a half for overtime. Most of them are spending their money rather magnificently, I regret to say. However, you can see that the yard out there is littered with motorcycles and automobiles. There is no doubt that the homes of all these workers, without respect to their grade, are improved in their equipment and their general conditions. Many of them are very greatly improved in these respects.

(Continued on Page 95)



Shells Made by Baldwin's Ready for Shipment to Dupont's for Finishing

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THE LUCK OF A SOURDOUGH

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IF THERE hadn't been a little better than wages in placer gold on Griffith Creek I couldn't have stayed with my quartz ground for nine years. I bonded it to some parties the second year after discovery; then some papers were packed in that fall, and here the guy, Rannols, was advertising how the wonderful Griffith Group had eight claims, five on the strike of the ledge; outcroppings showed the ledge to be from five to eighteen feet wide and distinctly defined for five thousand feet along the strike. Samples taken at frequent intervals, clear across the ledge, averaged two hundred and thirty dollars a ton. Then came half pages of guff about me, the discoverer, a man who had prospected the gold countries of the earth for thirty years—I ain't but thirty-eight right now—and they had me tossing out that, with the average width of over ten feet for the length of five thousand feet, there was fifty thousand cubic feet in the first foot from the surface, equivalent to twenty-five hundred tons at two hundred and thirty dollars—a little more than half a million in the grass roots, and millions beneath if it only went down a few feet!

It told how we was close to a fine wagon road, had ninety men at work and a cyaniding plant going up, modern bunkhouses on property, workmen's houses being erected, post office to be speedily petitioned for, and much less snow than people supposed fell in the Alaskan Coast Range. A restricted sale of stock was to provide capital for operating expenses. Then there came pictures—they had my name under a whiskery old pill who looked like he had been Siwashing it since '97; and the prints showed Bill Fairman's camp on Quartz Creek, and two of the dumps from Frank Young's camp at Cooper Creek—both placer properties; though I suppose that school-teacher money Rannols was after wouldn't know any different if he had made it all pictures of a quartz district.

I read those pieces while I set in a mosquito tent with my dogs—we was the ninety men and the cyaniding plant, and the millions in sight was the few surface cuts for which Rannols made a first payment of twelve hundred; my tunnel hadn't reached the vein then. I got hotter and hotter as I read over his lies, and thought of the suckers "Outside" who would be telling their friends about their Alaska Gold Mine—and whiskers on me, too, in the photo! And if I could have caught up with Rannols that morning—but he was back in the East, thinking up more ads. I went to Seward and cabled, but he didn't answer; and I doped out how I would write, and meant to, but letters are hard for a guy used to the hills and never getting mail, and it came October when the next payment on the bond was due. The money wasn't at the bank.

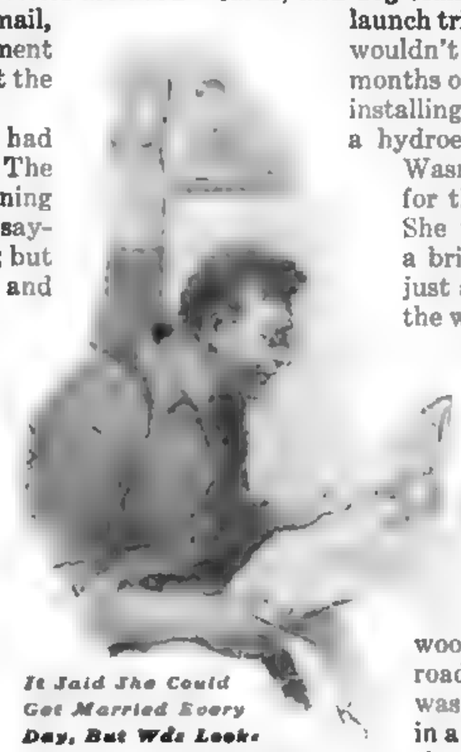
I waited one more boat, and then I seen I had an out, and the claims were mine again. The check showed up in November, he explaining how he had been to London for capital, and saying "Yours cordially, T. Harvey Rannols"; but I was through. They took up some ground and some options on Satan Creek, below me, locating on the snow over parties whose stakes had been drove in the summer; and they brought a gang of miners and muckers in the next spring, and actually put up buildings and worked me out of the ads without changing the rest much. They say he cleaned a bundle. The shacks have long ago fell down under winter snows, and picks and shovels and rusted barrows are in a heap in the superintendent's windowless office.

I was sure I really had something in the Griffith Group, and I didn't want to mix in with another bunk outfit; so, winter and summer, I drove my tunnel. But it was slow, like a one-man job is bound to be. I was high on a mountain, where the snow stayed until late in June, and I had to buck ice in the tunnel. It stayed about twelve above in the mine all year, and the drills broke from the cold. I drug all my timbers from a mile below, and packed grub up on my back and a little two-dog sled. I'd had to be hunting sheep all the time to keep more dogs; but a guy wants somebody round; and Dan and Polo, when they didn't hunt meat, stuck with me on the work. In the little valley, where my creek flows into Satan, it was sheltered, and I cleared enough land for a big cabin, storehouse, woodhouse and bunkhouse—somebody might come by, making for the head of Resurrection Creek, and I hate for a tired guy to sleep on a split-log floor. The ice got out of my garden by mid-May and the rhubarb was getting big by June first, and I always had vegetables left when the new ones began to bulge in the permanent daylight. Of course being at the claims made it chancy for things freezing down in the cabin; but when it was below twenty I would go down and light a good smudge, and look for Bingo, the tame otter, to wiggle up from the creek and screech for sugar—they love that.

When the high water lowered I lived at the camp and panned the creek, except a little time to snooze and keep a fire under the beans and meat; and when the nuggets and dust reached high enough in my bottles, that was the price of flour and fruit, and odds of grub, winter clothes, and powder for blasting.

I took one paper, with the Western mining news, and a weekly that had good pictures to cut out—society folks and actresses. That was how I first seen Lucette Loring's photo. It said she had flew in an aëroplane and made stuff for the Allies' wounded, and could get married every day, but wouldn't, because she was looking for her ideal man. She seemed little and sort of loving-eyed and smily. I didn't like a big lady, being a thick though not so very tall guy myself; still I am called a big man—two inches over six feet, though my brothers was all six feet four. They all got small wives, who run them.

Well, I thought, would anyone like Lucette notice me? But folks are the same all over; and, with me dressed flossy, and explaining how I had a rich property—and she would like the garden and the dogs, and the flowers everywhere, wild roses and hyacinths and big violets; I pick 'em myself when they first come. And Alaska is an awful gay country. People in the big camps are dancing and playing cards, and dog teaming by moonlight, and chasing off on launch trips for picnics—I would tell Lucette we wouldn't have to spend more than six or eight months on the Group, maybe longer when I was installing the concentrator and machinery for a hydroelectric plant to run mine and mill. Wasn't figuring on the cyaniding process, for there's too much sulphide in my ore. She would be interested. That is where a bright woman comes in. I didn't want just a dummy, who only knew how to get the wash white in rainy weather—someone dashing, like Lucette. I set down and wrote her how big the Group looked as a producer, and that I'd be going Outside when I could get away; and how I had her pictures.



It Said She Could Get Married Every Day, But Was Looking for Her Ideal Man

That fall I built some shacks for a chechako on another creek, and started his flume—he was putting it on the wrong side of the water; and I hauled and sawed his winter wood and showed him how to lay his railroad rail for sluices the next spring. There was three hundred made, and I put it by in a poke. I used moose drips for butter in the winter, and left out canned tomatoes and apricots and bacon—you hanker for bacon too. I was saving to go out for capital. I'd sent samples from the same batch to Nome, Salt Lake, New York and Seattle, and the returns checked mighty close. I had a mine! But it was twenty-two miles from a wagon road that was mostly mudhole, with a nine-hour climb into the air—you could get halfway up with dogs in winter, and I had swamped a trail so one horse could make it partway in summer.

It would take lots of cash to get going right; but I seen myself setting smoking a big two-bitter, across from swell-dressed chaps in a swell San Francisco office, who was taking over a big part of the Group and hiring me for manager. Nights when I had to stick by the stove, watching a mess of sourdough bread, I mulled over how I would spread out maps, assay certificates and estimates. With what I had in the old poke, I could put in the whole summer rocking out placer gold; and by fall I could go. It was a mean winter, extra heavy snow, and winds so strong that once the dogs and I stayed in the tunnel forty hours—you couldn't stand against it on that mountain. And my vegetables froze down below.

When the dogs and I holed up, nights, in the little wickiup near the mine, it was often fifty weather on the other side of us, and the stars crackled in the sky. I was getting mighty grouchy, nervous at the wind when it started, tired and lonesome. Nobody was working near me. It was all placer country except on my creek and the Rannols ground on Satan. I would look out at the big peak stretching off toward the ocean—everything white. And suddenly I said to the dogs they could hire another manager—I'd stay Outside, where there was lots of humans. After that day I wouldn't look at the hills; I was hating them too much. The thunder of snowslides began and warm breaths came up from below. I could thaw my powder without keeping the stove going all night. It was spring—somewhere.

I didn't want to help the ice out of my garden below; didn't care if I had one at all. I kept thinking of fresh fruit and canned tomatoes—and Lucette. The snow gave under my snowshoes when I mushed to the cabin one morning, and I went through into water every other step. I could smell ferns in my little valley—under the tundra, but coming. Bingo was asleep on the doorsill, and he screeched at my yell when I saw there was a letter hanging by a string from the Yukon porch—a letter, to me! It said "World of Folly Company. En Route," and was wrote in a good, strong, stand-up hand.

I couldn't see that warming turquoise sky for a minute—or the frisking dogs with their yellow eyes on me. She said maybe I would catch the show in California in June—it was mid-May now.

I went in and stared at her picture. Then I put important papers inside my vest, oiled all the guns and hung 'em up, and poured a couple pounds of sugar into a gold pan for Bingo. It was six that night when I hit Jim Logan's road house and store on the Interior mail trail, and hollered to his dogs to shut up. Grass was on the flats and fireweed and ferns were showing. A couple of mushers were sacking their own grub back of the counter, Jim's kids was all excited, and Nadia, his squaw, was sewing a yellow dress on her hand machine back in the kitchen, with Jim in his good suit, and the derby he bought in Valdez, in 1904, down over his fat face, turning the wheel. In half a minute they told that Jim was taking Nadia and the two youngest to Seattle—they would put Henry and Tessie in a private school, and Nadia could get store dresses and see the fine city.

Mrs. Noble, who cooked for an outfit over on Resurrection, had mushed in, and over the talking she was telling Jim and the squaw to get her a rose-pink satin corset, that had to be terrible small in the waist. She is a very hefty lady who wears male corduroys except for dances; but she

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sure is slender-waisted. I set there, keeping the dress pulled straight, until Jim said:

"Why such a face?"

"Because I come down to borry a thousand bucks and you'll need all you got."

"We got lots a' t'ousand bucks, you foolish Griff!" says Nadia, giggling.

"I'm willin' to give an interest in the Group," I says, though I had always meant to keep the mine clear.

Jim got red, and asked if he hadn't been a friend, and had my trade, and who was I insulting? Then the kids all hunted for the ink, and when I took out over the trail to town my dogs was left there, I had a twenty-piece to get the corset, because she wouldn't trust them about the little waist, and the thousand check was in my kick. I walked all night—I couldn't have slept, for that letter said the show was going to San Francisco; and so was I.

A shirt-sleeved guy took me past doors whence actresses, all painted, peeked out, and a snickery one says to another door, there was Lucette's Alaskan!

The show was finished, and I seen the roses I had staked an usher to send to the back, before I glimpsed Lucette, who called:

"Come in!"

Now you read how the sturdy outdoor man is struck dumb and can't speak at a time like this; but that ain't so. She was out of her stage clothes and in a shimmery bright-green dress, with a white fox on her shoulders—not a prime hide either, for the hair come out; but I knew of some silvers I could send North for.

"Oh, you nice big, strong Alaskan miner! Where's your fur boots and hoods?" she says—smily like in her picture; and she put a little hand into mine, and I shook it as easy as I knew, and says:

"Never mind that; tell me if you're glad I come round three thousand miles to see the sweetest girl alive!"

"Only three thousand? Why, we go five times that on the road in a season!" she says, looking disappointed. "Well, no matter. Tell me everything about your frozen North."

"I got a cute garden," I says. "I raise awful tender rhubarb. It ——"

"Oh, I hate the beastly sour stuff! No peaches?"

"It's cold for them; but elegant turnips and tomatoes. They ——"

"They simply kill me! No fresh figs? They're lovely in this state."

"No," I says, worrying; and, besides, I flashed myself in her glass, and my hair being so short looked funny. "But I had young onions by July last year."

"Oh, the vile things!" she says, shuddering. "Tell me, are furs frightfully cheap there?"

"Good grades ain't never cheap to a chechako's notion. The idea is, they're used to bein' sold seconds, I s'pose, for firsts. Prime dark minks are three-six bits, as they run; but they might be up to eight a skin for a pick, while ——"

"Great heavens! What robbery! I bought this darling fox for eighteen."

"It's mighty small," I says. "An' it's a slipper—left too long in the trap."

"Huh! I think it looks well; but never mind—you've got a gold mine?"

She got close to the mirror and dusted on powder, and left it that way. Then she took out a gold affair and made her mouth redder—it looked good to me before. I was starting to explain about the Group when she says:

"Smell that? That beefy disgusting smell? They stuck a couple of vodeville acts in this piece when the original principals dropped out, before we came on the road; you saw the performing dogs? He cooks for them right outside the dressing rooms! I don't intend to put up with it; would you? I don't have to—I had offers for New York; but it was a good chance to look at the West, which is ridiculous, I think—fancy last night not getting holders for green corn, though it's early! I suppose that's something—barbarous, you know! And bringing salad first in this place! Now it's not a Latin custom—they can't claim that; and the French assuredly don't. Still, there the waiter stood until I insisted on the dinner coming; and he said, why, we hadn't touched the salad yet. Bah!"

"We'll get them Ententy Powers after him," I says; but she frowned, saying:

"On-tant is the correct pronunciation. He was an idiot—that's all. There are so many idiots. By the way, did you see last week's Seattle Times? They gave me half a column—though they ought to, heaven knows!"

"Last week I was ridin' out a seventy-mile gale on the ocean, comin' toward you," I says tenderly. "You wouldn't be 'fraid of the sea, would you?"

In a Second I Was Telling Her About Them Nine Lonesome Years, and How Her Picture Kept Me Going That Last Winter

"My friend, Mr. Ed Thomas—the Georgia Thomas family—oil in West Virginia and street railroad in Savannah, you know—his yacht is four hundred feet over all and we've been in much worse storms than yours!"

She perked her little head at me—her inky-black hair was drew flat on each side of her small face and sort of plastered there; and big, long jet earrings waggled in the shade of a flat two-foot green satin hat. We kept looking, and she smiled—her teeth was nothing special, different sized and not white and shiny like I had supposed. But that wasn't her fault; and her black eyes was like the picture when she smiled—melty. A thrill hit me when she reached up—I was still standing—and touched my fingers. In a second I had sat on her trunk, marked "Theater," and was telling her about them nine lonesome years, and how her picture kept me going that last winter; and now the Group was a sure winner; and I could have yachts—though I get powerful sick in a swell.

She looked meltier then, sighing; and I sighed myself. She put on more powder abstractedly and a splash of perfume—some of the cussed truck got on me. Then she looked up; and, sure enough, in the corridor a guy was cooking dog grub!

And the little rascals that had been in the show was setting in a bunch, some asleep, and more bright-eyed and whisking tails at me, when I says:

"Hello, sports! You ain't figurin' to eat at this hour?"

"Naw, it's breakfast; but they like watchin' me," says the guy. "They know I'm goin' to take 'em for their run to the beach."

"They're grand animals," I says, rubbing some soft necks, while the poodles whined for me not to quit. "Have a cigar?"

"Come away," says Lucette coldly. "No—down, you brute! Mussy things!"

I had not thought there was a live woman who didn't love dogs. I was walking her off when she says where on earth was all the cabs; so I hailed a taxi and excused myself, and in a minute we was in the pleasant gloom, setting close. And I kept thinking, would I or not put my arm round her, until I says: "Could you love a big roughneck who would treat you awful square?"

"Yes," she says.

And I began whispering how I had thought and thought of her; and she whispered she had thought about me! The dear little woman!

The cab halted where she had told him; and he soaked me two bucks, which I let go, though minded to wallop him, for we had come just three squares. A uniformed fellow rushed at us, but I had opened the door; and he cried good evening and Lucette's name.

"Give him a fifty-cent tip," she says.

"What for? He ain't done anything," I says.

"He knows me; and a person prefers not to be cheap," she says coldly.

I said nothing and did not give up, and she muttered. We had a table in the middle of a restaurant all white and gold and waiters; and parties came over to greet Lucette, who would introduce me as Mr. Griffith from Alaska, saying I had an enormous gold mine, and they would ask what was the opportunities up there, and, I must say, acted very polite toward me, though I paid all the checks. Finally she asked didn't I have a hard gray hat, so I would look more Northern. I had just blew six for a London derby to go with my dark suit.

"Them hats go well in the hills; but in our country they say if you come Outside in 'em, an' wear nugget jewelry, prices go up thirty per cent," I joked; but she said, just the same, it was more romantic.

We set there till I was nigh roasted and had to yawn inside myself; and it appeared that, unless they had a jump, she never got up until eleven, as her work wore her out. So I said when did she exercise; and it seemed she had no time, with a show every night and two matinées, as it made demands I could not understand. At the end she told me to give the waiter a couple of dollars. He was from Broadway—I guess so, for on her friends' drink checks he had short-changed me for about six bits; so I slipped him just a half when she wasn't noticing.

Lucette ordered me to come to her hotel for breakfast at noon, which was dinner for me; and parting, she gave me a melty look and squeezed back when I held her hand. I could hardly shave next morning, thinking of her and being shy of sleep too. Them cars jolting past got me, and I would leap up every time I heard a siren, which I had read was fire alarm; but some were on bicycles.

The first crack, I gave a man a gold five dollars for a bright penny; and when I counted up and went back he got sniffy and cried not to pull that dodge round there—the thieving rat! If it hadn't been downstairs in her hotel —— I was hot, anyway, for the tan shoes I had bought at a fancy-seeming trap in Grant Avenue dug into my foot just abaft the big toe; and when I took them back the man said he couldn't help it; they was what I had took.

"Took when you said, for sure, they was right for me. The linin's of both wrinkle an' the feet are blistered already! Feel that linin'!"

He said it was my size, and they belonged to the Retailers' Association, and when a shoe was worn it was sold; so I limped out, though I cussed him first. Next I eyed the windows and seen a rose-pink satin corset, and explained

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to a friendly lady within about Mrs. Noble's waist, and she took great interest; and, though it was twenty-eight bucks, I took one, deciding I would stand the eight. Back in the room, I spread it on the bed, studying till I took my rule out of the grip. The waist was four inches wider than the hips!

Well, I set there; and though I had gone in easy the first time, it seemed like I'd rather be shot than return. But I had to; there was Ella Noble trusting me. When I got in a whole raft of dames were yanking corsets round, and fitters was swimming about in the crowd, some disappearing into little cubby-holes. I found the lady, and we had a fierce talk, her declaring it was the style—I said I had went into that; the party this was for, style or not, wanted a little waist! All the selling ladies and some customers got massed, asking what did a man know about it, and the corset was a pet.

Well, maybe so; but in the end I asked for my dough; and the clerk fainted and come to, moaning. I was half a nut myself then; but I stuck, for, dog-gone her, she got me right about that waist, in the start! The manager, in black, said it wasn't their custom; I could have another corset, but ——

"Girls," I says, "come through with that twenty-eight! I'll get it if I stand here an' holler all day."

They threw it at me then. I spent the next two hours looking at the displays, and there were some pinks. And I tried one place, where they said they had 'em small; but when I showed my rule they got dispirited, but cheered up when their boss said: "Dart it in." So at last I had found a way, and it was to be sent next day. Lucette had the shades of her sitting room drew way down, and when I pulled some up she says:

"Heavens! Put them down; that light is frightful! Oh! I feel dreadful! And I ripped a darling waist; and there's no hooks left on anything, it seems. I'm not carrying a maid; the management's too stingy to pay her fare."

There was a wardrobe trunk, like ads I had seen, and the clothes looked a trifle forgotten. Things lay on all the chairs, and she was in a light-blue trailing dress, with a busted ruffle catching chair-legs and rockers. But her hair was plastered slick on each side, and her feet cute in blue slippers. I thought we could go down to eat, but she said it was cozier here; so I phoned six or eight times trying to get a waiter, and he was Greek when he came and knew no English, but seemed amiable. It must have been two hours before he got the grub delivered, and then left out my strawberries. But I had eaten them every meal since reaching the Outside.

Finally Lucette decided to get ready, and bade me read while waiting. There was the Life of Lincoln on the table. Emerging all powdered and in violet silk, she sent me the first melty glance; and, thrilling, I says, after a tender smile:

"Turn round. Ain't something coming loose in back?"

The top part of the dress was, and she seemed desperate; but I can sew, and she found a box and some thin dark thread, saying to sew it very tight, so the belt, skirt and top would stay put. Then she stood and wiggled while I switched the needle for a bigger one and took a bigger spool; and at last we got to the street. She was going to a store for gloves, and I stuck outside, sweating in the heat, my stiff collar eating off my neck. In about three minutes she tore out, her eyes snapping as she panted:

"Oh, my heavens! You sewed it on the outside, with white thread; and every woman in there stared until I saw it in the glass! And here I am without a coat!"

"Gosh! Was that wrong?" I says; but she was backed to the wall, panting:

"That's it—laugh! You send American Beauties to the dressing room instead of over the foots, where it'd help my popularity; you won't wear the hat you should; and now—now!—I don't move a step until I have a coat—any coat! And you just go buy one! Anything to cover my shame!"

She was crying, and I slunk into the store and grabbed up a four-dollar sweater from a sale table; but when I brought it she said what did I think she was, and to get something decent or end it all right there! I seen my chance then, and I marched in and blew eighty bucks on a mustard-color satin gag that had big silk tassels and would go swell with her hair.

"You dear boy!" she says so sweetly; and my heart went quicker.

And with her beautiful in the new wrap, we rode in an auto—though going down hills and shaving other cars had me scared—through the Presidio and the Park, and back to the tavern to feed. She got a note at the table, and read it hasty, talking very swift meantime. But I didn't think of it then, for we had it all settled—we was engaged! She wrote on the blank side of her note, looked round, and, sighing, dropped it into a wrap pocket. When she had to go to make up I ordered more flowers, and staked my usher to do it right this night—over the foots, forty dollars' worth, with wide ribbons, and a card marked: "From Griff to Sweetheart."

I set in the audience, watching her come out and sing and dance. I felt like ordering a yacht like her friend's, and a fancy auto.

That gliding through the Presidio and the Park with her, earlier, wasn't much like packing hundred-pound loads up my mountain. She had set up like a queen, saying the Jersey Palisades was better than that Pacific—I don't know yet what they are.

Well, I had made a phone date with a big firm to bring my papers next morning. I done that in the store where we selected the diamond ring—four hundred; but that would soon be chicken feed to me, and she had gave me a light kiss at the stage door. I was in a happy fog, seeing her dance and sing, and people clapping; and I told myself, cities for mine! We could get a maid to keep her ruffles sewed. I could see how Lucette had got in love with me, for I was used to my hair now, and limping less in some patent leathers. I had showed her how city men can't balance, and just a poke will send them over—the guy had looked at her flip, anyway, hearing her talking rather loud about the show. She mentioned herself how my gray eyes stared right at people, and that making all that fortune was wonderful—the coming one, that was; she thought I had it already.

Naturally I attracted her, after them actors she had knew, handing her fool compliments—I had said to get them teeth straightened if it cost a thousand, and couldn't she do without so much lip rouge and powder—knowing she would prefer truth from a lifemate—and she must learn to rise early and walk at least a few miles daily.

The show ended, all of them singing and her smiling straight at me. I stuck in a cigar store a while; then the shirt-sleeved guy led me to her dressing room. The performing dogs was barking as they ran upstairs, and their stew smelled nice.

"Help with this—dear," says Lucette, and as I put on the new wrap that note dropped.

Instantly she slid a foot over the paper, talking very fast. It made me uneasy. Getting powder from a wide dish, she worked her foot near the theater trunk, pushing the paper under as somebody yelled her name.

Then She Stood and Wiggled While I Switched the Needle for a Bigger One

"Heavens! It's the manager's wife, our prima donna, or I wouldn't go. Wait for me!" she says. "You'll pardon me, dear?"

I just nodded. Next minute I dragged that paper out with my knife, and read:

'Lose Mr. Alaska so we can take our midnight ride. Bestest love! Answer on this or when passing my table, next the door. Say what time, as if just bowing; will get you. ARTIE.

In her stand-up hand the other side said:

Hotel lobby; twelve. Shall tell him I have to rehearse a new part. Bestest love! Thousand kisses! LUCY.

I recollected her pausing as we left the tavern, and a young guy, with one of those pathetic little mustaches, standing when she bowed. In the corridor the performing dogs was clustered round the fellow lighting an alcohol stove for their meat kettle. One poodle put his nose up for me to rub, and he made me think of Dan and Polo at home. My legs was wabbly as I found the stage door. I had put the note in the powder dish, writing under her part of it:

You needn't rehearse that new part. Good-by!

The first parties I seen said their field men was in the Tolovana and up the Kobuk, and it'd be too late in the fall, when they got through, to look at my ground before snow. But the second people had me there all morning in a Market Street office, questioning, shaking their heads over my assays, until the senior partner says:

"Of course you know Henry Shultz, Mr. Griffith? I thought you would. All right, is he?"

"Sure!" I says; though I wasn't keen on Hank, who had pulled some rough stuff at times, but was married now and running a sawmill.

"We don't think so," he says sharply. "And we were well acquainted with the Griffith Group before you came in, sir! Also with the Rannols Exploration Company and Shultz and other robbers back of it. We can tell you much of the Griffith Group, where our investigators found a ten-foot prospect hole in place of the plant you gentlemen advertised, and with which you robbed the wretched public! Good morning, sir! And let us advise you to exploit yourself elsewhere than in a mining center where men have memories and files!"

"If—if you was just not quite so old, the both of you, I'd crack your heads together," I says; and he rang a bell sudden, shrinking away from me. "I was a goat for Rannols—took the ground from him; spent mine ——"

"Call an officer if he threatens you, Parker," says the old man to a clerk most as old who rushed in. "This is Griffith, Parker, of Rannols', you know. They got your poor little eight hundred for their precious stock."

The old clerk regarded me same as a snake, and I was too full of rage to do more than bust by him and get out. Outside I figured would I go back and trim the whole office; but it was only old men and females at typewriters.

I squeezed the canvas sample sacks in my pockets until the rock cut through, and stood on one of them isles of safety in the street's center for an hour, till I climbed on a street car and rode on it till I could face the hotel clerk I had told how I would be rich when I come in.

The next week was awful—my feet and back dead from the pavements, and me whispering the name of Griffith quieter to each office boy in the financial district. It seemed like my Group had been a scandal—Rannols, at the big blow-off, had gave a statement that there never had been any showing in those eight claims, though on Satan Creek there was gold! Those firms must have tipped each other, for in some they told me, first off, they didn't handle anything except legitimate propositions; and they would have a little army ready to see I found the elevator.

I didn't go to any more shows at night; didn't do anything except set in the room and sweat, and think of Her and her Artie, and if Polo's leg, where the whistler he was digging out bit him, was better, and whether any volunteers had come up in the garden. But I didn't want to go North—couldn't go, when this trip was what I had figured on for years; and if they wouldn't listen to me here, where could I go? I would see some busy guy in a pinchback suit, and eyes like buttonholes, bustle in to see the board in the Exchange, and wish I was him, or one of them who nodded to the desk boy in the offices where the money was, and strolled right in past the glass doors that said Private!

Finally I had visited all the places I knew, and at eleven one blowy morning I stopped on a California Street corner, staring, without thinking of him, at a stoutish gray-haired man in a wide window.

(Continued on Page 45)

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THE GOLD TOKEN

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MIND you, this is history. In the eccentricity of time the year 1896 was reserved for the exercise of man's favorite frenzy—that is, to make a fetish of his poor little tokens and invest them with magical properties. Whether white or yellow metal should be the symbol of trade was believed to be the answer to all good and evil.

Many strange things happened. A professor of bad economics, who thought the Gold Devil had queered his job, turned vender of good metal polish. He came one day to Wall Street, where a lot of people, with paper money in their hands, were anxiously waiting for the doors of the United States Subtreasury to open. To show them a cleansing miracle, he scaled the pedestal of the Washington Statue and rubbed up the first President's heroic bronze shins. It was wasted advertising.

The paper money the people had in their hands was the kind called greenbacks and the clamor was to change it for gold while yet the government's diminishing store of that precious metal survived the daily raid of Europe. Each morning the gold reserve was less, the line of Jew and Gentile gold hoarders longer, and the demands of Europe more insistent. That had been going on for many weeks. The professor was not so mad as the people who were hoarding gold; and they were not so mad as other people, in the West, who cried for white money and worshiped a silver calf. All these together were less mad than Congress, with whom the President pleaded in vain to repeal the absurd law which required that, as fast as the Treasury redeemed the wretched greenbacks, they must be reissued. That was why the same greenbacks came again and again to be redeemed in gold, like an endless chain of evil.

"If We are to Hold Our Own With Europe We Shall Have to Work With the Money of Highest Efficiency"

Fancy a daily run on the United States Subtreasury! It was a fascinating spectacle. By a freak of irony there was nowhere to be had a better view of it than from the high windows of Cæsar's banking house, directly across the street. The irony lay in the fact that this was probably the Yellow Devil's habitat. Cæsar himself it was who, under pretense of believing in his country, meditated the crucifixion of its people upon a cross of gold.

You might have innocently believed it; for so many people did. But if by some stroke of strategy you had got inside the bank that morning, to see with what an air human beings could go about preparing so ghastly an event, you would have been deeply disappointed. It was very quiet there. Men went leisurely about with documents in their hands, or stopped at each other's desks and talked about the weather.

However, business had not begun. It was only nine-thirty. Cæsar had not come. Two men stood at one of the windows, staring out. One was the cashier, who believed in trifles and took big things for granted. The other was Sammy Postgate, prodigy, who believed in arithmetic.

"What a shame!" said the cashier. "It is too late now to do anything about it."

"It will last a week," said the other.

The cashier shook his head.

"It will never be the same again. Bronze is peculiar stuff."

"Bronze?" said Sammy Postgate. "W-w-what are you talking about?"

"A crazy peddler just now got up there and polished them bright, from the knees down. I saw him when he started, and telephoned over; but before they could reach him the damage was done."

"Is that what you see?" inquired Sammy, disbelieving at first. "Why, man dear, where's your imagination? Look! A run on the National Treasury! In a week the government will have to shut up, like a Jew banker on the East Side. It will quit! Stop paying! Turn them away! Put up its shutters! The gold bin will be empty! And here you are taking on because a peddler cleaned up G. W.'s shins!"

"Yes," said the cashier; "you say he cleaned them up. So a lot of people think; they would have the whole figure polished to match the shins. It takes years and years to give that beautiful color to bronze. When people have forgotten that they were ever such fools as to hoard their gold for fear the government would go bankrupt, that crazy peddler's work will still show. Bronze is funny stuff."

"They're not such fools as you think," said Sammy, scorning the peculiarity of bronze. "They are doing only on a small scale what this house has been doing in a big way for many months. They are protecting themselves. Why shouldn't the people get their gold while they can?"

The cashier made a gesture of impatience.

"It isn't theirs, for one thing," he said; "and you're as stupid as they are."

"I tell you the country is insolvent," said Sammy. "I've got the figures to prove it." He dropped his voice and continued: "The Old Man knows. We've sold thirty millions of securities in Europe in the last eight months—this house has—and some of them at a loss. What do you think that means? We have been getting out. That's what it means! They don't catch us in the wreck."

The cashier thought differently. The country could never go bankrupt so long as one man lived. Every morning, as he mounted the steps from the street level to the door of his banking house, Cæsar glanced backward over his shoulder at the gold hoarders and sneered. The cashier had seen this. It thrilled him. As for the government's having to suspend gold payments, that would not be allowed, either, so long as Cæsar lived. Had he not averted that disaster the year before when he placed an immense quantity of gold in the government's hands and took its bonds in payment?

Everybody predicted that he would smash up with it. Instead of that, the bonds advanced tremendously from the price at which he took them; and then the very people who said it was a hopeless undertaking in the beginning denounced him for having made a profit out of the government. People were queer. They would clean up the whole Washington Statue. But it was of no use to argue with Sammy. He could prove anything by arithmetic. He was a devil with figures. And besides, though everybody called Cæsar the Old Man, they should do it with reverence or affection; whereas Sammy did it flippantly. So the cashier shifted the attack unexpectedly and said:

"Trouble with arithmetic, Sammy, man invented it; whereas God invented people, and there is no telling what they will do. You'd better not let the Old Man find out how you are speculating in the stock market. He's very hard about that."

"What do you know about me?" asked Sammy uneasily.

The cashier regarded the young man's little fox face and did not reply. He waited for him to boast, as he was sure to do. "I'm not the only man in this house who speculates," Sammy added. "I've been successful. That's the only difference."

"It's beginning to be talked about," said the cashier. "There's nothing in it. I've seen too many young men get started that way. Success at the beginning is fatal. I never made a speculative trade in my life."

"That may account for your having risen in forty years to be a cashier," said Postgate in his worst manner.

With that he left the cashier to his contemplation of bronze and returned leisurely to his own desk.

It was now ten years since Cæsar, passing through the main corridor of his bank, happened to look in the direction of the mailing desk, saw Sammy for the very first time, stopped short, stared, and then returned to his private office, whither he summoned the subordinate who was responsible for all petty office affairs.

"There are two boys at that mailing desk outside," said Cæsar. "As I passed just now one was holding out his tongue for the other boy to wet the stamps on."

"I never saw anything like that, sir!" said the subordinate, terrified.

"Discharge the boy who was holding out his tongue," said Cæsar, "and send the other one here to me at once."

He waited. Sammy, who had wetted his stamps on another's tongue, presented himself, and was unterrified. Cæsar asked his name, his age, where he came from, whether he knew arithmetic; and then, at random, put this question:

"If exchange is four-eighty-eight, and Atchison is twenty in London, what is the equivalent New York price for Atchison?"

He motioned toward pencil and paper, but the boy answered correctly out of his head. Cæsar was startled. If exchange was four-eighty-eight-and-a-half, and Erie was nine in London, what was the New York equivalent for Erie? Again the boy answered correctly out of his head. At that, and with not another word, the great banker got up and went home.

Next day two new boys, instead of one, were hired for the mailing desk, and the one who could do problems in his head was sent to the Foreign-Exchange Department. He learned with amazing rapidity. In five years he was the most efficient member of the foreign-exchange staff, though not the head of it, owing to his immature age; and Cæsar was in the habit of asking him things and of calling upon him for statistics that required special and careful preparation. He was never disappointed.

At length came those gold transactions of Cæsar's with the government, in the conduct of which it became necessary to run a corner in foreign exchange, a thing that had never been attempted in the world before. Then Sammy was invaluable. One night, when they had toiled late downtown, he went with Cæsar to the library of the Fifth Avenue home, to work out calculations for the morrow; and afterward Sammy had been refreshed in the wonderful dining room, to which all the world had contributed objects of art.

It was there he met Helen, the daughter of Cæsar, who talked to him knowingly and, as he thought, almost confidentially. She asked him a lot of questions about her father. He had never imagined a woman like her. She was not beautiful. He cast about in his mind later for a phrase to fit her, and put it down that she was a "tremendous woman!" What amazed him most was that she treated Cæsar without fear and asked him questions that no man in Wall Street would have dared to ask him. Moreover, he answered them. Next day Sammy sent her a book about something they had mentioned, and she acknowledged it daintily in her own writing.

Thereafter his recreation, beyond arithmetic, was to elaborate the daydream of being called to Cæsar's private office and hearing him say:

"Mr. Postgate"—not Postgate, or Sammy—"Mr. Postgate, how should you like to become a member of this firm?" He knew exactly what he would say. Then Cæsar would name the terms and they would shake hands; and Cæsar would say: "Can't you come up for dinner to-night? Don't bother to change. Come just as you are." It would be very different dining in the Fifth Avenue house and meeting Helen as Cæsar's partner.

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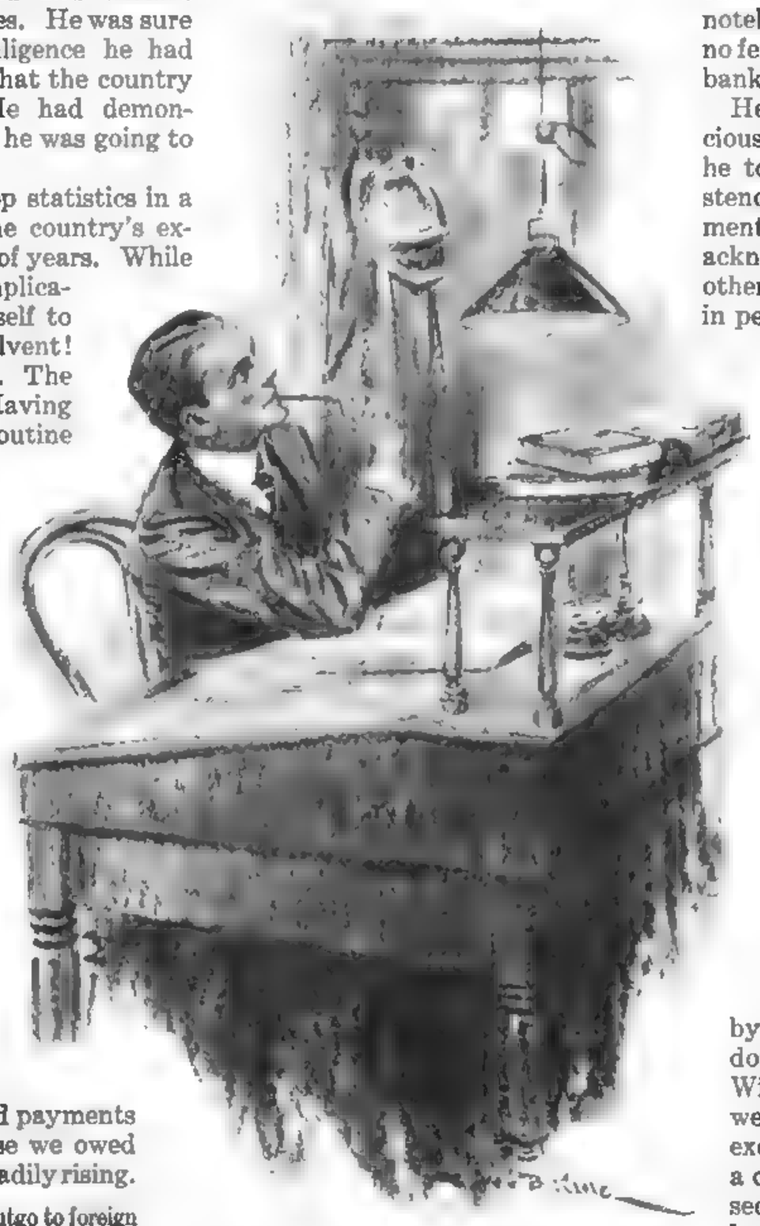
The aspect of Cæsar that interested Sammy most was that of speculator. He was perhaps the only subordinate in the great banking house who perceived clearly that its head was the most daring speculator of his generation in money, in exchange, in securities and in events; but on a scale so large and by calculations so imaginative as to lift his operations away above common definitions.

Knowing this, he believed that, even if Cæsar should find out that he had been speculating, he could successfully defend his conduct. His mind and Cæsar's had been working in parallel lines. He was sure of that. Out of his own intelligence he had made the staggering discovery that the country was statistically bankrupt. He had demonstrated it incontrovertibly, and he was going to lay it before Cæsar.

He had been asked to develop statistics in a certain simple form to show the country's exports and imports over a series of years. While he was doing this a startling implication of the figures presented itself to his mind. The country was insolvent! There was no doubt about it. The conclusion was irresistible. Having performed and delivered the routine work requested, he went further, on his own account, and proceeded to throw the figures into the form of an income account—as if the country were an individual or a corporation, subject to liquidation, with so much income, so much outgo, and so much surplus or deficit resulting. The outcome was amazing.

That the world doubted the ability of the country to continue paying its obligations in gold, everybody already knew. That there was grave doubt as to the ability of the country to pay its debts at all, in silver or gold or goods, was a very different matter. It was calamitous. Europe had been draining our gold away, not only because she feared that gold payments would be suspended but because we owed her a prodigious debt. It was steadily rising.



It Would Astonish Cæsar to Learn That a Clerk Had Divined the Truth

Taking the last year, for example, the outgo to foreign countries—namely, the money directly spent by Americans abroad; the freight paid or owed for exporting American goods in foreign bottoms; the dividends and interest paid or owed on American securities held abroad; and the profits of foreign corporations and persons doing business in the United States—had been approximately $400,000,000
The net value of American goods exported had been only 210,000,000
Leaving a balance of debt due to foreign countries, to be settled in goods or money, of $190,000,000

One year alone was not so bad; but in fifteen years the outgo to foreign countries had been $3,600,000,000. In the same fifteen years the net value of goods exported had been only $1,300,000,000; leaving, to be paid in money or to stand owing, the enormous sum of $2,300,000,000.

No wonder that every fast ship leaving New York was a treasure ship, bearing gold to Europe! The country had not been able to pay its debt in goods and was being called upon to pay in gold. And, as Sammy said, the bottom of the gold bin was in sight!

Having worked up an elaborate demonstration of the country's statistical bankruptcy, in thirty typewritten pages, he styled it: "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S." This, on the first favorable opportunity, he proposed to lay before Cæsar. He doubted not that Cæsar already knew. Indeed, the figures explained to Sammy everything he knew the great banking house to have been doing for two years past—its enormous accumulation of resources, in the first place, and its continuous heavy sales of securities abroad more recently.

But if Cæsar thought that he alone foresaw the calamity which could not much longer be averted he was mistaken. It would astonish him to learn that a foreign-exchange clerk had divined the truth. He might be very angry at first, though in the end he would have to say: "Postgate, this is something that must not be talked about. Let us keep it to ourselves for a while."

Sammy was in the midst of these meditations when a flutter went through the whole establishment, like the stir of leaves before a wind. The carriage of Cæsar had appeared at the head of Wall Street. The big hall man ran to the door to take his hat and stick the instant he should cross the threshold. The cashier left the window, pretending not to hurry, and found pressing work upon his desk. Sammy began to make figures on a pad. Two office boys on a bench sat up straight and stiff. The four junior partners, at their respective desks, assumed airs of expectancy. One scooped up his papers and stood ready to be called.

Cæsar passed rapidly down the corridor to his private office, a place set off with glass partitions, and spoke to no one on his way. He had no habit toward his subordinates. Sometimes he spoke and often he did not. But his omission always included junior partners as well as office boys; so there was no discrimination. His subordinates feared him more than they loved him. None hated him. As he sat down at his desk before his personal mail, all opened and laid flat, one letter on another, a male stenographer came and stood at his side, notebook in hand. There were no female stenographers in this banking house.

He attacked his mail ferociously. More than half of it he tossed to one side for the stenographer, without comment; they were letters to be acknowledged and filed. On others he made illegible marks in pencil. To one he dictated a few lines. At the last was a letter unopened, bearing a foreign stamp. He read it carefully and put it aside under a desk weight. It referred to a collection of art objects. He nodded the stenographer away and rang for a boy, who brought the junior partner.

"Is that D. & R. reorganization plan ready?"

"Here it is," said the partner; he had finished it at two-thirty A. M., and was very tired.

Cæsar took it—forty typewritten pages—and went through it as if it was a Mother Goose Picture Book. His faculty of absorbing such things by page impressions tremendously awed his partners. With the last page, on which were set forth the terms of exchange—new securities of a company-to-be for the old securities of a railroad that had gone bankrupt—he went more slowly. He actually read it.

He put the document down and made a few rapid calculations on a pencil pad. Then he got to his feet and walked heavily about the little office, thinking. The partner had left the glass door open. He saw what was coming and deftly closed it, but not in time to prevent Cæsar's first fierce exclaimer escaping to the corridor outside:

"Do you think this is a charitable institution?"

The rest was in pantomime, to an outside point of view. The other partners, the cashier, Sammy and everybody watched it through the glass partitions. Cæsar first lit a huge cigar and went over to the ticker, as if to look at the tape, which he forgot to do. He went back to his desk and picked up the offending document, to wave it menacingly in the junior partner's face. He flung it back to the desk from a distance, and then followed it, to beat the desk with his fist. As he warmed to the subject he walked faster and turned more sharply and unexpectedly, so that the junior partner had to jump to keep out of the way.

This lasted ten minutes and ended abruptly. Cæsar stopped before the Broad Street window, smoking, and stood there gazing out until the junior partner knew that he was free to take up his unsatisfactory work and go.

After a while Cæsar turned and beckoned another partner in, conversed with him briefly, and returned to the window. The second partner went out and began calling, in turn, by telephone the presidents of the twelve largest private and national banks in Wall Street. They were to meet Cæsar at noon. Before the last of the summonses was served, it was known all over the house that a conference of bankers had been called. The cashier tried to catch Sammy's eyes interrogatively, but the eyes of Sammy were in use. A boy was coming straight to his desk from Cæsar's office.

"You're wanted," said the boy.

As far as the door Sammy carried himself consciously. This might be his opportunity. But as he faced Cæsar he saw only the man everybody feared. He could not think coherently. He recalled the sensation of having once collided with a tree in the dark. Something was wrong. He had never seen the face so purple. Its ugliness had never affected him sickishly before. He avoided its menacing eyes, which had a trick of becoming focused upon a human thing fixedly, while the owlish brows, slanting at a steep angle upward, twitched violently. It was very disconcerting. Sammy wondered whether Cæsar had ever been a baby.

"No employee of this house is permitted to speculate," said Cæsar in a tone of regal annoyance.

So that was it! Cæsar had found it out. The situation was not at all as Sammy had thought it might be. He had lost the daring to meet it. Had his mind been working parallel to Cæsar's? Suddenly he was not sure. And if it had, would that fact increase or diminish the wrath? However, no common evasions of speech would avail. To plead would be fatal.

"I've something here I want to show you, sir," said Sammy.

He produced his demonstration. As Cæsar did not reach for it he laid it on his desk.

"You know that?" said Cæsar, referring to the rule about speculation.

"I know it, sir," said Sammy; "but there is my reason." He pointed to the document.

Cæsar looked at it remotely. He took it up between thumb and forefinger as if it were soiled. The legend, "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S.," induced him to turn the first page. He saw at a glance what Sammy had done, but went through it page by page to the last. Then he swung round in his chair, facing the window, leaving his back to Sammy.

It was a true and interesting statistical performance. To the mind of Cæsar it was nothing more. He was not worried about the statistical bankruptcy of the country. He was not thinking about Sammy's demonstration at all as he sat staring into Broad Street, crushing the paper in his hand. The figures, by a common trick of irrelevant suggestion, had thrown him back upon a train of unfinished calculations.

His mental condition for several weeks had been that of a chess player who thinks forward to the twentieth move, wants the twenty-first, and is just on the point of getting it when a book drops, a man speaks or a clock strikes. The whole structure collapses and has to be built up again from the beginning. The problem his mind wrestled with was how to keep the country in credit—gold credit—until its creditors should have confidence in it again.

Sammy, of course, knew naught of this. He was in an ecstasy of uneasiness. Fifteen minutes passed. The suspense was intolerable.

"I could add something to it," he said.

Cæsar wheeled about, startled. He regarded Sammy with angry amazement and roared:

"What are you doing here?"

Sammy, though taken off center in that way, had so far recovered his wits as to be able to think fast. He concluded it was a test. He was being bullied.

"You sent for me, sir," he answered with what face he could command.

Gradually Cæsar regained his objectivity. He looked, with a puzzled air, at what he had been crushing in his hand, opened it out, read the legend, and recalled what it was and why he had sent for his foreign-exchange clerk. With an exclamation of disgust he tossed the "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S.," into the wastebasket, and said to Sammy:

"Go to the cashier and get two weeks' pay. You are discharged!"

How little a Postgate mattered! Cæsar turned his back and forgot his existence. He stood at the window again, gazing with his mind's eye upon the calculation that it was necessary to reconstruct and complete before the bankers were met. They were already coming in. One by one they hurried down the corridor to the conference room. All of them were anxious, more fretful and more impatient than Cæsar, whose back they saw as they passed his den. They waited for him in the conference room—ten minutes, twenty, half an hour—and began to feel annoyed. They were never sure whether he did such things in aberration or to impress them with his contempt for their time.

Two of the junior partners stood in suspense outside his door, not daring to interrupt, but anxious to remind him that the bankers waited. Suddenly he turned, looked at his watch, and walked rapidly down the corridor to the conference room. It was artificially illuminated in daytime. The bankers sat round a long oval table. Cæsar never saluted them. He sat down at the head of the table, rocked forward on the front legs of his chair, and spoke to the president of the largest national bank:

"How much credit have you got in London?"

He asked deep, impertinent questions in that way, with a bluntness which was either supreme tact or the lack of it. Men were accustomed to it.

"Not more than six millions," was the answer.

"And you?"—to the private banker who had important connections in Germany.

"Aboud vour," he answered.

They were exposing to him, without self-protection, the final secrets of their resources. And they were afraid to lie. One by one they answered, categorically, and among them they could raise sixty millions of foreign credit.

"I am going to assess the foreign stockholders of the D. & R. Railroad for twelve millions," said Cæsar. "Then I have arranged to place twenty millions of new securities abroad. That will be thirty-two. I can raise eight more,

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which, added to your sixty, will give us one hundred million dollars, or twenty million pounds sterling, of foreign credit to sell."

"What do you propose?" asked the head of the largest national bank.

"Up to a hundred million dollars," said Cæsar, "we have got to sell here all the foreign credit anybody needs to remit abroad, in lieu of gold. We must not let any more gold go out. Do you subscribe the amounts you have severally named? I subscribe forty millions."

The private banker with important connections in Germany was the first to speak.

"You vill untersdand," said he, "zat ve haff namdt, in each gaze, ze exdreme amoundt. I haff done so. Zat iss ze ent! You haff now azked us to subscribe ze lasdt tollar uf voreign gredit ve gan raise. Zuppose id iss nod enuf? Zuppose ve zell ze von hundredt million tollars uf voreign gredit, und id iss nod enuf? Id iss ze ent!"

Cæsar was silent.

"Nobody can tell what will happen to-morrow," said the head of the largest national bank. "We are dealing with psychological phenomena. There may be a panic to-morrow. Bryan will speak to-night at Madison Square Garden. We may need to draw heavily upon our foreign credit to protect securities. If we pledge it in this way we cannot use it in any other emergency. If, after we have done this, the country goes for silver, we are ruined."

Another banker said:

"I have had discouraging reports this morning from my correspondents in the Middle West. Even Ohio may go for Bryan. I see nothing but repudiation ahead of us. The people are not sane. God help them!"

When they were all through they looked at Cæsar. They were not sure that he had listened. Beating slowly on the table with both of his great spongy fists he spoke in his irresistible manner, and they knew beforehand that when he had finished they would subscribe.

"Let us admit," he said, "that if the people vote for free silver we shall be ruined all in a heap three months from now. We do not know that they will. I think they won't. What we do know is that unless we act at once to protect the gold the government will have to suspend gold payments in a week, and we shall have to put up our own shutters before the people have had a chance to vote at all. I subscribe forty millions!"

They followed him. The conference ended in five minutes more, and Cæsar never so much as said "Thank you, gentlemen!" That afternoon, on the announcement that a pool had been formed to sell a hundred million dollars of foreign exchange, engagements of eight million dollars gold for shipment to London were canceled. The remitters of gold purchased bills of credit from the pool and sent those instead. Before three o'clock it was rumored on the Stock Exchange that the house of Cæsar was buying stocks.

Cæsar went home early. Sammy did not go home at all. After leaving Cæsar's presence he went and sat at his desk for half an hour before he could realize what had happened. He told himself again and again that he had taken it weakly. He ought to have gone back at Cæsar with a defense. He had better have been defiant than weak. He thought of all the things he might have said. At length egotism raised its indignant head. The greatest of speculators had discharged him for speculating!

He determined not to take his two weeks' pay. He would show his independence.

Besides, he could not so humiliate himself as to ask the cashier for it. He did not need the money. He did not need the job, for that matter. It was the disgrace of having been dishonorably dismissed that hurt. However, he had a profit of nearly fifty thousand dollars in the stock market. That was a lot of capital. He would become a speculator such as even Cæsar would have to respect.

On this turn of thought he wondered what the stock market was doing, or how it was closing, and walked out and round the corner to his broker's office to see. That was a mistake. He had never appeared in the broker's office before. All his business had been conducted by telephone. As he took a chair in the customers' room the broker came and sat down beside him.

"Anything wrong?" asked the broker.

Sammy started. Why should the broker think anything was wrong? He asked him that.

"No reason at all," said the broker; "only it's strange to see you here in the office, you know."

Sammy lingered for a few minutes and went out. The broker followed him.

"I hear your house is buying stocks."

"Oh, you do," said Sammy, and went on.

Then the broker knew that something was wrong. He easily guessed what it was.

At seven o'clock Sammy found himself in the neighborhood of Madison Square Garden. He had been walking about aimlessly for hours. It gave him a twinge to recall that he had expected to be detailed by Cæsar to attend the Bryan meeting and report upon it. A great crowd was moving in. He allowed it to pick him up.

The place was already filled. People were standing in the aisles. Lights blinked through a blue haze of smoke from the kind of cigars with which the electorate regales itself when it accepts the invitation to come and be seated and hear itself called sovereign. Sammy, despising everything, wriggled himself to the balcony and found a place to stand. He heard a woman say:

"But I have a ticket calling for a box seat."

"Unless We Act at Once the Government Will Have to Suspend Gold Payments in a Week. I Subscribe Forty Millions!"

He turned to see. It was the daughter of Cæsar. Her way was blocked. She could get no farther. A man said:

"It would do you no good, madam, to get through. The boxes are all filled. People took them without tickets. They couldn't be stopped."

She neither protested nor insisted. She was tall enough to be able to see and was evidently willing to stand. She pushed forward to a position only a few feet from where Sammy stood, and stopped. The stage was occupied by committees, prominent citizens, and so on, grouped in a crescent round a little table at the front, on which stood a pitcher of water and glasses. There were three empty chairs by the table. When the men for whom they were reserved came out from the wings the cheering for one of them—the middle one of the three—lasted ten minutes.

A man, who announced that it would be presumptuous for him to speak at all, spoke for thirty minutes, and might have gone on speaking forever if the scraping of thousands of feet and the coughing of the people had not warned him to introduce the Peerless One. As he stood forth, the cheering lasted twenty minutes and ten seconds, as is a matter of record; men held stop watches on it and the exact time was afterward reported in the newspapers. During an hour and a half the Peerless One, passionately in earnest, plausible to the multitude, and very awkward with his hands and feet, denounced gold, its works and its owners—and Cæsar more than all.

Then the human current set outward and Sammy, moving with it, drifted against Helen. In the passage of egress, thirty feet wide and a hundred long, in three levels, broken with steps, the human stream, hot, smelly and unamiable, piled up like a tide rip. Nobody could help it. One had to push, because those behind were pushing; and those behind couldn't help it, either, because back of them ten thousand were pushing. A man said:

"Look out, there! Your woman is fainting."

At that a fat woman began to scream hysterically:

"Oh, let me out! Please let me out!"

Sammy was directly behind Helen and was being pushed roughly against her. The human atom ahead of her was a broad-backed animal, incompressible. An idea occurred to Sammy! He could extend his arms straight ahead, one on each side of Helen's person, and by pressing hard against the animal in front take some pressure off of her. He did it at once. The thought that he was protecting the daughter of Cæsar, even without her sanction or knowledge, stimulated his imagination. There might be a panic. He would save her.

What revenge!—to be able to hand her over to Cæsar, saying: "There is your daughter, sir! I have had the honor to preserve her."

Neither Helen nor the broad-backed animal noticed. The pressure increased. Weak men were crying out: "Stop pushing!" Two or three women screamed at once. Once Sammy, who weighed only one hundred and fifteen, lost his feet and had to pull himself up by his hold on the incompressible animal.

"Here!" he shouted. "Be careful, can't you? You don't know whom you are crowding."

He referred to the identity of Helen, but the incompressible animal, who screwed his head round, misunderstood, and said:

"You make a lot of squeezin', young one, whoever you are."

Helen also misunderstood both the efforts and the concern of Sammy, and said to him:

"Can't you take care of yourself, please, without holding on to another person, and stop stepping on my heels?"

A minute later the three of them popped into the street. The broad-backed man, a son of toil, cast a glance of admiration at Helen as her full proportions were disclosed. She was very tall, deep-chested, and her slightest movement suggested an uncommon degree of physical efficiency. Her carriage was waiting. Sammy watched her into it and was deeply hurt. She had not cut him. It was worse than that—she simply did not know him! He could not have said—he told himself over and over that it would have been ridiculous for him to say—in the crowd or afterward: "I am Mr. Postgate." Moreover, he was now merely a Mr. Postgate, whereas before he had been a servant of Cæsar.

When Helen got home she looked into the library to see whether Cæsar was alone, as he had invited her to do. He was playing solitaire. He had been at it since eight o'clock, interrupted only by telephone conversations with the men he had sent to Madison Square Garden. As Helen entered he looked at her in his most amiable manner. She interested him tremendously when he had the leisure. Her intellectual curiosity delighted him.

"I heard the Bryan speech," said Helen, seating herself comfortably in a position to face Cæsar across his little teakwood card table. "Does it interest you?"

"Thank you, no," he said, and went on with his game.

(Concluded on Page 50)

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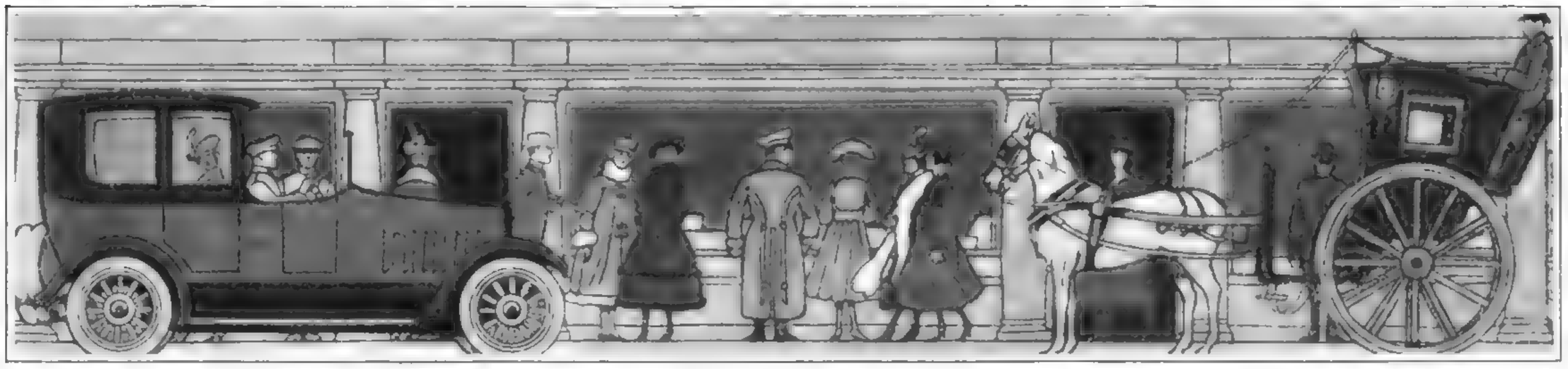
PUTTING ON PERCIVAL

A Story of a Mother-Proof Household—By Corinne Lowe



AND do you mean to say that you aren't even going up to look at Percival?" said Mrs. Bellwether Dulcimer, eying her daughter as she stood there in the great velvet-hung living room of the Dulcimer country place.

Mrs. Doré Van Hook looked a trifle startled; but the smile remained in curl.

"Oh," said she lightly, "why disturb him when he's sleeping?"

To this her mother replied with silence, and in this form of repartee the old society leader's gift was unquestioned. No words could have whistled through the air more sharply than the silence that ensued.

Mrs. Doré Van Hook had motored down that evening with her husband and house guest, Mr. Nelson Romper, from the Van Hook lodge in the Adirondacks. During a period of six weeks she had not laid eyes on her children. These, together with Miss Finch, had been staying with their grandmother, here at The Brambles. To-morrow, in the early morning, Mrs. Van Hook was motoring on to Hot Springs for several weeks, prior to the opening of the town house; and this night represented, therefore, the one possible moment for the phalarope parent to alight near her offspring.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Van Hook nervously, breaking at last the long silence.

She moved over to the great fireplace and held out her hands to the blaze. The challenge of the flames was a direct one, but Mrs. Van Hook met it superbly. The hands, which now let the firelight through like a shell, were exquisitely fragile; the figure, even in its smart bulkiness of motor togs, was hipless and lithe, and like scrolls of mahogany gleamed the dark hair. Yes, admitted Mrs. Bellwether Dulcimer rather enviously, this daughter of hers was now, at thirty-nine, imperturbably young.

Mrs. Van Hook Kicks Over the Traces

"YOU look happy!" jumped Mrs. Dulcimer out of her long scrutiny.

Mrs. Van Hook turned with a laugh.

"Nonsense, mother!" she retorted. "It's that new electric treatment I'm having for my eyes. Perfectly wonderful! You must try it."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Dulcimer.

Did Dorcas really think she could be deceived? Didn't she realize the difference between this new look of hers and that of nearly all the people they both knew? Those others had a surfeited air. She, Dorcas, had a just-enough air. Just enough—that was happiness! And Mrs. Dulcimer could not have happiness going off like an alarm clock among those comfortable, sleeping standards of hers. It was with a distinct sense of danger that she now asked:

"Is Mr. Nelson Romper going with you to Hot Springs?"

Mrs. Van Hook wheeled about.

"Of course not," said she coldly. "Why do you ask that?"

The onyx eyes regarded her bitterly.

"How much is he worth—this explorer person?"

Her daughter started. It was exactly that question which, uttered in exactly the same tone, had put an end to her affair of twenty years ago. She looked down now into that chasm of unemotional wifehood and motherhood into which it had dropped her, and there was a long, long pause before her answer came.

"Oh, I don't know—nothing, I suppose—in money. But what does that matter? What have I got to do with Mr. Nelson Romper?"

"What have you got to do—— Just wait a moment." And without another word Mrs. Dulcimer went to the great table in the center of the room. "Here," said she, bringing back a paper which she thrust into the other's hand; "I thought you might like to see what the Weekly Gadfly has to say about you."

Dorcas Van Hook threw the paper angrily to the ground.

"You won't read it? Very well, then; I shall tell you what is in it. The article speaks of the increasing number of divorces among women in middle life. It asks why it is that matrons, and even grandmothers, who have worried along very comfortably with their humdrum millions suddenly get some flare when they are old enough to know better. It alludes to the threatened breach between you and Doré, and wants to know whether you will be the next to join the band of belated divorcées, of which ——"

"Stop, mother; for pity's sake, stop! I won't have my friendships ——"

"—— of which," continued Mrs. Dulcimer mercilessly, "Mrs. Sydney Glumheim, Mrs. Sweepwell Broome——"

"That horrid creature," cried Mrs. Van Hook—"going round to public dancing places with men young enough to be her sons! How dare they mention me in the same breath!"

"All very well," replied the mother; "until she was forty-odd she was an exemplary character. She was wrapped up so tight in her proper duties that she was like a rug put away from the moths. And nobody—no man could ever say that Cynthia Broome in her younger days ever gave him the slightest encouragement. That's why I wonder ——"

"Hush, mother! Here he is—please!" And the tall, bronzed man who entered put an end to this significant conversation.

It did not, however, put an end to the subject. The following spring Mrs. Doré Van Hook arranged a divorce from her husband, and soon afterward she married the bronzed explorer. In this arrangement Mr. Doré Van Hook behaved very handsomely. He settled a million dollars upon Dorcas, and with this sum she and Mr. Romper settled down permanently in Paris. In the years that were to come she saw her children only occasionally and casually. Meantime the fourth floor went along just exactly as it had before her departure.

The only person, indeed, who was crushed by Mrs. Van Hook's decision was her mother.

"Well!" snapped she. "So you've done it, have you?" She looked at this other being, who had constituted for her merely an ensign of victory, as resentfully as at some inanimate thing that had suddenly waked to defeat her. "You—at your age!" she groaned.

"Poor old mother!" said Mrs. Van Hook, feeling for the first time in her life compassion for this battering personality. "Of course you don't understand." She paused for a moment and then went on: "You see, mother," she tried to explain, "I've been trying for years to intellectualize my emotions. But I couldn't do that forever. There had to come a time when I emotionalized my intellect. Good heavens," she cried with sudden fury, "you can't expect a woman like me to live on time-tables all my life!"

"Time-tables! So that is what you call your children?"

"Well, what else?" said Mrs. Van Hook bravely. "For years I've been looking them up, seeing that they ran at certain times, studying them out. They were just part—I couldn't help it—of a worldly system and a worldly life. Besides," she added, "I'll be just as much good to them this way. Miss Finch is staying with them, and she and Doré have promised to carry out my ideas for their education."

"That's too bad!" remarked her mother. And with that she left her.

To Percival the news of his mother's step was broken by Miss Finch.

"Percival," said she solemnly to the small boy in the Norfolk jacket, "I have something very painful to say to you: Your father and mother ——"

The boy's handsome head turned above the round white collar and his eyes met hers.

"Divorced?" asked he calmly.

"Why, who told you?"

"Nobody; but I've often wondered about it. Barkley Shinn's mother and father are, and so are Stumply Vander Whoop's."

This maturity of Percival had been gained from the Newport Casino, from horse shows and other society occasions which threw the family group into unaccustomed relief. It plunged him now into another question:

"Will they marry again—father and mother?"

"I don't know—perhaps."

"And we—Marian and Hildegarde and I—where shall we go?"

"Oh—here, where you have always stayed."

"Oh!"

The small boy gulped down his disappointment. For a moment he had thought the change in relations might mean a change in environment. But, no! Adventures were like Wassilissa's doll—they hid away in books; far, far away from unlucky rich children. It was this thought which lay uppermost in his mind that night when he closed his eyes to the correct Persian figures of his bedroom.

"H'm!" remarked Tompkins, the fourth-floor footman, to Percival's new nurse. "If 'e don't molt his mother easy! But—my eye!—when Freda left us, then you just ought to 'ave 'eard 'ow 'e did go on!"

They Hire a Tutor for Percival

PERCIVAL'S new nurse was called Grunwald. She had been with him now ever since Freda's lamented departure, and in this time he had felt no more emotion for her than for a spigot. She dressed him in the morning and evening; she drew his bath for him; she took him to Central Park to play; and she "turned on" every practical occasion of his life. But she had none of Freda's talent for life, or her wonderful fairy tales, or her dear, slanting, funny eyes.

Compared with Freda she was, indeed, very much like a shining and methodical spigot beside an enchanted rod which draws unexpected streams from rocks and arid places. And when, at the age of eight, Percival was turned over to the double care of Tompkins, the footman, and Mr. Agley Rasher, the tutor, he felt absolutely no regret for Grunwald's leave-taking.

Mr. Agley Rasher, the tutor, was a young college man, with the tidy features, the serene gaze and the broad shoulders you are led to believe, from the street-car advertisements, are the exclusive and logical possession of those who wear Sokocute pyjamas and Nift-tie collars. Mr. Rasher was the master of every manly accomplishment. He could box, swim, ride, bowl, play tennis and sail a boat; in fact, his postgraduate course in Greek epitaphs of the fourth century had not interfered in the least with his realization of the well-rounded Greek life. Mrs. Van Hook had picked out Mr. Rasher just before her departure. He represented her final touch of motherly solicitude.

"I want you to make a man of Percival," she had said to Mr. Rasher. "Don't let him turn into a dreadful little snob."

"All right," responded the young man cheerfully. And it must be said that he deferred the calamity.

Along with the new tutor came a change in the fittings of Percival's room—the third he had known since graduating from the splendid Sforza cradle. In all these expert considerations of the particular phases of his development

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extreme simplicity had been the keynote. Yet simplicity here was exactly like that of the little Van Hook girls' fine lingerie frocks, which cost one hundred dollars each. This may be understood from the fact that a simple little set of nursery or child's bedroom furniture, painted and made to order, costs as much as four hundred dollars. Add to this the curtains, friezes, carpets and services of the decorator, and you obtain the one thousand dollars the Van Hooks paid for each room's stimulating change of atmosphere.

After Percival reached the age of six months the splendid Sforza cradle and the silk-paneled walls had been overturned in favor of militant daintiness. The walls of his room were covered with Mother Goose figures; the furniture, of whitewood, was sprinkled with rosebuds; a rose-colored carpet was spread on the floor; and the latticework sides of the small white bed—one of which let down on hinges—were trailed with a realistic painted rose vine.

As soon as Miss Bongout, the decorator, beheld this room she indicated that Percival had been the victim of a defective æsthetic development.

"Pink and white," she murmured patronizingly to Miss Finch, who was showing her about. "Rather unfermented, don't you think? Now I see this room with a lovely neutral background. I see"—squinting her eyes as though blinded by the glory of the vision—"up there a frieze of Persian figures—you know nothing is more beautiful than the forms in those old Persian manuscripts. The bed and furniture will be a lovely deep imaginative Persian blue; and as for the curtains—printed with the same figures as the frieze."

"Very well; do what you think is best," said Miss Finch meekly.

In the next months it was quite apparent that, though the laws of the Medes might have a chance, those of their neighbors were as undigressional as ever. The figures selected for Percival's frieze were taken from a Persian manuscript illustrating the story of the Flood, and were painted in exquisite soft tones of blue and yellow and red. The chintz curtains at the windows repeated these forms in hand-blocked printing. And finally, to go with the "imaginative" blue furniture, there was a little bowl and pitcher.

"But the boy's bath is right next door!" protested Miss Finch.

"Oh," said Miss Bongout, "that doesn't matter—the thing is, the child must be taught to do things for himself. It will give him a sense of responsibility to feel that he is pouring water into his own little basin."

"It seems to me," demurred Miss Finch, "that it is a terrible affectation of simplicity."

But Miss Bongout proceeded relentlessly. With her harrow of correct taste she plowed up the nursery and sowed it with correct Oriental forms and colorings. Then she took in hand the little girls' rooms and prescribed for them "something soft and tender and maternal." Then, when the Fifth Avenue mansion was regenerated, she turned her attention to the country home.

The Great Adventure

BUT in children's rooms there must be an everlasting rotation of furniture crops. What will suit a boy of four will not suit a boy of eight. So it was that Mrs. Van Hook's farewell solicitude for her son took the form of another scenic shift.

"I would give him now something bold and free and adventurous—the boy's mind, don't you know?—something like Treasure Island," advised the inspired decorator.

Along with Mr. Agley Rasher, therefore, Percival received this nudge to his fancy. Right here, too, it may be stated that the tutor did not approve of the other contemporary advantage.

"Seems rather too bad, don't you think?" said he to Miss Finch, "that a boy's dreams should be made so literal. He oughtn't to be charioted along by curtains and bedclothes and things. Why, when I was a boy my little bare room was alive with those very things!"

The difficulties of his task had commenced by this time to weigh upon Mr. Rasher. What was snobbery but a sense of separation raised to scorn for those from whom you were separated? Already, he could see, Percival had the sense of being set apart. How long could he be kept from the biting consciousness of superiority? The young tutor perceived that he would have to fight single-handed against all the odds of a set environment.

At his very first meeting with the boy Mr. Rasher had been conscious of his problem. Here was a well-bred boy of eight, tall, and with the look of health that was the result of his perfect physical environment. Yet there was no exuberance about him. The face was settled—already that of someone who has always accepted instead of selected.

"Gee!" thought the young tutor. "He's as pink and stiff as an ice." Aloud he said: "Percival, I hear that to-morrow is your birthday. What do you want most in the world?"

The small heir to fifty million dollars, gorged with French and German and dancing and music and athletics, the small boy whose every minute was filled with some specified outlet, looked up at him somberly, and Mr. Rasher never forgot his answer.

"I'd like," said the boy slowly, "one hour in which to do exactly what I want to do."

"Good!" thought the tutor. "He's all right so long as he can really want something."

"Well," said he kindly, "I'm going to make you a present of that hour. Only—will you tell me what you are going to do with it? That's fair now, isn't it?"

"I dare say," admitted Percival; and Mr. Rasher winced to see how carefully the boy had been sheltered from the American "I guess." Percival thought for a moment: "But will you let me go alone?"

"Where is it you want to go alone?"

"Why, on a street car—down to the Aquarium."

Mr. Rasher thought for a minute.

"Very well," said he at last; "I'll let you go."

The small pink face glowed and the big white teeth, with their scallops, showed in a grin.

"And you won't reconsider?" he asked anxiously.

"I won't go back on anything I say," replied the tutor, carefully corrective of Percival's purist speech.

Immediately after this conversation Mr. Rasher called up a detective agency and arranged to have Percival followed in his romantic adventure. In doing this the young man had a mean sense of cheating.

"Still," he argued to himself, "it's the same thing—pragmatically. He'll get the feeling of independence just exactly the same."

When Miss Finch heard of Percival's radiant moment of liberty she almost slipped out through the negligent hooks.

"But, Miss Finch," contested the young man, "it was perfectly safe. I had two men follow him every step of the way."

The Cost of Learning to Dance

"IT WILL put foolish ideas into his head," said Miss Finch. "You must never let it happen again. Why, not one of those Van Hook children has ever been out alone in his life!"

Mr. Rasher groaned. He could see his system of development shrinking to mere reading, writing and arithmetic.

During his eight years Percival had come into contact with many children. These, however, like everything else in his small life, were carefully sorted over and picked out. Of this fact Bailey's Beach, at Newport, offered abundant proof. In the morning no children ever come to this famous inclosure. It is entirely given over to grown-ups, each of whom is admitted only upon the recognition of proper credentials.

In the afternoon, however, every nurse at Newport brings her charge to Bailey's Beach—provided that charge can qualify by the proper amount of parental wealth and position. With this sterilized group of youngsters Percival learned the secrets of the bounded main. In time he found out that two miles below Bailey's Beach there was a public beach where the unfastidious ocean shared her purple robe with other children. But already Percival was beginning to feel that he had somehow been set apart.

To this knowledge even the democratic park contributed. From the time when Miss Rice wheeled him out in his crested and ermine-wrapped perambulator he had been taken each winter day to the fashionable Seventy-second Street entrance of Central Park. Here nurses, attired in English caps and cape coats, and united by the consciousness of ministering only to the most fashionable families, twittered among perambulators and roller skates and hoops. Here Percival was carefully guarded from children whose background was not similar to his own.

One day, when he was five years old, the little boy turned to Freda.

"Why do we never go to the park on Saturday and Sunday?" asked he.

"Oh," said Freda, "all sorts of children go on those days. Miss Finch never would allow it."

Likewise did his dancing lessons shield him from the cold outside atmosphere. These classes were conducted through the winter months by Miss Constance Leapton, a member of the same social set to which she ministered. Miss Leapton's classes, each member of which paid five dollars a lesson, generally met twice a week. These facts determined the weekly expenditure of thirty dollars for the dancing lessons of the three Van Hook children. It was deserved by the expert eliminations of "all sorts of children."

At the dancing classes Percival got his first taste of the managed propinquities from which he was to suffer all his life. There was in his class a very rich little girl, named Becky Donnerwell, whose father's country place adjoined that of the Van Hooks. Percival did not like Becky. She wore

(Continued on Page 52)

He Settled a Million Dollars Upon Dorcas, and She Settled Down Permanently in Paris

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THE WRONG ROAD

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"Give Me Something to Eat. I am Famished"

THIS younger brother of Dario Pez, sir, was a fine, handsome young fellow, who had the disagreeable vice of thievery.

"*Aunque la mona se vista de seda, mona se queda,*" said Dario Pez when he first saw him all covered with diamonds and a big gold chain, just like a gentleman—"'Though the monkey is dressed in silk, it is still a monkey.' Hey, Don Francisco?" But Juan Pez merely grinned in an impudent fashion and waved the rich cigar he was smoking. And the same night he lost eleven thousand dollars at Los Kenos. I know, because I won it. But where did this Juan obtain so much money, sir? Ah, that is the question!

That he was a very bad person in every respect soon became evident. The very day of his arrival in our army he entered the general's presence with a long piece of writing on a paper, and he was laughing heartily.

"What have you there, *hermanito?*" asked Dario Pez.

"It is a list of certain holy ones," answered this Juan Pez.

"And why do you make it? I did not know that you were religious. Let me see."

"It is this way, general: All the saints in the *capilla* were shot disastrously through the head by bullets during the battle, and we took down their names, I and Benito; so that in case we apply for a miracle we may keep in mind those who have already been executed and thus waste no time in supplicating them."

By goodness, sir, what do you know about that?

The family of Dario Pez were extremely affectionate, sir. Mark what happened: No sooner had his fame spread abroad, because of his achievements with the Army of Deliverance, than there arrived, as fast as their little donkeys and their own shanks could bring them, his father and mother, and their fathers and mothers; and four uncles, with their wives; and five aunts, with their husbands; and a sister; and twenty-two cousins, once and twice and three times removed; and the young fellow of whom I have spoken, who was younger brother to Dario Pez and seemingly much beloved of him because of his joyous nature.

They all went to live in the great house where Dario Pez lived with Lucita, his wife. He did not turn them off, sir. No; it is our custom for the head of the family to provide, which custom runs through all classes. The poor man looks to the head of his family; who looks to the *administrador;* who, in turn, looks to the *hacendado;* who derives his power from somebody above. And there you have it!

Dario Pez took care of them all. He was very kind to his family, sir. To his father he gave the butchering concession for the city, which carried the sole right to supply the population with meat; and he gave to the others, also, according to the degree of their relationship. But to this Juan Pez he handed the richest plum of all: He appointed him purchasing agent for the army.

It was a lucrative and highly desirable post, for the purchasing agent had the buying of all arms and ammunition, and supplies of whatever sort, and great sums of money must pass through his fingers. That some of it should stick was a natural supposition, and Dario Pez expected no less. Therefore this Juan was transported with delight, sir, and made his appearance in grand clothes, with handsome diamonds and a massive gold chain for his watch. He who had limped into the city a fortnight before in his bare feet, and with his stomach as flat as a board, now went about like a gentleman, with a noble rotundity in prospect. Also, he gave rich presents to certain ladies of his acquaintance.

You may well suppose that the officers of his Staff did not like this appointment Dario Pez had made. All of us had fought and starved in his service. And what had this Juan done?

"Cheer up, Don Francisco!" said Dario Pez to me. "I have not forgotten you. You will receive the game of Los Kenos."

That promise did much to improve my humor, sir, for the game of Los Kenos is very profitable to the owner. Yet I could not resist an impulse to warn him; which I did as delicately as possible, for this Juan Pez was his brother, after all.

"So you think he's stealing, do you?" demanded Dario Pez. "What gives you that idea?"

"Why, *mi general,* only look at him! See the rich appearance he makes, and his big automobile, and the gifts he has given."

Dario Pez made a little clucking sound with his tongue.

"So!" said he. "And do all my officers think the same? How much do they figure he has stolen, Don Francisco?"

"It must be thousands and thousands, general."

"So much the better," he rejoined. "He will have less temptation to steal now than a new man would."

And, sir, that ended the matter.

At this time we were very short of everything an army needs, for the capture of the city had exhausted our ammunition and the booty did not nearly offset the depletion. But we had the beautiful goldpieces wrung from El Señor Don Carlos Balderrama; and, so long as they lasted, Dario Pez poured them out like water for cartridges and rifles, shoes, blankets and warm underwear for his boys. He wanted everything good, Dario Pez did; and he wanted everything quick. Nor would he hear of obstacles. Prices meant nothing to him.

"We must have fifty thousand dollars at once for more ammunition," this Juan Pez would say; and, by goodness, sir, it would be turned over to him immediately.

"What about those cannon? I must have them within eight weeks," declared the general at the top of his lungs.

"Impossible! They cannot be shipped across the Line just now."

"There is no such word as impossible!" bellowed Dario Pez, banging his fist on the table. "I never want it used in my presence. Do you hear me, *hombre?* Those cannon must be got. If you cannot buy them, make them. Others have done as much. *Ah, qué pelado,* have I men in my army, or old women? What is the good of holding this great city if we cannot obtain a few little cannon?"

"I will try," answered his brother humbly; for he never crossed him.

A fortnight later he came swaggering into the room where the general was listening to me translate from a New York newspaper the events transpiring in our country.

"It is done, general. Come out and see."

"See what?"

"The new cannon."

"Is that so?" cried Dario Pez eagerly. "Let's go, *muchachos.*"

Sure enough, he had a cannon, sir—a queer-looking thing, made of brass. It was set up in an angle of the trenches we had dug round the city, and a thick dirt roof, sustained by heavy beams, protected it.

This Juan Pez conducted his brother to the shells that the cannon fired.

They were very ingenious, sir. At the end that would strike the object was a nail.

"When that hits," he explained, "it is driven in and explodes the charge. Boom! Boom! Like that, general. And your enemies are blown to bits!"

"Excellent! But make more of them, Juan. A dozen is none at all. Where did you get the brass for this gun?"

"Over yonder."

"Where is over yonder?"

"In the *capilla,*" he answered defiantly.

"General," I cried, "this cannon has been fashioned out of a cross; and so there is a curse upon it."

"What nonsense is this? We are grown men, and not children, Don Francisco."

"Nevertheless, it is so, general. The brass used in the making came from a huge cross, and the cross came from the *capilla.* And it is generally known that devils have been imprisoned therein these many hundreds of years."

By goodness, sir, Dario Pez opened his eyes.

"Devils, you say? Now that is a good one! How many of 'em?"

"That is the story told to me. And it is generally known to be true."

"Well, well! Are you crazy, Don Francisco? Do you feel queer anywhere? In the head, maybe?"

"It is the truth about this cannon that I have learned."

"Go on," said Dario Pez. "Take a long breath and tell it. You say this cross has been holding devils safe in yonder church for hundreds of years?"

"That is what they say, general."

"Well, we won't let it worry us, then; for by this time they must be very old and feeble, Don Francisco.

"Moreover, if they have moved to the cannon they will make fine weapons to use against my enemies. Hey, *muchachitos?* Go fetch me a gunner—one of you. I wish to see how this bad baby works."

Off went this Juan Pez, and presently came back with a fellow from the artillery; and he held a swab in his hands. On seeing the general he swelled out his chest and strutted up to the cannon.

"Devils, is it?" he cried. "Well, here is their match. I'm the best artilleryman in the whole bunch. See for yourself, general. Watch me and judge."

And, with that, before any of us could stop him, the ignorant scoundrel rammed his swab into the brass cannon. Instantly the devils inside complained with a terrible explosion. There had

When She Began to Speak Her Agitation Was Great

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been a shell in it, which the gunner did not know, sir. Three officers were killed and splinters wounded some soldiers outside the emplacement, and one of the brass pieces passed through the hat of Dario Pez, parting his hair very neatly.

Yes; that bit of brass from the devil-possessed cannon almost did the job for Dario Pez and me. We were furious. We would have punished the boastful artilleryman severely, but he could not be found. He was scattered widely, sir.

This affair made Dario Pez very thoughtful. He was not given to superstition, but when a portent is so unmistakable none but a fool would ignore it. Therefore, he said to this Juan that night:

"Be more careful in future, brother, else something evil will assuredly befall you. I have already cautioned enough. You must have respect for sacred things and act like a man of honor."

But Juan, sir, had respect for nothing. It was not long before complaints about him reached Dario Pez.

"What is this I hear?" he asked at supper one night. "Why did you steal that automobile?"

"Steal it, general? It was a present to me."

Dario Pez eyed him a while and then he grunted.

"He was here today to tell me how the gift was made. And he showed me the marks of a saber. Take care, little man! I have raised you up and I can as easily cast you down. You are on the wrong road."

This Juan, he said nothing; but he did not give back the automobile to the rightful owner. And the reason that he dared to ignore the warning was this:

"We must have more cartridges, *hermanito*."

"Give me the money and I will buy them, general."

"But I have no more. It is all spent. Buy them anyway, and we will pay for them later."

"But they will not trust us."

"What!" roared Dario Pez. "They refuse to accept my word? The scoundrels!"

This Juan Pez glanced at him shrewdly and twirled his underlip, which was a habit he had, sir, when he was up to any deviltry.

"There is a way."

"Let me hear it, then."

"Print your own money."

The suggestion startled Dario Pez and he stared at his brother. Then he sprang up joyously and embraced him.

"Good for you, little brother! Good for you! You are a *gran hombre!* You use your head!" he exclaimed. "If only all my officers would do the same! A body without a head is merely a dummy. Have a bunch of money printed at once. And, listen—have my picture put on it."

Well, sir, it was done; and for a while things went merrily with us. We bought all we needed, and when the foreigners who sold us ammunition demurred at accepting our money, Dario Pez was not at a loss. No; he did not let that stop him.

He promptly took over cattle and bullion from the owners in our territory and paid for them at the market price in the new money. Then he shipped them by the trainload to the Border and received American gold in return. With that he bought rifles.

"It is a fine world, Don Francisco," he observed to me.

"Sometimes, general—yes. Then, again, not so much so."

"What I do not understand," he continued complacently, "is why a government should ever be hard up for money. It is absurdly simple, Don Francisco. With a printing press in good order, and an army of brave boys to enforce your decrees, there seems to me no excuse for poverty. It is a noble life we are leading, Don Francisco."

By goodness, sir, what do you know about that!

This brother of his was very haughty toward the officers of the Staff, so that we did not love him. Quarrels were frequent. We had done the fighting; we had bled and suffered; and along came this conceited boy to reap the reward of our sacrifices! What wonder that we resented his behavior!

"No quarreling," Dario Pez ordered. "I won't have it. There you go—two cakesellers in the street. One in front of the other will spoil his trade; and so they must fight."

He was very busy, sir. Dario Pez was organizing all the country under his control and getting his army in shape for a fresh campaign. Recruits came in every day and it was necessary to equip them.

That made much work for this Juan. Yet he had time for other matters. His extravagance and his doings were the talk of the town, but nobody had the hardihood to mention them to the general. Once Lucita repeated at dinner some gossip she had heard; but Dario Pez only shrugged his shoulders.

"Boys will be boys," he said. "You can't place an old head on young shoulders. I did the same, *chula*. Every man worth his salt is hard to control in youth. Like horses, like men—the mean ones are the best."

And this Juan pleased him greatly in one respect: That was in his attentions to a young lady of the city, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi, the only child of a large landowner of the state who had espoused our cause. Juan made no secret of his intentions. He went boldly to Señor Jaurequi and made his proposal, and after taking due time to consider it—though he was prepared to accept the general's brother as his son-in-law on the spot, sir—the young lady's father gave his consent.

The Señorita Teresa was also very willing, this Juan having carried on his courtship very ardently and with far more discretion than I would have given him credit for. And then he was known to be fabulously rich; and he dressed like a lord and talked louder than the general himself.

So Fortune smiled on Juan Pez. His bride would inherit vast wealth and she was extremely beautiful, sir, and accomplished, and young, and ardent. What more could a man desire?

It was said, however, that she was a proud and imperious lady, and possessed of a very devil of a temper, which I fervently hoped to be true.

Well, at last the army was ready and began a march toward the north.

Where we were going, or what object we had in view, none of us knew. Dario Pez kept his own counsel and nobody liked to ask him.

On the fifth day we arrived at the American-owned plantation of Corralitos; and there we rested. The manager opened wide the whole place to the general. The cowboys, too, welcomed us. They mingled with our troops fearlessly, did those Mormon boys, and helped to make things pleasant.

By goodness, sir, the good things we had to eat! Cantaloupes were provided in thousands and our poor hungry soldiers filled their stomachs. The horses, also, got a fine feed; they ate all the hay, and everything else there was on the ranch. This was accomplished in sixty hours and it became necessary to move on.

We struck for La Ascencion, thirty-six miles distant. It was a very agreeable town, sir, and we remained in it a fortnight to enable Dario Pez to gather certain forces with whose leaders he had been negotiating.

We went in for amusements. There were many Mormon colonists in that vicinity, and they were of opinion that their horses possessed greater speed than ours. Dario Pez and his officers, they thought differently. To decide these disputes we held races, and we always used to bet on them.

Some days those Mormon boys would go back to their homes with bundles of our money. Yes; they would leave us broke and wondering what had happened. On the other hand, we managed sometimes to make them feel very sick, sir.

On three occasions they were obliged, those Mormon boys, to make trips to the Border with hides in order to get money to continue the sport.

We had cockfighting too. Dario Pez was passionately fond of the sport; and at all the contests of which he was a spectator he insisted on tying the spurs to the roosters' legs himself. This habit of his proved very successful, sir. After a while nobody would bet against the bird the general favored, for invariably something would go wrong with the other's spurs.

Then a Wild Scream Made Me Jump and I Saw the Rifles Waver

The fun seemed to do him good. He was happy. He would go round singing:

"Yo solito voy y vengo
Como las olas del mar."

Every afternoon he would take his soldiers into the open and lecture them. He would tell his boys not to waste ammunition; to let the enemy come to close range, so as to use bullets with effect. And he preached sobriety on every occasion.

"A man who gets artificial courage is no use to me," he declared over and over. "Let not the tares spoil the good grain, my children."

He was always at his best in the open. In the city, Dario Pez seemed restless, ill at ease. He could not work well and betrayed indecision; he often told me that the surroundings of a city were belittling. But out amid the whispering trees, or in the great waste places, or under the stars at night—then, indeed, he showed what was in him. He seemed to be in everlasting communion with the sky, sir. I have heard him call the stars by name—address them as friends—talk to them.

"Someone," he announced angrily, "has been smuggling stuff into the camp! I won't have it. Any man caught drunk will be severely punished. Tell that to your boys; and remember this—I expect my officers to set an example."

Well, sir, the first offender was this Juan Pez, sir. Perhaps he considered that the rule did not apply to him, being full of foolish pride. But Dario Pez speedily undeceived him.

"What! My own brother is insubordinate?" he shouted, his eyes beginning to roll; and he commanded that this Juan should be brought into his presence.

"Don Francisco," he then said to me, "and you, Captain Banda and Colonel Ochoa, you will each administer five strokes to this fellow with the backs of your cabers."

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By goodness, sir, we stared at one another! We did not love this Juan Pez, but he was the general's brother and a fellow officer.

"And hear me, *hombres*," added Dario Pez: "If any one of you three withholds his hand he will receive twenty-five strokes himself from one who won't. I will stay and watch."

There was no escape. With Dario Pez looking on, we had to do our best. So this Juan stood quite still while we three swung our heavy sabers, one after the other, across his back; and we put our strength into it. At the last he fainted.

"Now," said the general when it was all over, "get away from my presence, Juan. I have heaped riches upon you; yet you defy me. I load you with honors, and you would bring shame on our name. There's a pill of my making."

It made us all sorry for the poor young man; but the affair soon blew over and seemed to have been forgiven on both sides. But this Juan, sir, never forgave.

Couriers brought word that a strong enemy force was moving from the west against the city, in which only a small garrison had been left on our departure. So it became expedient to return swiftly to that place and foil them. Dario Pez took three thousand of his cavalry and started at midnight on the return march, leaving the remainder of the army to follow as best they might.

By goodness, what a ride it was! Fifty miles in such a country is a heavy day's journey for cavalry, sir; but Dario Pez, he took his column a hundred and five miles without a stop, except to water the horses and swallow a mouthful of food. Our sufferings were terrible.

Colonel Ochoa remonstrated, telling him that it was nothing less than murder.

"What!" he exclaimed in great surprise. "They are tired? Why, I feel perfectly fresh, colonel."

Well, he got there with time to spare, for the enemy delayed at several towns. That is the way Mexicans usually fight, sir. They are always going to do great things to-morrow.

So the main body was enabled to rejoin him, and preparations went forward to meet an attack. In these the procuring of more ammunition played an important part, and this Juan Pez was kept busy night and day. We threw out relays of pack trains clear to the Border and poured a flood of real money into the greedy hands of the agents through this Juan.

While we were waiting for the enemy to venture into a favorable region for our attack a visitor arrived one day to see the general and took her place in the line of women who besieged his quarters daily in order to beg for favors. She was footsore and weary, for she had walked all the way from La Ascencion, sir; and when she began to speak her agitation was so great that tears trickled down her cheeks, and she sobbed convulsively.

"Clear the room, Don Francisco," commanded Dario Pez; and I did so. "Now," he continued, "tell me everything, *muchachita*. And do not be afraid. I am here to protect you."

By goodness, what she told him sent the general into a dreadful rage! He sent me on the jump for his brother. "Viper," he cried to him, "is what this poor girl says true? Look at her!"

This Juan did so, and turned a mighty sick color; but he was an impudent fellow and never at a loss for words.

"It is not," he replied stoutly. "I never saw the woman before, general."

"So!" said Dario Pez, bending his brows at him. "I do not believe you. But meantime you shall have the benefit of the doubt while I look into the matter. Don Francisco, escort this young lady to my house and inform the Señora Pez that she is under her protection.

"And listen to me, Juan: If what this child says turns out to be the fact, you will be in a pretty pickle. What about the Señorita Teresa? Bah! Get out of my presence! With your feet on the broad highway to honor and wealth, you branch off into the wrong road—monkey that you are!"

Lucita received the girl very kindly, she being poor and in misfortune. But Dario Pez had no time to investigate Lola's story just then; the very next day a courier arrived to tell him that the enemy were approaching to capture the city, and they had seven thousand seasoned fighters.

That was good news to the general. He had been waiting to catch them on the move, and now he made his preparations for an onslaught. It was against his policy to await an attack.

"The aggressor has the advantage," he frequently asserted. "It is half the battle, other things being equal. The man who hits first hits twice."

Accordingly he dispatched a force of five hundred cavalry under Colonel Ochoa to feel out the advancing army, and piled some infantry and the artillery aboard trains. These were to proceed slowly westward until the cavalry had got into touch with the enemy vanguard, and were then to take up certain prepared positions where Dario Pez planned to give battle.

I accompanied him, sir, on the first of these trains. He also took this Juan along, though, for some reason hidden from us then, he betrayed a strange reluctance to go.

"Let me stay here and continue my work," Juan entreated.

"What! Are you afraid?" cried Dario Pez.

"No, general; but I am sick."

"That is a good one! Do you hear him, Don Francisco? He is sick! A lot of *hombres* get sick with a fight in prospect, *hermanito*. So forget it and get busy."

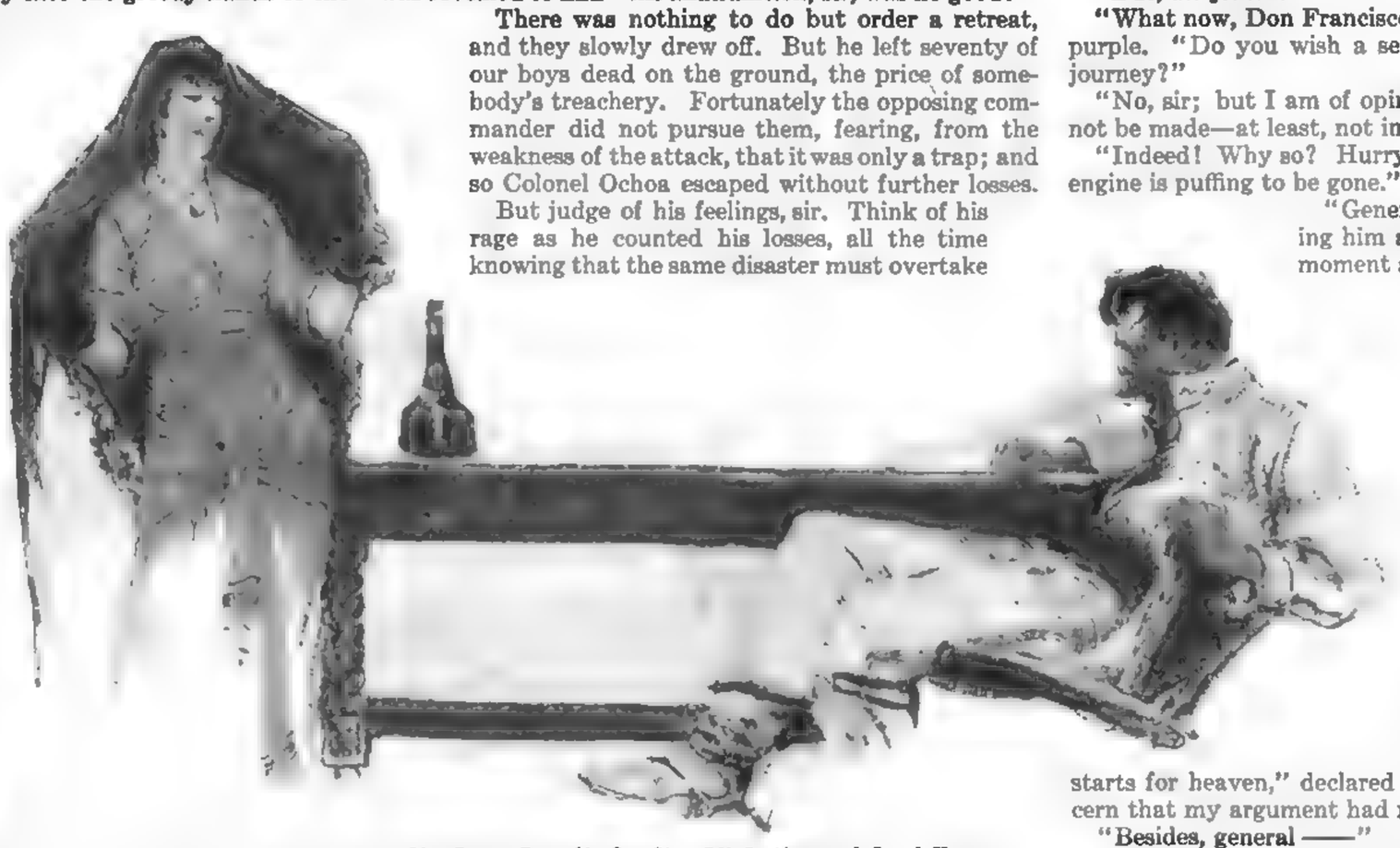
Well, a terrible misfortune overtook Colonel Ochoa. He found several hundred of the enemy at a little place named Sauceda and immediately deployed his force, thinking to surprise them.

But he got a surprise himself instead, sir, and a very painful one; for, though taken unaware, the troops in Sauceda fought with spirit and drove back our cavalry, with much slaughter. And they did not appear to mind the fire of our men at all. Colonel Ochoa was furiously mystified. He could not understand it. His cavalry considerably outnumbered that opposed to it, but its fire was pitifully weak.

In a rage, the colonel, sir, grabbed a rifle from one of his troopers and sighted on a roof about six hundred yards away. Now he was a crack shot and he knew that the ball ought to send up a spurt of dust. But what was his amazement when he missed the roof altogether. Yes; the miserable cartridge failed to explode. Colonel Ochoa jerked it out and tried again. This time there was a faint report and the bullet went moaning a couple of hundred yards and then spent itself in a sandbank. Then the truth was revealed to him—his ammunition, sir, was no good!

There was nothing to do but order a retreat, and they slowly drew off. But he left seventy of our boys dead on the ground, the price of somebody's treachery. Fortunately the opposing commander did not pursue them, fearing, from the weakness of the attack, that it was only a trap; and so Colonel Ochoa escaped without further losses.

But judge of his feelings, sir. Think of his rage as he counted his losses, all the time knowing that the same disaster must overtake



She Came Proudly In, Sir, All Smiles and Good Humor; and She Was Dressed in Her Richest Dress

the whole army at the first battle! It was plain that condemned ammunition had been unloaded on us.

Not an instant was to be lost. He dispatched a courier and, lest Dario Pez should doubt his story and interpret it as an excuse for failure, he himself followed the rider, bringing some of the ammunition in a bag with him. I was in the car when he threw it down in front of the general and burst into tears.

"Send for my brother," commanded Dario Pez, holding two of the cartridges in the palm of his hand; and I saw the veins on his forehead swell up.

You can bet, sir, I did not let the grass grow under my feet in executing this commission. But Juan Pez was not on board the train. He had disappeared as by black magic.

"Is it so?" said Dario Pez with a strange calmness when I reported to him. "Then I know what I wanted to know. Send out and get him. He cannot have got very far."

Well, while our troop trains were slowly backing toward the city I headed a column of two hundred men which scoured all that region for this Juan. And we found him, sir. At last we found him. He had taken refuge in a woodcutter's hut up in some hills, and he hid under the bed when we approached. So does conscience make us cowards.

But we dragged him out and placed him on a horse; and then we rode swiftly to rejoin the general. It was not, however, until we came within sight of the city on the third day that we overtook his train, which was at rest on a siding.

"Welcome, little brother!" cried Dario Pez, jumping up to greet him. "What time is it?"

This Juan was scared half to death, sir, and could by no means fathom the intention of the general; but he fumbled in his pocket and brought out the magnificent, bejeweled watch.

"Ten minutes past eleven, Excellency," he stammered.

"Good!" cried Dario Pez, his hand on his gun. "Fortunate above all men art thou, little brother; for thou knowest the hour of thy death."

For a moment I feared that, in his rage, Dario Pez intended to execute Juan with his own hand. Instead, he turned sharply away and said to Captain Banda:

"Tie him to the cowcatcher. He can carry our message to them."

By goodness, sir, he was going to set this Juan on a crazy engine and send him against the enemy! Yes; Dario Pez planned to delay them a while by wrecking their first troop train. To stop their advance he might have torn up the tracks as he retreated, but he wished to halt them where they were, and no force he might send out could reach the railway line at a point sufficiently distant, because of their advance guard. Therefore, Dario Pez, sir, bethought him in this extremity of dynamite and a crazy engine.

It would have been no more than justice, and Juan richly deserved his fate; but there were reasons why such an act of retribution should not be performed. Sir, I knew what horror the execution of his own brother would inspire throughout the country.

It would make void every guaranty he might give of safety and protection. Therefore, I summoned all my courage to protest.

"But, *mi general* ——"

"What now, Don Francisco?" he roared at me, turning purple. "Do you wish a seat beside little Juan on the journey?"

"No, sir; but I am of opinion that the journey should not be made—at least, not in that fashion."

"Indeed! Why so? Hurry up and tell me, because the engine is puffing to be gone."

"General," I said hurriedly, drawing him aside, "calm yourself for one moment and listen to me."

"I am perfectly calm, Don Francisco. I never killed anybody in calmer mood."

"Then, consider: this engine must travel many miles before it encounters the train you wish to destroy. If you place Juan on it, what assurance have you that in the interval he may not succeed in working himself free and thus undo the fine job you have planned?"

"We'll tie him so damned tight he'll never budge an inch until he starts for heaven," declared Dario Pez; but I could discern that my argument had made an impression.

"Besides, general ——"

"Besides what, Don Francisco?"

"Your enemies would say ——"

"Take him back to the city," commanded Dario Pez abruptly, and Juan was saved for the moment.

Well, sir, they sent that crazy engine against the enemy, and Captain Banda rode in the cab. He conducted that engine very skillfully for many miles until he came in sight of one of the troop trains slowly climbing a long grade. Back of it lay a valley, and in the valley were three more trains, also full of soldiers.

By goodness, when Banda saw those trains he gave a whoop and threw that engine wide open! Then he jumped and rolled down the bank, and got up and ran as fast as he could into the hills. And the engine went on, sir, and blew the front cars all to hell very nicely; which would delay them several days at least.

While this was happening the army was moving back to the city.

"Don Francisco," said Dario Pez to me as soon as we began to pull in, "get a pack train together at once."

(Concluded on Page 63)

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THE NEW ENGLISHWOMAN

As Seen by the Duchess of Marlborough and Lord Northcliffe

By Viola Rodgers

Miss Elsa More, Descendant of Sir Thomas More Family, Who is Superintendent of Viscountess Wolseley's School of Gardening at Glynde, Sussex

WHEN the great call to arms came to the men of her country the lady of England did not sit back stunned and dazed and helpless; she didn't gasp and have the vapors that were the ladylike thing for a startled English female to have in the chaste and virtuous days of good Queen Victoria, but she straightened up, took full measure of what there was to be done as her men packed their kits and scrambled off to the training camps and to the Front—and she did it! She is doing it; and she isn't talking about it or becoming maudlin over what used to be.

It is the "now" in the Englishwoman that has made her the great unexpected war asset of her country. Her task is set before her—she is going to it without regret, without tears, but with a firm determination to ride to hounds along with the men—this time they are the dogs of war. Her calm under the terrific cataclysm that has shaken the foundation stones of centuries-old family life and customs is hard to understand; we believe it to be indifference, but in not giving way to her sorrows the English lady follows the unwritten law of her class: It isn't done!

For example, an American reporter on a well-known London paper was given the painful assignment by the proprietor of the daily to convey the news—just received by them—of her husband's death, at Saloniki, to the Duchess So-and-So. The man told me how he took a stiff Scotch and then rode round the block several times before he had courage to present himself at her door; and how, later, she came down to her library to receive him and, with perfect control, asked whether he brought news of her husband's death. He answered in the affirmative, and the duchess thanked him for his courtesy and said:

"We must expect such things to happen. It's war, isn't it?"

Her dead husband had done his bit. She accepted it philosophically as such—that is, so far as not letting an outsider see her real emotion.

It is this training, this curbing of the emotional nature, which perhaps race and tradition give—the it-isn't-done of social ethics in England—that accounts for the remarkable adaptability of the women to their new outlook on life. It accounts for their taking up living and social conditions that make for the greatest self-sacrifice, deprivation and discomfort, with an enthusiasm and thoroughness and competence which have astonished the world. It has made it possible to equip in two years one of the greatest armies known to history and to supply munitions the like of which no country has ever seen.

In these huge dingy munition plants, where thousands of Englishwomen of all classes work day and night, ruining their looks, disfiguring their faces through the chemical fumes until they can scarcely be recognized by their friends, with vivid orange spots on face and arms, or completely covered with the ghastly saffron hue, these "canaries"—as their men comrades have dubbed them—work at the greatest personal risk to send their soldier boys munitions; and in so doing add their bit to England's defense.

The work in these factories—in the most dangerous high-explosive departments—is not being done by ignorant women of the slums, but by women, in three instances that I know of, from titled families, and many high-school teachers, women secretaries and former well-trained housekeepers.

Titled Ladies Who Do Their Bit

"AN ORDINARY, ignorant, undisciplined woman cannot do the delicate and dangerous work required in filling brass cartridge cases and fusing and packing them," a superintendent told me. "It takes women of discernment and intelligence; and we find that the more highly educated and refined the women workers in these danger zones are, the easier and more swiftly the work is done."

But, though there are a million and a half women preparing munitions, there are other millions not one of whom is idle. Ladies who went twice a year to Paris for their frocks and hats are getting into clothes and hats they have made themselves. Last summer it became the thing for women guests at country houses to go into the kitchen with the hostess and do up a few dozen jars of fruit and jellies for home consumption, or for the wounded boys in the hospitals. Every country house in England, without exception, was the convalescing home of wounded soldiers, with the nurses in spick-and-span simple blue and white wash frocks—women friends of the châtelaines of these great estates waiting on "their men" and getting them bucked up for the Front again.

Up in Thirlstane Castle in Scotland—in the beautiful Waverley country—the Viscountess Maitland, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Lauderdale, has taken complete charge of that enormous estate, thirty miles round. She acts as its factor, which is a sort of combination manager-superintendent. On this estate, with its great dairy, five enormous farm plants, an entire village and two churches, Lady Maitland spends her mornings in the business of the estate and in caring for its tenants. Besides this, she has kept up her gardens, and acted as head nurse in a convalescent-soldiers' home, into which the castle was turned all summer. Dozens of officers and soldiers came up to Thirlstane, and went back to the Somme after having regained health through the untiring attentions of Lady Maitland and her lady nurses.

Viscountess Wolseley, Who Has Enlisted an Army of Fifty Thousand Women to Work in the Fields and on the Farms While the Men are at the Front

On every estate in Scotland and England the same conditions prevail; and, so far as the outside world knows, social life is going on as usual. Débutantes, who formerly were invited to meet possible husbands, now milk cows, dig potatoes and pick the beans; dowagers make bandages or bind up legs and arms of wounded men. Lady Maitland has her husband, six nephews and her only son at the Front. It's the same story in every great house in England. In October, upon the death of Honorable Edward Wyndham Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner, brother-in-law to Mr. Asquith, the fifty-fifth heir to a peerage had lost his life in the war.

As for giving up all social life, except where it is done to cheer the soldier boys on leave and in convalescence; as for the drudgery where luxury once prevailed, the English lady has nothing to say. Her new business is not society—nor is it philanthropy; but it is the business of war. She is just as much a soldier at heart as if she shouldered a gun and wore khaki. Her fighting spirit is as strong as that of her men, but she fights with different weapons. Can one believe, for instance, that the women who "man" every department, from the commissary to the X-ray machinery, in that great woman-hospital in Endell Street, where twelve hundred soldiers fill the cots, are not fighting for England just as much as the Tommy in the trenches? That's what these women ask you. They do not go into it as women, but as a part of the fighting strength of England.

The day of mincing Lady Bountifuls in England is ended. Philanthropy as a fad has been chucked out. It is no longer fashionable—in other words, it isn't being done—to affect an attitude of class. That's sheer intolerable swank, and nobody swanks in these days of work and war. Indeed, the ostentatious displays of any sort that make for telling the tale of social differences, either those of wealth or family, have gone—many think forever—in England. The coronet on the linen handkerchief is looked upon almost as snobbery now, in the days when the two hours spent on embroidering

Girls From Wealthy and Titled Families are Learning Practical Gardening

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that fine class distinction, measured in time in the munition factory, or in making bandages, or relieving a death watch in some hospital, might save a life for her country.

A woman who rides in an automobile that is not in war service is made as uncomfortable by passing comment or jeers as if she were a Lady Godiva riding through the London thoroughfares. "Shame," indeed, is the word she will most often hear. The signs on billboards in all parts of London, in letters so large that he who runs may read, warn women against extravagance in dress, in all outward display, and in the necessity of economy in everything—in servants, in food, and in all forms of luxury; in fact, luxury no longer exists.

The social secretary, once so necessary in the busy life of the London hostess, has ended her little day. Even so wealthy and aristocratic a member of London social life as the Duchess of Marlborough does her own personal secretary work; and she is so busy she would have to become a nonunionist if the eight-hour law prevailed. Her working hours are longer than those of the scrubwoman.

"I work just as every Englishwoman must work—we must make no sex distinction in giving equal service to our country; we suffragists never have done so, but now all women have begun to realize that that must be," said the duchess.

Her ideas as to woman's place in war, and what it will do for her when war shall have ceased, were given to me in an interview in the library of her beautiful home in Curzon Street, in London:

"We are in war, and we must accept conditions—hardships; grief; whatever may come. It is hard for a mother to send her boys off to war. One of mine has already gone along, just as every mother's son has gone or is going. It is hard—war is hard—but what can be done by wasting tears and words? Nothing; absolutely nothing. Our incomes have been taxed almost half and they will be taxed more—what of it? We must just adjust our lives to the present conditions, as men have been trained to do.

"War has made, in a few fleeting months, changes in social conditions and personal outlook on life that under the slow, easy gait of undisturbed normal England would have taken a century or more to accomplish. But the new conditions for women have not come overnight. We, as suffragists, have been working quietly but surely, changing the mental attitude of Englishwomen, and have in part prepared them to meet the present great struggle with courage and efficient aid to our men; and if Americans believe that war alone has developed Englishwomen, it is a mistaken idea. The war has given us our opportunity. Englishwomen are as interested in and as well informed on all public questions as American women are.

"Indeed, they take a more active interest in politics than do the majority of American women. But the war has provided the opportunity for the exercise of their influence in those wider fields of usefulness so long denied to them. Women's varied resourcefulness and usefulness have definitely proved the active part they are destined to take in war as well as in peace, and have refuted the argument that has denied them the vote on the ground of nonparticipation. Their part in this war has been quite as important as that of the men.

"In the industrial world, in the medical and nursing professions, and in countless other vocations, women have replaced the men who have enlisted, and have proved highly efficient and dependable. What the men will demand and expect after the war depends on their altered outlook, and on the temperamental changes produced by the conditions of war—grave problems that will be worked out after the conflict.

"With women it is different. There is no question as to their future share in the economic development of their country. They have proved their capabilities and their fitness. They will no longer be content to remain idle or to work in positions that scarcely yield a living wage, as they have done in the past. Education for women will, I believe, be along entirely different lines from those adopted in the past, and the education of the younger generation must be highly specialized and technical as against what used to be known as 'accomplished'; it must train girls to be self-supporting in many cases, and in others economically independent if they choose to be.

"As to the upper classes, the women will have to take equal responsibility in the problems that will confront all classes in the days to come. Class distinctions have been largely swept away among the women of England through the suffrage movement, for they have, with a common cause, met on a common footing. This new confraternity and *esprit de corps* will grow as necessity for common action increases with the need of solving economic problems, which even now are confronting all classes. With the high taxation that the war has brought upon us, much luxury has had to be dispensed with.

"Things which formerly were looked upon as essential to the happiness of women of the upper classes have gone, in many cases not to return. Luxury, in the vulgar sense of display and foolish extravagance, will no longer obtain; and it is a wise and good thing that this should be so. It would surely be highly desirable to reduce the waste and vulgarity of display and extravagance in every country, as a result of the war; for the example of ostentatious luxury has engendered a false notion of values through all classes, and it has caused much suffering and distress to those who have thereby lived beyond their means in the futile striving to keep up appearances.

"Many who have heretofore brought up their daughters in idleness will no longer be able to do so; and girls are no longer being brought up to regard marriage as their only ambition—for the opportunities of marriage will be greatly decreased, so that their education will have other objects in view. They will have to take up vocations and professional careers, with the result that useful, well-trained, competent members of society will be made out of material which heretofore has not worked out its fullest capabilities.

(Continued on Page 57)

A SCRAP OF PAPER

VIII

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

TRAIN after train left the terminal, but Dixon Grant boarded none of them. He had told Kirby that he would leave the city, and had agreed with her that it was dangerous for him to remain; but he was a red-blooded youth, and the more he considered leaving Kirby in the city while he betook himself elsewhere, the more his courage rebelled at the plan. If he were traced by the Masterman agents it was possible that his relation to Kirby might be discovered. He had never told any of his associates in the bucket shop of Kirby; he had never told any of his fellow lodgers; but detectives might learn of her existence. They might look up all his acquaintances in that artistic colony to which Kirby belonged and where he had first met her at a studio supper. He had always held aloof from his business associates, despising, as he did, the business in which he was engaged, and having a mild contempt for those similarly employed and without desire for a change of vocation. But the set to which Kirby belonged, and into which—by virtue of an old school friend become author—he had entered, knew that he and Kirby were close friends. If one of this set were approached, and should happen to talk, in some way or other Kirby might be subjected to annoyance, if nothing worse, and it ill became him to leave her to face it alone.

At any rate, not until he had communicated with Kirby and learned that she had accomplished her mission of storing the paper in a Masterman vault would he think of leaving the city. Brave and capable as he knew her to be, there might be a moment when two husky fists would be of infinitely more value than her ready woman's wit. Until she had arranged to hide herself, a move that, in his rising alarm for her, appeared to him as advisable as his own flight, he would be near at hand. So he stayed in the terminal—while trains by the score pulled out for Jersey and beyond—standing near a row of telephone booths.

Once, twice and again he entered the telephone booth, each time certain that she could not have returned from downtown so soon, yet unable, in his impatience that magnified danger, to let a reasonable time elapse. After the third unsuccessful attempt to reach her at the Greenwich Studios, he walked over to the cigar stand and purchased a smoke. He was lighting the cigar at the little gas flame when he was touched on the arm.

"Well, what have you been doing—tapping the firm's till?"

He turned to face Gene Carnahan, a fellow clerk in the office of Bryant, Manners & Co. It took an effort for him to return Carnahan's smile.

"If I had I'd not be standing quietly here, Gene," he laughed.

Carnahan was the only one of his fellow clerks with whom he had had much to do. They occasionally lunched together, and Grant rather liked the jolly little fat man, although they were not at all intimate. But Grant felt that Carnahan, like himself, worked for the bucket shop only because of dire need, and that Carnahan was as anxious as himself to get into something else. So a subtle bond of sympathy had been created between them.

Grant offered Carnahan a cigar.

"What's the point of the merry wheeze, Gene?" he asked.

Carnahan looked quickly at Grant. He got his cigar going.

"Personally, Dick," he said, "about the only thing that restrains me from grabbing off a bank roll from our esteemed bosses is the fact that I have a wife and two kids. The way Bryant and Manners get their coin doesn't establish for them any valid title to it, so far as I can see. It could hardly be termed stealing to take anything from them—at least, so broad-minded a man as myself wouldn't consider it such. So I'm not shocked. Dick, have you been nicking the office funds? If so, let me assure you that, while you're a confounded rascal, you have my deepest sympathy, my undying envy at your nerve, and my blessing and best wishes for a speedy voyage to a port where extradition doesn't reign. If you haven't—and of course you haven't—why does the Greenham Detective Agency take such an interest in your whereabouts? And since when have you become so pally with his lordship, Sir Fitz-Roy Bray?"

"Chop the chatter, Gene," said Grant. "Get down to cases. What are you driving at?"

"I just phoned the office. I've had the afternoon off to attend to some private business. I phoned to inquire about some work I'd left unfinished. Young Clarkin, the phone clerk, he of the cavernous ear and clacking tongue, slipped me some information which, in view of your repressed excitement, I will now pass swiftly on to you." He dropped the grandiloquent manner. "Clarkin, anxious as ever to disseminate information, told me that the Greenhams had just been in the office inquiring about Sir Fitz-Roy. Seems that he's a well-known crook named Harry Mack. The Greenhams wanted to know if Mack had phoned the office this afternoon and whom he had asked for. Clarkin said that you were the baby, and that he had given Sir Fitz-Roy, or Mack, your address. Said that the firm was quite het up about your not showing up this P. M. What's the answer, old top?"

Grant stared at Carnahan.

"When I know the answer fully, some day, I'll let you know, Gene. In the meantime, do you suppose you can forget having seen me to-day? I haven't robbed anybody; you're not making yourself an accessory."

"As if I couldn't be a little thing like that for a man I like!" said Carnahan. "I've forgotten I ever knew you, Dick. Is that enough?"

Grant pressed his hand.

"It's enough, Gene. Thanks."

"Forget it! And if you want —— There's my train. S'long, Dick." And the little fat man dashed off.

Grant looked after him. He had learned something in the last few minutes—that he had a friend on whom he could count. It was knowledge that cheered for a moment. But only for that long, for then it was shoved aside by a sterner knowledge, the knowledge that the Greenhams were upon his trail. His reasoning had been correct; he had been traced by the Masterman agents. How long before Kirby would be traced? He leaped again into the telephone booth.

He got the Greenwich Studios and asked for Miss Rowland's apartment. A voice undisguisably masculine answered. Grant's heart thumped.

"Is Miss Rowland there?"

"Who is this?"

"I wish to speak to Miss Rowland."

"Who is this?"

"The King of Spain," snapped Grant. "Is Miss Rowland there?"

He seemed to detect caution in the voice that replied:

"She's just stepped out. Any message? It is her brother talking. Who is this?"

It was clumsy work; it would have been far better for the man not to have answered the telephone. For Grant stepped quietly out of the booth, paid for the call and walked swiftly out into the street. There he stood a moment in indecision.

Kirby Rowland had no brother! Who, then, could be posing as that nonexistent brother except someone vitally interested in the paper signed by the millionaires? Of course it might have been a burglar, it might have been the janitor, it might have been anyone at all playing an asinine joke. But the probabilities were strongly against any such coincidence. It was an agent of Masterman, or else Sir Fitz-Roy Bray, otherwise Harry Mack.

He walked slowly down the street. Sir Fitz-Roy—Harry Mack! He knew that Mack was a client of the firm, and that was all. He had nodded to the man occasionally, but no more. Why, then, should Mack have telephoned for him and inquired his address? Why should the Greenhams [illegible] known to be retained by the Masterman

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interests, inquire for Sir Fitz-Roy? Because Sir Fitz-Roy, otherwise Harry Mack, had gained, and was known to have gained, possession of the paper now in the Masterman vaults—probably.

And Mack had telephoned him, Dixon Grant, because it was Mack who had placed in Grant's pocket the paper. But why had he parted with possession of the paper? Grant shook his head. Why had Mack chosen such a repository as Grant's pocket? Again he shook his head. The answers to those questions were not clear. Sufficient that the thing had been done, that Mack had learned Grant's address, that the Greenhams had learned as much as he, Mack, knew, and that —— The telephone conversation was no impertinent joke perpetrated by someone who had gained access to Kirby's room; it was no burglar. Burglars do not answer the telephone in apartments they are robbing. It was Mack or a Masterman agent. And this being so, where was Kirby? She was due home now, some little time ago. His next to the last telephone call had been a bit too early for her return, but she should have been home a few moments after that. And that was almost three-quarters of an hour ago. What had happened in those forty-five minutes between her coming home and the answering of the last phone call by her pseudo-brother?

It was that question that made him leap aboard a southbound car and that made him fret at its slowness. It was a question that no fear for self, no fear for the wrecking of their great plan, nothing could prevent him from seeking answer to. For he loved Kirby Rowland, and if anything had happened to her he was to blame, because he had left her alone to face issues that would have appalled strong men.

"If I Get a Crack at That Paper, Masterman, I'll Certainly Print It"

But discretion is ever the better part of valor. His blood cooled on the all too slow journey downtown. If Kirby were, say, imprisoned in her own apartment he alone would be unable to rescue her by violent assault. Cunning would be needed, unless indeed he chose to give up their great plan. And that, imbued as he now was with her altruism, he hoped not to do. But cunning needs thought and wariness. So he swung off the car at the next stop, pulled his hat down over his eyes and, thinking hard, approached the Greenwich Studios at a gait that, being slower, was less an invitation to curiosity than the break-neck pace at which he had first started out.

He turned the corner of the street on which stood the Greenwich Studios. From the Greenwich Studios came two men; they turned toward Grant. His mouth grew hard as he recognized—too late to turn back, he thought, without being recognized himself—the handsome countenance of Harry Mack. And with Mack was a man who had been pointed out to him as Terence Greenham!

Their arms were linked; to the casual observer they would have seemed two middle-aged chums. To Grant's understanding eye that linking of arms was seizure; the twain were captor and captured. And they had come from the Greenwich Studios, which housed Kirby Rowland!

His slow pace slackened for a few strides into a dawdle. Mack was Greenham's prisoner. That meant, since they came from Kirby's house, that Greenham had caught Mack there, most likely, for it was hardly probable that Mack had led the detective there. If so he would not be held by the arm by the detective. They would have reached a compromise which would have assured Mack his freedom. The man capable of posing as an English nobleman, and of stealing the precious paper, would hardly be driven by threats. Grant knew character a little, and he had seen the handsome but hard face of Harry Mack too often to deem the man weak. They had met at Kirby's house; that was the answer. But where was Kirby?

This question, important though it was, he put aside for the moment. If necessary he would divulge the hiding place of the document and so save Kirby from harm. But until he knew what danger, if any, menaced her now, he would do well to keep his face from the eyes of Harry Mack. He turned abruptly into a tobacconist's and asked for cigarettes, while he kept one eye upon the door. The two men with the linked arms stopped outside the shop.

"Really, old fellow, you can't put a bullet through me because I want a smoke and insist on buying my own cigars, you know," said the voice of Handsome Harry, in the assumed drawl that fitted the identity of Sir Fitz-Roy.

"Very well," Grant heard Greenham reply. "But no tricks!"

It was evident that although Greenham had Mack under arrest he did not care to advertise the fact by a brawl. Still with linked arms the two men entered the tobacconist's. Inwardly cursing the luck that had driven them to enter his place of refuge, Grant bent over the counter as though choosing from its contents.

"What have you, my man?" Mack asked the shopkeeper. "All your deuced American cigars burn my tongue. Have you anything mild?" And then he touched Grant on the shoulder: "I say, my friend, can you recommend anything decent? My cousin here doesn't smoke, so he can't tell me. What would you recommend?"

And unless the sense of touch lied Grant felt the fingers of Harry Mack pinch his shoulder. There was nothing to do but answer. Face averted, wondering, ready for a mad dash past both men, Grant mumbled the name of the cigar he had bought at the terminal a while ago. But Mack was not satisfied.

"I say, you mention it as though you didn't believe it's any good at all. Can't you look me in the eye and give me your word of honor that it is a good cigar?"

"Come on, Mack, quit annoying the man," said Greenham testily.

But Grant lifted his eyes to Handsome Harry. Certain that the crook had recognized him and was making game of him, the young man doubled his fists and lifted his shoulders, prepared to swing at the nearest jaw, but the expression on the face of Handsome Harry made his fingers unfold. For the international crook, his back to Greenham, shook his head the least trifle, while his forehead wrinkled in a frown that could be nothing other than a warning. It was a signal that lasted only a fraction of a second, but was unmistakable. Then Mack laughed.

"Beg pardon for ragging you, sir. That cigar is really good? Give me a half dozen," he said to the tobacconist.

Mystified, inwardly trembling, wondering what could have been Mack's reason for the warning and what it meant and why the crook did not leap upon him, despite Greenham's presence, and demand the return of the paper, Grant lit a cigarette at the stand, still keeping his face from Greenham. The detective did not know him, so far as Grant was aware, but he might have obtained a description of Grant, and the latter knew not how effective, in a capable detective's brain, such a description might be.

Mack took his cigars with his free hand and paid for them with the same member. He put one in his mouth and leaned toward the lighter. He removed it; then turned toward his captor.

"I tell you flat, Greenham," and he enunciated the detective's name clearly, "I won't go back to those studios. I wouldn't for anything."

Greenham stared at his prisoner.

"Now what the devil do you mean by that?" he demanded, surprised into the question.

"Just what I say," said Mack. "There's nothing there for me, and I tell you flat I'll go nowhere without a reason. I'll go to your bally headquarters if you insist, but there's nothing at the Greenwich Studios and I won't go back there."

Greenham's jaw dropped slightly.

"Well, who the dickens asked you to? Look here, Mack, I'll have no more of your nonsense. You come along with me or I'll ring for a wagon!" Despite the presence of tobacconist and stranger, Greenham grew angry and did not lower his voice: "Why, you cheap con man, do you think you can make a rag of me? You've stalled long enough. Who're you trying to kid anyway? I've had enough of this! I've stopped to get a drink and now for a smoke, and I've had enough. Come on!"

"Why, blast it all, if you haven't a temper, Greenham, old cock! Deuced if I thought it of you! Lead on, my friend."

And smiling and chipper, Handsome Harry allowed the frowning detective to lead him from the shop. The tobacconist stared after them. He turned to Grant, as mystified as himself:

"Well, I'll bet that's a fly cop making a pinch! And I thought they were pals. Class to that crook, eh?"

"There is," said Grant dully. A moment later he, too, passed out into the street and turned again toward the Greenwich Studios. But he took only a couple of steps before he paused.

Why hadn't Mack recognized him? Or, rather, not that, for Mack had recognized him: his frown and nodded head were proof of that. But why hadn't the crook denounced him to Greenham? The chances were a million to one that Greenham had taken Mack into custody because of the affair of the paper, and million-to-one chances may ordinarily be looked upon as facts. Then why didn't Mack, under arrest, with his hold on fortune broken, denounce Grant? There was no use in trying to figure that out; let it suffice that Mack had not denounced Grant.

Sir Fitz-Roy Bray had not impressed Grant as being a fool; and Gene Carnahan had said that Bray was a crook named Mack. A crook clever enough to pass himself off as an English nobleman was not a fool. Then why the queer talk that had angered Greenham? Why should Mack want to anger his captor?

"There's nothing at the Greenwich Studios. I'll go nowhere without a reason."

These scraps from Mack's statements to the detective came back to Grant. Only fools make meaningless remarks. Mack was no fool: therefore, his remarks held meaning. For whom? For Grant!

It was clear enough. For reasons of his own Mack would not denounce Grant. More, he was shielding Grant, for he was warning the clerk that Kirby Rowland was not at the studios, and that there was danger there. There was no other meaning save that. And there was no reason in the world for Mack to attempt to deceive Grant. Kirby was not in the studios. Nor could she be under arrest. Mack had informed him of so much, that he would have informed him of this last had it happened. He felt a sudden, unaccountable faith in the man whom he knew to be a crook and who, undoubtedly, if his hard face were any indication of his character, would kill without compunction any who stood in his path.

Mack's hints were truthful ones. Kirby was not at home and, further, she could not be expected home. This last deduction was as plain as the first. Otherwise Mack would not have made the statement so emphatically that he would not go back to the studios. But how could Mack know

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she was not coming back? His heart leaped as he answered that question—because she had come and gone!

But where? That was for Dixon Grant to find out. He set out at once in search of Kirby.

IX

THE clock on a near-by church tower struck eleven, each note distinct, menacing. The three men in the library seemed to brace themselves against the sounds, as slaves might before the lash of the whip. Their attitudes beneath the real whips could not more clearly have indicated their characters, for Blaisdell seemed to cringe as each stroke of the bell floated through the open window; Cardigan seemed to grit his teeth and square his shoulders; while Masterman's face grew more and more impassive as the strokes continued. Only his eyes, gloomy, brooding, showed the fire pent up within him. And thus, in other and less happy incarnations, might all three have stood physical torture.

A knock sounded gently on the door as the last stroke died away.

"Come in," said Masterman harshly.

A liveried servant showed for a second on the threshold.

"Mr. Greenham," he announced softly, then closed the door, himself outside.

As a captive at the stake might have looked at a rescuer Blaisdell looked at the detective.

"Well, well, well, have you caught her, have you caught her, have you caught her?" His teeth chattered, though his forehead was moist and his eyes feverish.

"Have you got the paper?" rumbled Cardigan, his head thrust forward.

Masterman merely looked at the detective, and it was to him that Greenham directed his answer:

"Not yet. But I hope ——"

"Hope," said Masterman, "is the refuge of the incompetent. What have you done?"

Greenham flushed.

"I have operatives at the railroad station. I've notified practically every hotel in the city to have their house detective keep on the lookout for a woman answering this Rowland girl's description. As I phoned you earlier in the evening, she got away by a trick, but it's only a matter of time when ——"

"When seconds mean millions, Greenham, kindly refrain from referring to time so carelessly," snapped Masterman. "She got away? A young girl—an artist, you said? Away from you, said to be one of the greatest detectives on earth! Greenham, at any other time I'd laugh. As it is—what else have you done?"

"I have operatives tracing her friends. I expect at any moment to hear from them that she has been located."

"Hope again," said Masterman, "when I want facts! And this Mack? Have you discovered his reason for interfering?"

"He refuses to talk," replied Greenham, "except to state that if he isn't released by midnight he'll have something to say to the papers."

"To the papers!" Cardigan's bull-like roar shook the chandelier. "Another bit of your damned incompetency, Greenham. When you had the man, why didn't you hide him somewhere? Why take him to headquarters where he could get lawyers, and—Greenham, if I had an office boy as big a fool as you I'd fire him!"

"Kidnaping isn't as feasible as it sounds," said Greenham angrily. "I did the best I could. I've had him locked up, and—you talk about kidnaping. What good would that have done? He's in league with this Rowland woman, that's certain, else why did he rescue her from Schmidt? And when he's turned loose he'll try to see her, won't he? And won't my men be on his trail?"

"And weren't they this afternoon?" sneered Cardigan.

"They'll not lose him again," promised Greenham.

"Perhaps," said Masterman. "In the meantime ——" He walked to the window and stared out into the night. Somewhere in this city was a chit of a girl who was defying him, Martin Masterman, whom no man had ever defied save to his cost. She was defying Martin Masterman—she would make her defiance good!

To-day she had asked the car lines of the city to issue universal transfers; to-morrow—but there must be no to-morrow! He turned back into the room and the light from the chandelier struck full upon his face, showing things there that up to that time had been hidden.

"Greenham," he said, "men may be made to talk. This afternoon it did not seem possible that Mack was in league with this woman. Their demands are so different."

He was silent for a moment. Might it not be possible that the woman's demands were made merely to show that there must be no trifling with the demands of Mack?—to emphasize, as it were, Mack's demands? He shook his head. This did not seem probable, much as he wished it were. Mack's actions during the afternoon, as learned by Greenham and reported to Masterman, gave the lie to that conclusion. The crook and the girl were independent factors. That Mack had aided the girl clouded this reasoning, but Mack was a blackmailer, pure and simple, while the girl—Masterman had never seen her, but she had talked to him, and the voice indicates much—more sometimes than features do. She was no blackmailer. Yet Mack had rescued her. He must have had a reason. He must know where to find her. There was ruthless purpose on the face of Masterman when he spoke again:

"You're right, Greenham, when you say that Mack will try to find this Rowland person. But you're probably wrong when you say that your operatives will not lose him again. He's too clever. If he knows where this Rowland woman may be found he must be made to tell! This is no petty matter; this is a matter that affects the business of the nation. And one man cannot stand in the way of business and progress. Understand?"

"You mean ——?" Greenham hesitated.

"Don't be an ass," snapped Masterman. "You're no child! I told you this afternoon that I'd stand behind you. And you merely placed him under arrest on some trumped-up charge."

Greenham wet his suddenly dry lips.

"Mr. Masterman, I thought you meant that any false-arrest stuff—any suits for damages ——"

Masterman cut him short with a gesture.

"I said I'd stand behind you. I meant it. Find out where this girl is!"

Greenham shook his head. "It's too late."

"Too late? Who says so? I tell you this woman must be found. I tell you ——" For the first and last time in his life Martin Masterman lost control of himself. "Find her!" he cried; "find her!"

The demon unleashed in the soul of the master of transportation frightened Greenham. He answered almost in a whisper.

"It's too late!" he repeated.

"That's twice you've said that," raged Masterman. "Don't you understand that I control the authorities?"

"But not the judges; not all of them," said Greenham. "And Mack has seen a judge."

Masterman regained his self-control at once. He sat down.

"Seen a judge? Who?"

This gave him something to plot against, a chance for scheming. The world was a stage—his stage, and all men were actors—his actors. But just now it had seemed that the play was ended, the plot run out, and so he had lost control of himself. But there was to be an epilogue.

"How did Mack see a judge?"

"He didn't himself, but a lawyer did. He went to Judge Marchand, and the judge granted a writ of habeas, returnable to-morrow morning. Mack must have planted the lawyer; had some deal with him that if he didn't show up at a certain time to apply for the writ ——"

"Who's his lawyer?"

"A Jefferson Market shyster named Peterthwaite."

"Purchasable?"

"Too late. He found Marchand at his home and got the writ. Even if he backed out, Marchand wouldn't. There's one man that can't be reached."

Masterman nodded. No one need tell him of the incorruptibility of Judge Marchand.

"But a business necessity—Marchand might do something," said Greenham.

"He can't recall the writ if it's been served on the Commissioner—a writ demanding that Mack be produced in court to-morrow morning," snapped Masterman.

Greenham had known this as well as the financier. Only to ease the tension had he volunteered the suggestion. Masterman's face was impassive once again. His voice was chill.

"The writ is returnable to-morrow morning, eh? But that's ten hours off. In the meantime, Mack might be made to talk!"

"When he has to be produced before the judge in the morning?"

"Well?" The great man's tones were icy.

Greenham shook his head.

"I don't know just what this crisis is, Mr. Masterman; you haven't told me. But it can't be any greater than the one if anything happened to the man for whom Judge Marchand had issued a writ of habeas corpus. I know Marchand; I'll not monkey with him. And I advise you not to. Better let Mack go at midnight as he demands. The Citizen is after you all the time. If Mack should choose to talk to one of their reporters ——"

"Keep reporters from him," said Masterman.

"He'll talk to someone—the policeman on guard in the corridor. He said to tell you that."

"He said that this morning, but I thought a friend of his had the paper then. As it is, no paper would believe his story, would dare to print it without proof."

"But it's known that I arrested him, and that I work for you. The Citizen's reporters are clever. They'd put these facts with Mack's story."

Masterman sank a little lower in his chair.

"Greenham, release the man. Have your men follow him, but—get the Rowland woman! I'll pay you—you know me. You needn't bother about pay. Greenham, she's won her first move; I leave it to you to see that she makes no other."

"The first move? Then the universal transfers ——"

The liveried servant knocked again on the door.

"Mr. Lindley Jackson, sir."

"Show him up," said Masterman.

Still impassive, he turned to Greenham.

"Greenham," he said rapidly, "if Mack is released and his lawyer informs Judge Marchand of that fact, the habeas proceedings fall flat, don't they? Then let Peterthwaite—he can be bought—see Marchand to-night and tell him of Mack's release. Then—— Ah, Mr. Jackson, glad to see you. You know Cardigan and Blaisdell, eh? Sit down and have something to smoke." He walked with Greenham to the door. "Mack might elude anyone following him, eh?" he said in a whisper. "But if they shouldn't follow him? If they rush him away in an auto? You understand?"

Greenham nodded. Not for long was Masterman circumvented by the entrance of the incorruptible Judge Marchand upon the scene. Marchand, not knowing the gravity of the situation, merely thinking that Peterthwaite's client was some victim of ordinary police activity, would be satisfied with that shyster's statement that Mack had been

"Well, What Have You Been Doing—Tapping the Firm's Till?"

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released before the serving of the writ of habeas. If Peterthwaite's eloquence had been enough to persuade the judge to issue the writ in advance of any preliminary hearing before a magistrate; if he had played upon Judge Marchand's well-known distaste for police detention, under insufficient reason, of innocent men, he would be able to gull that able but too-trusting jurist further. And Mack could be spirited away, made to talk. He came out of his dream of justifying Masterman's faith in himself with a jar, for, seated at the wheel of a powerful runabout that stood beneath an arc light, was a man whom he knew well, Tom Hanrahan, of the Citizen. Across the street were two other small cars, and on the sidewalk, talking to Hanrahan, were two other reporters from the paper owned and published by Lindley Jackson. Greenham stared.

"What's the idea?" he asked, as Hanrahan grinned and the other two approached.

"You're news, old top," said Hanrahan. "When our respected boss is invited at the witching hour to visit Masterman, he takes a few of us along. Where you going, chief? For I'm going the same place and I'll take you with me."

And Tom Hanrahan could give all the trumps to the best detective that ever lived—Greenham admitted this himself—and score a grand slam. He could not be eluded. Right off the bat Masterman's scheme had been beaten. There could be no kidnaping of Harry Mack while Hanrahan, at his chief's behest, was trailing the people who left the Masterman household.

Greenham made the best of a bad matter.

"Headquarters, Tom," he said.

A little later Handsome Harry Mack was released.

"I pinched him on general principles—international crook," Greenham explained to the reporter. "No charge against him; made a mistake. Meant to have him released earlier, but cable from England saying he wasn't wanted for job over there didn't arrive till late, while I was conferring with Masterman about some matters that are nobody's business, Tom, old chap. I didn't want Mack to have to sleep in a cell if he's done nothing, that's all."

He had to tell all this, for the reporter, he knew, would not leave him until he went to bed, and would certainly learn the detective's mission at police headquarters.

However, he still hoped to have his men trail Mack after his release and carry out Masterman's suddenly conceived plan. But Tom Hanrahan had no explicit orders from his chief. He was to trail whoever left the Masterman household, on general principles; if there were no news in them, he could drop the trail. There was no news, so far as Hanrahan could see, in Greenham. But an international crook was always good for a few sticks on the front page.

"Blind steer the boss gave me, eh?" mused Hanrahan. "Well, then I'll get a yarn out of this Mack."

And when Mack was released the reporter proffered the use of his car, which Handsome Harry, with a grin at Greenham—he was no chicken, this Handsome Harry, and was quick to guess Greenham's impotent anger and its cause—accepted thankfully. In the reporter's high-powered runabout—owned, be it remarked, by Mr. Jackson—Handsome Harry sped uptown. After they had ridden for a couple of squares the crook spoke to the reporter.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that Greenham's men are following us in taxis?"

"What's the answer?" inquired Hanrahan. "Where do you and Martin Masterman hitch up?"

It was imperative, thought Handsome Harry, that he shake off the trailing sleuths. He understood perfectly that the next time he was taken into custody he would be placed where no writs of habeas or threats to tell the newspapers what he knew would earn his release. Of course he could tell Hanrahan the truth, and Hanrahan's paper would protect him from Greenham's agents. But, needless to say, Handsome Harry was not telling anyone the truth just yet, not until his own game had been played and lost. And he did not intend to lose.

"The answer?" echoed Handsome Harry easily. "Well, suppose I should tell you that the Botticelli bought by Martin Masterman last winter for one hundred and forty

"The Masterman Influence Can Get a Warrant for Your Arrest on Any Charge. For Mine Too"

thousand dollars was a fake, and that Martin Masterman thought he could prove I planned the fake and copped his money? What sort of a story would that make?"

"And those birds behind are unsatisfied still of your innocence and are trailing you to lead them to better evidence?"

"Go to the head of the class, Mister Reporter for the Citizen," laughed Handsome Harry.

They were crossing a crowded street. Hanrahan looked back again. A story that would make Martin Masterman ridiculous would tickle Lindley Jackson, who hated the millionaire, and Jackson was Hanrahan's employer.

"Those taxis can make forty-five if they have to. This baby," and he patted the wheel, "will do ninety. Do you like fast riding, Mr. Mack?"

"Anything less than fifty feels tame to me," grinned Mack.

"Well, let's be wild for once," said Hanrahan.

The runabout shot ahead like a bullet. A few squares farther on it was bettering fifty miles, and before many minutes the pursuing taxicabs were out of sight.

■

IN ONE corner Masterman discussed with Creighton, publisher of the Tribunal, some additions lately made to the Art Museum. Blaisdell, nervous, and showing slight traces of the fact that he had consumed three pints of champagne, complimented Highlands, owner of the Star, on the series of Sunday articles the Star was printing about the food sources of the country; a series, by the way, which proved to the satisfaction of its author, his employer and Blaisdell, that the country would starve but for the genius of the little greedy man who was Lord of the Granary and Market.

Sanderson, Mannering and Cowdray, owners of the Planet, the Orb and the Dispatch, chatted on various subjects with Cardigan. Yerkes and McGaffey, of the Wire and the Transcript, two papers as wide apart in politics and treatment of the news as the two poles, who through their editorial columns sneered and decried each other, chatted with every evidence of pleasure.

Only Lindley Jackson, owner, publisher and editor of the Citizen, sat alone. His champagne was untasted; the plate of sandwiches on the little table beside his chair remained undiminished. He even smoked one of his own cigars rather than the rare, expressly manufactured panetelas of Martin Masterman. Careless about his appearance apparently, one looked twice at Lindley Jackson, greatest newspaper genius of his age, before one saw that everything about him was in harmony. If his hair seemed untidy one noted that it was a careful untidiness. The loosely knotted tie with its poetically flowing ends matched the rumpled hair, and the soft shirt bore out the scheme. An artistic poseur, even the pose gave the effect required of loosely restrained energy.

A man of great genius, he was not above demanding flattery of his genius. Altruistic publicly, always making the Citizen stand for the rights of the people, privately he was a bit of a snob. But his snobbishness was intellectual; it was not based on any material possessions. He despised the three millionaires more because he deemed them vulgarians than because of their methods of acquiring wealth. His real, though unuttered, objection to colossal wealth was that it brutalized the possessor and all those with whom the possessor came into contact. He had no real love for the people, because he did not respect them. That, for centuries, they had permitted a few to rob them in wholesale fashion, and enslave them, made them worthy of contempt. He believed the people neither capable of self-rule nor worthy of it; but he believed, and sincerely, that because the people did not deserve a thing was no reason why they should not have it. The people could hardly make a greater mess of their affairs than was being made for them by others; it was their inalienable privilege to go to the deuce in their own way. He believed that all had inherited the earth equally; that one man had as much right to rule as another. That he might not be fit to rule was beside the question. A queer combination was Lindley Jackson, and he fought with all his genius, unsparing of his health or wealth, for a people in whose genius, in the mass, he did not trust, because the divinity in each human being, however clouded by ignorance, carried with it title to a share in earthly power. So he believed, and so he fought. And now he glowered at Masterman. He hurled his cigar into a fireplace.

"I take it," he said, suavely insulting, "that we aren't here to discuss art, prize-fighting, or"—with a sneer at Blaisdell—"the wonderful genius of the gentleman who invented the food corner. We're here because Masterman wants something of us. What is it, Masterman?"

There were very few men who spoke to the master of transportation without the prefix "Mister." If they knew him intimately he was "Martin." Otherwise, "Mr. Masterman." But Lindley Jackson was one of the few who did not fear Martin Masterman. His great newspaper was financially independent of the financier. More than once had Masterman planned to ruin Jackson, but the latter had been too clever for him. He even forced the very interests he denounced to advertise in his paper, in very fear of what further injury he might do them.

Cowdray and Yerkes frowned at the publisher of the Citizen. Others stared at him, hostility in their eyes; but Masterman smiled ingratiatingly. He struck his library table with the palm of his hand, and those present came to attention as at a chairman's gavel. Masterman came directly to the point:

"Mr. Jackson is right; I beg his pardon for taking up his time with trivialities. I have invited you gentlemen who lead public opinion to come to my house because I wished to ask something of you. But not for myself—for the nation."

He paused and looked into every face. From all save one he received the glance of encouragement, of subservience, he wished. That one was the scowling countenance of Lindley Jackson.

"Patriotism, gentlemen," continued Masterman, "is not dead yet. I know that, and because I know it ——"

Jackson took out his watch.

"Five minutes of twelve," he interrupted rudely. "I have to be at my office at twelve-thirty. Forget the introduction, Masterman. Come down to earth."

Masterman winced slightly at the interruption, but he held in his anger. It would not do to quarrel with Jackson.

"I will," said he. "To-night, gentlemen, there is loose a force that menaces—have I your assurance that what I say will be treated confidentially?"

There was a murmur of assent from all save Jackson. He answered: "You most certainly have not, Masterman. I'll print anything you say to-night if it has news value."

(Continued on Page 33)

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Speaking of City Government

PERHAPS the ideal of automatic government is reached in Chicago, though many other American communities press her close for the palm. The fact came to mind recently upon looking over the newspapers of that city. They were saying that several thousand public employees would probably have to work without pay during the last month of the year, if they worked at all; that there was no money in sight to feed the horses in the Police Department or buy gasoline for the patrol wagons; that the whole Electrical Department would very likely have to close for lack of operating funds, thereby paralyzing the police and fire alarm systems and leaving many streets in darkness.

The trouble, it appeared, was that in something less than eleven months the departments had spent all the money appropriated for a year—for which situation, as one paper explained, "the City Council threw the blame on the department heads; while the departments hurled the blame back upon the aldermen."

Admittedly nobody in particular is responsible for government in Chicago; nobody in particular conducts it; the thing just runs itself in an impressionistic and opportunistic manner. If the public-school administration is in a mess, as has frequently happened of late years, you can blame the Board of Education, which will blame the mayor; or you can blame the mayor, who will blame the board.

If the city's money has been squandered there is a mayor, a set of department heads, a comptroller and seventy or eighty aldermen—all disclaiming any responsibility on their own parts and nimbly hurling the blame elsewhere.

The mayor promised to close the saloons on Sunday; but when it comes to keeping them closed he points to the state's attorney, while the state's attorney points to him. Murders are disagreeably common, for which the police blame the courts, while the courts blame the police.

No matter what happens, nobody is responsible; everybody can very plausibly blame somebody else. What Chicago needs is three men with complete power over local government in all its phases and absolute responsibility for the results they secure.

Goods and Men

A GREAT many people are nervous about the situation of American industry after the war. They argue that millions of able-bodied and skilled men in Europe will then be released from military service and return to civil employments. Meantime, by employing women and by higher organization, Europe has created a new and extensive labor power; so, when the soldiers go to work again there will be a fall in wages, and American factories will have to compete with relatively cheaper, better-organized, more efficient labor than ever. Consequently they want protection to prevent the flooding of our markets with the products of cheap European labor.

But mostly they want free trade in men—in labor itself. We know from experience that if real wages in this country are decidedly higher than in Europe a great quantity of European labor will flow over here. It will be almost wholly unskilled labor, and so directly in competition with that labor here which is poorest paid and least able to bear competition.

That a great accession of labor tends to keep wages down is so obvious a deduction from the familiar law of supply and demand that it hardly needs arguing. No doubt it stimulates production and increases profits. With some millions more of cheap laborers we should produce more goods and be in a better immediate position to compete for foreign markets, without the toil and bother of heightening genuine efficiency by discovering the best possible methods of making and selling goods. We should also be increasing our supply of poverty and ignorance, which is already quite adequate.

If the largest and easiest possible production of goods is the chief consideration, there is nothing more to be said. If men are the chief consideration—as various American statesmen have maintained—we want a restriction upon immigration such as the literacy test would impose.

The Orator

THE speaker evidently has several more hands than he knows what to do with—he tries hanging some of them on the back of his chair, putting some in his pocket and concealing a few behind his coattails; but there are still superfluous hands that want to feel of his collar and pull down his vest. He obviously fumbles round for parts of speech; stammers; repeats himself. His corrugated brow shines with a dew of perspiration. Observing these symptoms you stretch out your legs and settle comfortably back in your chair; satisfaction and contentment possess you, because you know the speaker is horribly nervous and just as anxious to get through as you are to have him; he will say no more than he feels to be absolutely necessary.

The next speaker rises with a bland smile, poses himself deliberately, looks out over his audience with perfect self-possession. When he opens his mouth, round, well-modulated tones issue from it; the words flow smoothly from an abundant and neatly ordered supply. Whereupon you look gloomily up at the frescoes or down at the floor, hump your shoulders and resign yourself to despair. Clearly this chap is an orator, thoroughly seasoned; he likes it. You know he will talk until you drop dead.

Oratory is a noble art, for which we have the greatest admiration; only no orator should ever be permitted to speak in public. Especially with this inexplicable but evergrowing habit of big dinners there should be an iron-clad rule that the speeches be made exclusively by shy amateurs, warranted to faint after thirty minutes.

The Library Habit

OUR mail makes us a bit peevish about public libraries in general. Many times every year we are asked to recommend a book containing information on this or that subject of general interest. We are always glad to comply to the best of our limited ability; yet we never answer one of these letters without wondering why public libraries do not impress themselves more definitely and extensively upon the consciousness of those who support them or whose beneficiaries they are supposed to be.

The writer of the letter is obviously intelligent or he would not be seeking information. By the same token he is interested in subjects of general concern. Yet, as obviously, he does not know that about three times out of five there is a public institution not far from him, supported at large expense, which not only contains standard books on the subject he wants to know about, but makes a special business of supplying him with those books promptly and without expense.

From its card index he can learn in five minutes what books there are on the subject, and attendants will fetch them to him on request. Invariably, in our experience, the library staff is informed and attentive. It will go to any pains, most willingly, to put the resources of the library at the disposal of an inquirer. Within its own walls the institution functions admirably; but a great many people do not know of it in such a way that, being athirst for information, they turn to it as naturally as a dry man turns to a water faucet.

The library habit is one of the best that any person can form. There should be a more strenuous effort to inculcate it. Meantime take the initiative yourself. Get acquainted with your public library.

A Tip

THE urban population of the United States is now divided into two parts, the smaller part consisting of those who have made money on the rise in stocks during the last year, and much the larger part consisting of those who have heard about it and are regretting that they did not wade in. Among this latter part are many who think seriously of repairing their oversight by wading in now.

We have no knowledge—or even an opinion—as to whether stocks will go up or down. But we have the historical information, which anybody can verify by looking up the record, that the time when everybody wades in is usually about half an hour before stocks begin to go down. Meantime, having taken the subject in hand, we have no hesitation about giving this tip: Now is a good time to buy sound bonds; in fact, every time is a good time to buy sound bonds.

Teaching Lincoln

HOW to link public-school education visibly and tangibly up with life—that is the school problem in a nutshell. Pupils are indifferent because a hundred and one things strike their keen young imaginations more vividly than the dry stuff in the textbooks does. Set the boys at working out the batting averages toward the close of a baseball season, and see how their interest in arithmetic will quicken. To them Latin is a species of mental torment which one undergoes for the purpose of discovering that all Gaul is divided into three parts. They would as lief it should be six parts. The dime novel tucked inside the textbook on geography does not prove that the boy is dull. It proves only that the geography is dull.

We cannot think of anything more sure to engage the imagination and quicken the pulse of American youth than the study of Lincoln. It is the heart of America's story, red and warm. He saw the human side of the politics of his time, and that is all there is to progressive politics. It is all that democracy, as a political movement, involves. The boy or girl who thoroughly knows Lincoln's life has received a liberal education in the political history of the United States—and something of even higher value than that.

It is an education, moreover, that would attract and not repel youth, for it visibly breathes the life which youth finds about it outside of the schoolroom.

Roads and Schools

EVERY sort of town in the United States gets its due share of the total increase in population, and a little more. Population of incorporated places of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants increased over a million and three-quarters in the last census period, and nearly three and a half millions since 1890. At that date they had seven and a half per cent of the total population, and in 1910 nearly nine per cent. So with the towns from twenty-five hundred up to fifty thousand, while bigger cities ran way ahead of the general rate of growth. But farm population declined from fifty-six and four-tenths per cent of total population in 1890 to forty-four and eight-tenths in 1910.

There are no glittering business opportunities in small country towns, but there are many social opportunities. It is easy for people to get together in all weathers. The public schools are much better than those in that large part of the strictly rural region where the barbarous one-room ungraded institution prevails. So people are willing to live in small country towns.

The farm problem is in no inconsiderable part a matter of good roads and good country schools. Good country schools are nearly impossible without good roads, for a really good country school is a consolidated one, drawing children from an extensive district and giving them transportation from home to school and back.

A farm on a poor road is a prison for women and children part of every year. Nobody likes a prison.

Ability and Opportunity

THERE is no such difference in men's native ability as the difference in their situations would suggest. Native ability, in other words, is much more evenly distributed than opportunity. Lester F. Ward, a diligent student of the subject, observes that latent talent is quite common, and those who struggle up out of adversity, in the main, simply strike a better chance than falls to those who remain behind. Society, he says, has great unworked mines of ability; only ten per cent of its true resources in that line has been adequately developed; another ten per cent is partly developed; eighty per cent remains almost untapped.

The figures are more or less arbitrary, but the broadening of opportunity is democracy's real job. Free opportunity is mostly for the comfortably off, not only because their children are well nourished, well housed, encouraged to play, able to continue in school, but because, by a subtle and universal freemasonry, the comfortably off are in touch with the most promising openings for their children in business and the professions.

It is the comfortably-off father who knows men that have the dispensing of promising openings. A little touch at the start gives his son an advantage over the boy who has nobody to pull a string for him. It is his son who can take the long view and afford an apprenticeship—such as many of the professions require—which yields very little immediately, but promises much later on.

The key to this problem of wider opportunity must be in the public schools; but we can hardly claim to have found it there yet.

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How People Think About the War

By H. G. WELLS

AMONG the minor topics that people are talking about behind the Western Front is the psychology of the yielding pacifist and the conscientious objector. Of course we are all pacifists nowadays; I know of no one who does not want not only to end this war but to put an end to war altogether, except those blood-red terrors, Count Reventlow, Mr. Leo Maxse—how he does it on a vegetarian dietary I cannot imagine—and our wild-eyed desperadoes of the Morning Post. But most of the people I meet, and most of the people I met on my journey, are pacifists like myself, who want to make peace by beating the armed man until he gives in and admits the error of his ways, disarming him and reorganizing the world for the forcible suppression of military adventures in the future. They want belligerency put into the same category as burglary, as a matter for forcible suppression. The yielding pacifist who will accept any sort of peace, and the conscientious objector who will not fight at all, are not of that opinion.

Both Italy and France produce parallel types to those latter; but it would seem that in each case England displays the finer developments. The Latin mind is directer than the English, and its standards—shall I say?—are more primitive; it gets more directly to the fact that here are men who will not fight. And it is less charitable. I was asked quite a number of times for the English equivalent of an *embusque*. "We don't generalize," I said; "we treat each case on its merits!"

One interlocutor near Udine was exercised by our Italian Red Cross work.

"Here," he said, "are sixty or seventy young Englishmen, all fit for military service. . . . Of course they go under fire; but it is not like being junior officers in the trenches. Not one of them has been killed or wounded." He reflected. "One, I think, has been decorated," he concluded.

My French and Italian are only for very rough common jobs; when it came to explaining the conscientious objector sympathetically they broke down badly. I had to construct long parenthetical explanations of our antiquated legislative methods to show how it was that the conscientious objector had been so badly defined. The foreigner does not understand the importance of vague definition in British life.

The Conscientious Objectors

"PRACTICALLY, of course, we offered to exempt anyone who conscientiously objected to fight or serve. Then the pacifist and pro-German people started a campaign to enroll objectors. Of course every shirker, every coward and slacker in the country decided at once to be a conscientious objector. Anyone but a British legislator could have foreseen that. Then we started tribunals to wrangle with the objectors about their bona fides. Then the pacifists and the pro-Germans issued little leaflets and started correspondence courses to teach people exactly how to lie to the tribunals. Trouble about the freedom to pamphleteer followed. I admit it has been rather a sloppy business. The people who made the law knew their own minds; but we English are not expressive."

These are not easy things to say in elementary French or Italian.

"But why do people support the sham conscientious objector and issue leaflets to help him, when there is so much big work clamoring to be done?"

"That," I said, "is the Whig tradition." When they pressed me further I said: "I am really the questioner. I am visiting your country and you have to tell me things. It is not right that I should do all the telling. Tell me all about Romain Rolland."

And, also, I pressed them about the official Socialists in Italy and the Socialist minority in France, until I got the question out of the net of national comparisons and upon a broader footing. In several conversations we began to work out in general terms the psychology of those people who were against the war. But usually we could not get to that; my interlocutors would insist upon telling just what they would like to do or just what they would like to see done to stop-the-war pacifists and conscientious objectors; pleasant rather than fruitful imaginative exercises from which I could effect no more than platitudinous uplifts.

But the general drift of such talks as did seem to penetrate the question was this: That among these stop-the-war people there are really three types: First, there is a type of person who hates violence and the infliction of pain under any circumstances, and who has a mystical belief in the rightness—and usually in the efficacy—of nonresistance. These are generally Christians; and then their cardinal text is the instruction to "turn the other cheek." Often they are Quakers. If they are consistent they are vegetarians. They do not desire police protection for their goods. They stand aloof from all the force and conflict of life. They have always done so. This is an understandable and respectable type. It has numerous Hindu equivalents. It is a type that finds little difficulty about exemptions—provided the individual has not been too recently converted to his present habits. But it is not the prevalent type in stop-the-war circles. Such genuine ascetics do not number more than a thousand or so in all three of our Western allied countries. The mass of the stop-the-war people is made up of quite other elements.

In the complex structure of the modern community there are two groups, or strata, or pockets, in which the impulse of social obligation, the gregarious sense of a common welfare, is at its lowest. One of these is the class of the resentful employee, the class of people who, without explanation, adequate preparation, or any chance, have been shoved at an early age into uncongenial work and never given a chance to escape; and the other is the class of people with small fixed incomes, or with small salaries earned by routine work, or half independent people practicing some minor artistic or literary craft, who have led uneventful, irresponsible lives from their youth up, and never come at any point into relations of service to the state.

This latter class is more difficult to define than the former, because it is more various within itself. My French friends wanted to talk of the "Psychology of the Rentier." I was for such untranslatable phrases as the "Genteel Whig," the "Donnish Liberal," or the "Broad Minds of Hampstead." But I lit up an Italian—he is a Milanese manufacturer—with "these Florentine English spinsters who want to keep Italy in a glass case." "I know," he said. But he thought "everything that Marinetti, the Futurist, doesn't like" was much too comprehensive.

Before I go on to expand this congenial theme, let me deal, first, with the resentful employee, who is a much more considerable, and to me a much more sympathetic, figure in European affairs. I myself began life as a resentful employee. By the extremest good luck I have got my mind and spirit out of the distortions of that beginning; but I can still recall even the anger of those old days.

He becomes an employee between thirteen and fifteen; he is made to do work he does not like, for no other purpose that he can see except the profit and glory of a fortunate person called his employer, behind whom stand church and state, blessing and upholding the relationship. He is not allowed to feel that he has any share whatever in the employer's business, or that any end is served but the employer's profit. He cannot see that the employer acknowledges any duty to the state. Neither church nor state seems to insist that the employer has any public function.

The Cant of Rebellion

AT NO point does the employee come into a clear relationship of mutual obligation with the state. There does not seem to be any way out for the employee from a life spent in this subordinate, toilsome relationship. He feels put upon and cheated out of life. If he is a person of ability or stubborn temper he struggles out of his position; if he is a kindly and generous person he blames his "luck" and does his work, and lives his life as cheerfully as possible—and so live the bulk of our amazing European workers; if he is a being of great magnanimity he is content to serve for the ultimate good of the race; if he has imagination he says "Things will not always be like this," and becomes a Socialist or a Guild Socialist, and tries to educate the employer to a sense of reciprocal duty. But if he is too human for any of these things, then he begins to despise and hate the employer and the system that made him. He wants to hurt them. Upon that hate it is easy to trade.

A certain section of what is called the Socialist press and the Socialist literature in Europe is no doubt great-minded; it seeks to carve a better world out of the present. But much of it is Socialist only in name. Its spirit is anarchistic. Its real burden is not construction, but grievance—it tells the bitter tale of the employee; it feeds his malice; it schemes annoyance and injury for the hated employer. The state and order of the world are confounded with the capitalist.

Before the war the popular so-called Socialist press reeked with the cant of rebellion, the cant of any sort of rebellion. "I'm a rebel!" was the silly boast of the young disciple. "Spoil something; set fire to something," was held to be the proper text for any girl or lad of spirit. And this blind discontent carried on into the war. While, on the one hand, a great rush of men poured into the army, saying "Thank God! we can serve our country at last instead of some beastly profiteer," a sourer remnant, blind to the greater issues of the war, clung to the reasonless

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proposition: "The state is only for the capitalist. This war is got up by capitalists. Whatever has to be done—we are rebels!"

Such a typical paper as the British Labor Leader, for example, may be read in vain, number after number, for any constructive proposal. It is a prolonged scream of extreme individualism; a monotonous repetition of incoherent discontent with authority, with direction, with union, with the European effort. It wants to do nothing. It just wants effort to stop, even at the price of German victory. If the whole fabric of society in Western Europe were to be handed over to those pseudo-Socialists to-morrow, to be administered for the common good, they would fly the task in terror. They would make excuses and refuse the undertaking. They do not want the world to go right. The very idea of the world's going right does not exist in their minds. They are embodied discontent and hatred, making trouble; and that is all they are. They want to be rebels—to be admired as rebels.

That is the true psychology of the resentful employee. He is a desocialized man. His sense of the state has been destroyed.

The resentful employees are the outcome of our social injustices. They are the failures of our social and educational systems. We may regret their pitiful degradation; none the less they are a pitiful crew. I have seen the hardship of the trenches, the gay and gallant wounded; I do a little understand what our soldiers, officers and men have endured and done. And, though I know I ought to allow for all that I have stated, I cannot regard these conscientious objectors with anything but contempt.

Some Dismal Literature

Into my house there pours a dismal literature rehearsing the hardships of these men who set up to be martyrs for liberty. So-and-so, brave hero, has been sworn at—positively sworn at by a corporal; a nasty rough man came into the cell of So-and-so and dropped several h's; So-and-so, refusing to undress and wash, has been undressed and washed, and soap was rubbed into his eyes—perhaps purposely; the food and accommodation are not of the best class; the doctors in attendance seem hasty; So-and-so was put into a damp bed and has got a nasty cold. Then I recall a jolly van-load of wounded men I saw out there.

But, after all, we can be just. A church and state that permitted these people to be thrust into dreary employment in their early teens, without hope or pride, deserves such citizens as these. The marvel is that there are so few. There are a thousand or so of these hopeless, resentment-poisoned creatures in Great Britain against five willing millions. The allied countries, I submit, have not got nearly all the conscientious objectors they deserve.

If the resentful employee provides the emotional impulse of the resisting pacifist, whose horizon is bounded by his one passionate desire that the particular social system which has treated him so ill should collapse and give in, and its leaders and rulers be humiliated and destroyed, the intellectual direction of a mischievous pacificism comes from an entirely different class.

The genteel Whig, though he differs very widely in almost every other respect from the resentful employee, has this much in common: he has never been drawn into the whirl of the collective life in any real and assimilative fashion. This is what is the matter with both of them. He is a little, loose, shy, independent person. Except for eating and drinking—in moderation—he has never done anything real from the day he was born. He has frequently not even faced the common challenge of matrimony. Still more frequently is he childless. He has never traded or manufactured. He has drawn his dividends or his salary with an entire unconsciousness of any obligations to policemen or navy for these punctual payments. Probably he has never ventured even to reinvest his property.

He is acutely aware of possessing an exceptionally fine intelligence; but he is entirely unconscious of a fundamental unreality. Nothing has ever occurred to him to make him ask why the mass of men were either not possessed of his security or discontented with it. The impulses that took his school friends out upon all sorts of odd feats and adventures struck him as needless. As he grew up he turned with an equal distrust from passion or ambition. His friends went out after love, after adventure, after power, after knowledge, after this or that desire, and became men. But he noted merely that they became fleshly; that effort strained them; that they were sometimes angry or violent or heated. He could not help but feel that theirs were vulgar experiences, and he sought some finer exercise for his exceptional quality.

He pursued art or philosophy or literature upon their more esoteric levels, and realized more and more the general vulgarity and coarseness of the world about him, and his own detachment. The vulgarity and crudity of the things nearest him impressed him most—the dreadful insincerity of the press; the meretriciousness of success; the loudness of the rich; the baseness of the common people in his own land. The world oversea had by comparison a certain glamour. . . . Nobody took him by the collar and shook him.

If our world had considered the advice of William James and insisted upon national service from everyone, national service in the drains or the nationalized mines or the nationalized deep-sea fisheries—if not in the army or navy—we should not have had any such men. If it had insisted that wealth and property are no more than a trust for the public benefit, we should have had no genteel irresponsibles. These discords in our national unanimity are the direct consequence of our bad social organization. We permit the profiteer and the usurer; they make the resentful employee, and the genteel Whig inherits their wealth.

But that is by the way. It was, of course, natural and inevitable that the German onslaught upon Belgium, and civilization generally, should strike these recluse minds not as a monstrous ugly wickedness, to be resisted and overcome at any cost, but merely as a nerve-racking experience. Guns were going off on both sides. The genteel Whig was chiefly conscious of a repulsive vast excitement all about him, in which many people did inelegant and irrational things.

This child of the ages, this last fruit of the gigantic and tragic tree of life, could no more than stick its fingers in its ears and say: "Oh, please! Do all stop!" And then, as the strain grew intenser and intenser, set itself, with feeble pawings now, to clamber "*au-dessus de la mêlée*," and now to—in some weak way—stop the conflict—"*au-dessus de la mêlée*"—as the man said when they asked him where he was when the bull gored his sister. The efforts to stop the conflict at any price, even at the price of entire submission to the German Will, grew more urgent as the necessity that everyone should help against the German Thing grew more manifest.

The Freaks of War

Of all the strange freaks of distressed thinking this war has produced, the freaks of the genteel Whig have been among the most remarkable. With an air of profound wisdom he returns perpetually to his proposition that there are faults on both sides; to say that is his conception of impartiality. I suppose that if a bull gored his sister he would say there were faults on both sides—his sister ought not to have strayed into the field; she was wearing a red hat of a highly provocative type; she ought to have been a cow, and then everything would have been different.

In the face of the history of the last forty years the genteel Whig struggles persistently to minimize the German outrage upon civilization and to find excuses for Germany. He does this not because he has any real passion for falsehood, but because, by training, circumstance and disposition, he is passionately averse from action with the vulgar majority and from self-sacrifice in a common cause; and because he finds in the justification of Germany and, failing that, in the blackening of the Allies to an equal blackness one line of defense against the wave of service that threatens to submerge his private self. But when at last that line is forced he is driven back upon others equally extraordinary.

You can often find simultaneously in the same pacifist paper, and sometimes even in the utterances of the same writer, two entirely incompatible statements: The first is that Germany is so invincible that it is useless to prolong the war, since no effort of the Allies is likely to produce any material improvement in their position; and the second is, Germany is so thoroughly beaten that she is now ready to abandon militarism and make terms and compensations entirely acceptable to the countries she has forced into war. And when finally facts are produced to establish the truth that Germany, though still largely wicked and impenitent, is being slowly and conclusively beaten by the sanity, courage and persistence of allied common men, then the genteel Whig retorts with his last defensive absurdity: He invents a national psychology for Germany.

Germany, he invents, loves us and wants to be our dearest friend. Germany has always loved us. The Germans are a loving, unenvious people. But beware of beating Germany, beware of humiliating Germany; then, indeed, trouble will come. Germany will begin to dislike us. She will plan a revenge. Turning aside from her erstwhile innocent career, she may even think of hate. What are our obligations to France, Italy, Serbia and Russia? What is the happiness of a few millions of Belgians—whose numbers, moreover, are constantly diminishing—when we weigh them against the danger of incurring permanent German hostility? . . .

A Frenchman I talked to knew better than that.

"What will happen to Germany," I asked, "if we are able to do so to her, and so? Would she take to dreams of *revanche?*"

"She will take to Anglomania," he said; and added after a flash of reflection: "In the long run it may be the worse for you."

Some French Opinions

All the French people I met in France seemed to be thinking and talking about the English. The English bring their own atmosphere with them. To begin with, they are not so talkative, and I did not find among them anything like the same vigor of examination, the same resolve to understand the Anglo-French reaction, that I found among the French. In intellectual processes I confess that my sympathies are undisguisedly French; the English will never think or talk clearly until they get clerical "Greek" and sham "humanities" out of their public schools, and sincere study and genuine humanities in; our disingenuous Anglican compromise is like a cold in the English head, and the higher education in England is a training in evasion.

This is an always lamentable state of affairs; but just now it is particularly lamentable because quite tremendous opportunities for the good of mankind turn on the possibility of a thorough and entirely frank mutual understanding between French, Italians and English. For years there has been a considerable amount of systematic study in France of English thought and English developments. Upon almost any question of current English opinion, and upon most current English social questions, the best studies are in French. But there has been little or no reciprocal activity. The English in France seem to confine their French studies to *La Vie Parisienne*. It is what they have been led to expect of French literature.

There can be no doubt in any reasonable mind that this war is binding France and England very closely together. They dare not quarrel for the next fifty years. They are bound to play a central part in the World League for the Preservation of Peace that must follow this struggle. There is no question of their practical union. It is a thing that must be. But it is remarkable that, while the French mind is agog to apprehend every fact and detail it can about the British, to make the wisest and fullest use of our binding necessities, the strange English "incuria"—to use the new slang—attains to its most monumental in this matter.

So there is not much to say about how the British think about the French. They do not think. They feel. At the outbreak of the war, when the performance of France seemed doubtful, there was an enormous feeling for France in Great Britain; it was like the formless feeling one has for a brother. It was as if Britain had discovered a new instinct. If France had crumpled up like paper, the English would have fought on to restore her. That is ancient history now. Now the English still feel fraternal and fraternally proud; but in a mute way they are dazzled. Since Verdun the French have achieved a crescendo. None of us could have imagined it. It did not seem possible to very many of us at the end of 1915 that either France or Germany could hold on for another year.

There was much secret anxiety for France. It has given place now to unstinted admiration. In their astonishment the British are apt to forget the impressive magnitude of their own effort—the millions of soldiers; the innumerable guns; the endless torrent of supplies that pours into France to avenge the little army of Mons. It seems natural to us that we should so exert ourselves under the circumstances. I suppose it is wonderful; but, as a sample Englishman, I do not feel that it is at all wonderful. I did not feel it wonderful even when I saw the British aëroplanes lording it in the air over Martinpuich, and not a German to be seen. Since Michael would have it so, there, at last, they were. Michael had been a tiresome fool to insist upon it.

There was a good deal of doubt in France about the vigor of the British effort until the Somme offensive. All that had been dispelled in August when I reached Paris. There was not the shadow of a doubt remaining anywhere of the power and loyalty of the British. These preliminary assurances have to be made, because it is in the nature of the French mind to criticize; and it must not be supposed that criticisms of detail and method affect the fraternity and complete mutual confidence which are the stuff of the Anglo-French relationship.

Now, first, the French have been enormously astonished by the quality of the ordinary British soldiers in our new armies. One colonial colonel said something almost incredible to me—almost incredible as coming from a Frenchman; it was a matter too solemn for any compliments or polite exaggerations. He said, in tones of wonder and conviction: "They are as good as ours!" It was his acme of all possible praise.

That means any sort of British soldier. Unless he is assisted by a kilt, the ordinary Frenchman is unable to distinguish between one sort of British soldier and another. He cannot tell—let the ardent nationalist mark the fact!—a Cockney from an Irishman, or the Dublin from the Essex note. He finds them all extravagantly and unquenchably cheerful, and with a generosity "like good children." There his praise is a little tinged by doubt. The British are reckless; recklessness in battle a Frenchman can understand, but they are also reckless about to-morrow's bread and whether the tent is safe against a hurricane in the night.

British Methods

He is struck, too, by the fact that they are much more vocal than the French troops, and that they seem to have a passion for bad, lugubrious songs. There he smiles and shrugs his shoulders; and, indeed, what else can any of us do in the presence of that mystery! At any rate, the legend of the phlegmatic Englishman has been scattered to the four winds of heaven by the guns of the Western Front. The men are cool in action, it is true; but for the rest they are, by the French standards, quicksilver.

But I will not expand further upon the general impression of the English in France. Philippe Millet's *En Liaison avec les Anglais* gives, in a series of delightful pictures, portraits of British types from the French angle. There can be little doubt that the British quality—genial, naïve, plucky and generous—has won for itself a real affection in France wherever it has had a chance to display itself. . . .

But when it comes to British methods, then the polite Frenchman's difficulties begin. Translating hints into statements and guessing at reservations, I should say that the French fall very short of admiration of the way in which our higher officers set about their work; they are disagreeably impressed by a general want of sedulousness and close method in our leading. They think we economize brains and waste blood. They are shocked at the way in which obviously incompetent or inefficient men of the old army class are retained in their positions, even after serious failures; and they were profoundly moved by the bad staff work and needlessly heavy losses of our opening attacks in July.

They were ready to condone the blunderings and flounderings of the 1915 offensives as the necessary penalties of an amateur army, but they were surprised to find how much the British had still to learn in July, 1916. The British officers excuse themselves because, they plead, they are still amateurs. "That is no reason," says the Frenchman, "why they should be amateurish."

(Concluded on Page 30)

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WING FOOT HEELS

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(Concluded from Page 28)

No Frenchman said as much as this to me; but their meaning was as plain as daylight. I tackled one of my guides in this matter; I said that it was the plain duty of the French military people to criticize British military methods sharply if they thought they were wrong. "It is not easy," he said. "Many British officers do not think they have anything to learn. And English people do not like being told things. What could we do? We could hardly send a French officer or so to your headquarters in a tutorial capacity. You have to do things in your own way."

When I tried to draw General Castelnau into this dangerous question by suggesting that we might borrow a French general or so, he would say only: "There is only one way to learn war, and that is to make war." When it was too late—in the lift—I thought of the answer to that: There is only one way to make war, and that is by the sacrifice of incapables and the rapid promotion of able men. If old and tried types fail now, new types must be sought; but to do that we want a standard of efficiency. We want a conception of intellectual quality in performance that is still lacking. . . .

Mr. Joseph Reinach, in whose company I visited the French part of the Somme Front, was full of a scheme, which he has since published, for the breaking up and recomposition of the French and British Armies into a series of composite armies that would blend the magnificent British manhood and material with French science and military experience. He pointed out the endless advantages of such an arrangement—the stimulus of emulation; the promotion of intimate fraternal feeling between the peoples of the two countries.

"At present," he said, "no Frenchman ever sees an Englishman except at Amiens or on the Somme. Many of them still have no idea of what the English are doing. . . ."

"Have I ever told you the story of compulsory Greek at Oxford and Cambridge?" I asked abruptly.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Or how two undistinguished civil-service commissioners can hold up the scientific education of our entire administrative class?"

Mr. Reinach protested further.

"Because you are proposing to loosen the grip of a certain narrow and limited class upon British affairs; and you propose it as though it were a job as easy as rearranging railway fares or sending a van to Calais. That is the problem that every decent Englishman is trying to solve to-day, every man of that Greater Britain which has supplied these five million volunteers, these magnificent temporary officers and all this wealth of munitions. And the oligarchy is so invincibly fortified! Do you think it will let in Frenchmen to share its controls? It will not even let in Englishmen."

The Military Oligarchy

"It holds the class schools; the class universities; the examinations for our public services are its class shibboleths; it is the church, the squirarchy, the permanent army class, permanent officialdom; it makes every appointment; it is the fountain of honor; what it does not know is not knowledge; what it cannot do must not be done. It rules India as its back garden; it will wreck the empire rather than relinquish its ascendancy in Ireland. It is densely self-satisfied and instinctively monopolistic. It is on our backs; and, with it on our backs, we common English must bleed and blunder to victory.' . . . And you make this proposal!"

The antagonistic relations of the British military oligarchy with the greater and greater-spirited Britain that thrusts behind it in this war are probably paralleled very closely in Germany; probably they are exaggerated in Germany, with a bigger oligarchy and a relatively lesser civil body at its back. This antagonism is the oddest outcome of the tremendous demilitarization of war that has been going on. In France it is probably not so marked, because of the greater flexibility and adaptability of the French culture.

All military people—people, that is, professionally and primarily military—are inclined to be conservative. For thousands of years the military tradition has been a tradition of discipline. The conception of the common soldier has been a mechanically obedient, almost dehumanized man; of the officer, a highly trained autocrat. In two years all this has been absolutely reversed.

Individual quality, inventive organization and industrialism will win this war. And no class is so innocent of these things as the military caste. Long accustomed as they are to the importance of moral effect, they put a brave face upon the business; they save their faces astonishingly; but they are no longer guiding and directing this war; they are being pushed from behind by forces they never foresaw and cannot control. The aëroplanes and great guns have bolted with them; the tanks begotten of naval and civilian wits shove them to victory in spite of themselves.

The Symbolism of Spurs

Wherever I went behind the British lines the officers were swaggering about in spurs. Those spurs got at last upon my nerves. They became symbolical. They became as grave an insult to the tragedy of this war as if they were false noses. The British officers go for long automobile rides in spurs. They walk about the trenches in spurs. Occasionally I would see a horse. I do not wish to be unfair in this matter; there were riding horses sometimes within two or three miles of the ultimate Front, but they are rarely used. From morn to eve the spurs ring everywhere.

I do not say that the horse is entirely obsolete in this war. In war nothing is obsolete. In the trenches men fight with sticks. In the Pasubio Battle the other day one of the Alpini silenced a machine gun by throwing stones. In the West African campaign we have employed troops armed with bows and arrows, and they have done very valuable work. But these are exceptional cases. The military use of the horse henceforth will be such an exceptional case.

It is ridiculous for these spurs still to clink about the modern battlefield. What the gross cost of the spurs and horses and trappings of the great British Army amounts to, and how many men are grooming and tending horses who might just as well be plowing and milking at home, I cannot guess; it must be a sum so enormous as seriously to affect the balance of the war.

And these spurs and their retention are only the outward and visible symbol of the obstinate resistance of the British official mind to the clear logic of the present situation. It is not only the external equipment of our leaders that falls behind the times; our political and administrative services are in the hands of the same desolatingly inadaptable class. The British are still wearing spurs in Ireland and in India; and the age of the spur has passed!

At the outset of this war there was an absolute cessation of criticism of the military and administrative castes; it is becoming a question whether we may not pay too heavily in blundering and waste, in military and economic lassitude, in international irritation and the accumulation of future dangers in Ireland, Egypt, India, and elsewhere, for an apparent absence of internal friction.

These people have no gratitude for tacit help, no spirit of intelligent service, and no sense of fair play to the outsider. The latter deficiency, indeed, they call *esprit de corps*, and prize it as if it were a noble quality.

It becomes more and more imperative that the foreign observer should distinguish between this narrower, older official Britain and the greater, newer Britain which struggles to free itself from the entanglement of a system outgrown. There are many Englishmen who would like to say to the French and the Irish and the Italians, and India—who, indeed, now feel every week a more urgent need of saying—"Have patience with us." The Riddle of the British is very largely solved if you will think of a great modern liberal nation seeking to slough an exceedingly tough and tight skin. . . .

Nothing is more illuminating and self-educational than to explain one's home politics to an intelligent foreign inquirer; it strips off all the secondary considerations, the allusiveness, the merely tactical considerations. One sees the forest not as a confusion of trees, but as something with a definite shape and place.

I was asked in Italy and in France: "Where does Lord Northcliffe come into the British system—or Lloyd George? Who is Mr. Redmond? Why is Lloyd George a Minister, and why does not Mr. Redmond take office? Isn't there something called an Ordnance Department? And why is there a separate Ministry of Munitions? Can Mr. Lloyd George remove an incapable general?" I found Mr. Joseph Reinach particularly penetrating and persistent.

I explained that there is this inner Britain, official Britain, which is Anglican or official Presbyterian; which, at the outside, in the whole world cannot claim to speak for twenty million Anglican and Presbyterian communicants; which monopolizes official positions, administration and honors in the entire British Empire, dominates the court, and—typically—is spurred and red-tabbed. It holds tenaciously to its positions of advantage, from which it is difficult to dislodge it without upsetting the whole empire; and it insists upon treating the rest of the four hundred millions who constitute that empire as outsiders, foreigners, subject races and suspected persons.

Inner Set and Outer Set

"To you," I said, "it bears itself with an appearance of faintly hostile, faintly contemptuous apathy. This is the Britain which irritates and puzzles you so intensely; so that you are quite unable to conceal these feelings from me. Unhappily it is the Britain you see most of. Well, outside this official Britain is Greater Britain—the real Britain. It is in perpetual conflict with official Britain, struggling to keep it up to its work; shoving it toward its ends; endeavoring, in spite of its stupid mischievousness, to keep the peace and a common aim with the French and the Irish and the Italians and Russians and Indians. It is to that outer Britain that those Englishmen you found so interesting and sympathetic—Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe, for example—belong.

"I do not want to exaggerate the quality of Greater Britain. If the inner set is narrowly educated, the outer set is often crudely educated. If the inner set is so close knit as to seem like a conspiracy, the outer set is so loosely knit as to seem like a noisy confusion. It is only beginning to realize itself and find itself. For all its crudity there is a great spirit in it feeling its way toward the light.

"This is the Britain of the great effort; the Britain of the smoking factories and the torrent of munitions; the Britain of the men and subalterns of the new armies; the Britain that invents and thinks and achieves. It has quite other ambitions for the ending of this war than some thin, haggled treaty of alliance with France and Italy. It begins to realize newer and wider sympathies; possibilities of an amalgamation of interests and a community of aim that it is utterly beyond the habits of the old oligarchy to conceive."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Wells.

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Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

Getting Away at the Gong

Westinghouse Equipment is Relied Upon Where Seconds Saved in the Start May Mean Lives and Property Saved in the End

Clang! Clang! What portent of destruction is the alarm of fire.

Doors fly open, firemen leap to their places aboard the apparatus, there is a whirr, then a throb of engines and away they go.

If ever a quick, sure get-away is needed, it is when the sudden summons comes to the fire fighter. Precious then is every second saved and filled with dire possibilities is every second lost.

That's why two of the largest manufacturers of automobile fire engines—the American-La France Fire Engine Co., of Elmira, N. Y., and the Seagrave Company, of Columbus, Ohio—rely upon Westinghouse Equipment—Westinghouse Generators to do their part in keeping the storage battery fully charged and Westinghouse Motors to make sure of a quick start in any kind of weather.

The same dependability that makes Westinghouse Equipment the choice of the builders of American-La France and Seagrave fire engines has led fifty builders of pleasure-cars, trucks and other motor-driven vehicles to adopt it, though it costs more.

This is a greater number of automobile manufacturers than use any other make of electrical equipment and includes manufacturers of such cars as Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, F. I. A. T., Hupp, Stearns, Chalmers and others.

These Automobile-Builders Use Westinghouse Equipment

Allen Motor Co., Fostoria, O.
American-La France Fire Engine Co., Elmira, N. Y.
Anderson Motor Co., Rock Hill, S. C.
Bartholomew Co., Peoria, Ill.
Ben Hur Motor Co., Cleveland, O.
Bimel Automobile Co., Sidney, O.
Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Crawford Automobile Co., Hagerstown, Md.
Cunningham, Jas., Son & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Daniels Motor Car Co., Reading, Pa.
Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Ia.
Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Dort Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich.
Drummond Motor Car Co., Omaha, Neb.
Duplex Power Car Co., Charlotte, Mich.
Enger Motor Car Co., Cincinnati, O.
Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Gerlinger Motor Car Co., Tacoma, Wash
Gramm Bernstein Co., Lima, O.
Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, O.
Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.
Hupp Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
Kelly Springfield M. T. Co., Springfield, O.
Kline Car Corp., Richmond, Va.
Lexington-Howard Co., Connersville, Ind
Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.
McFarlan Motor Co., Connersville, Ind
Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich
Milwaukee Locomotive Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis
Mitchell Motors Co., Racine, Wis.
Mutual Motors Co., Jackson, Mich
Murray Motor Car Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill
Ogren Motor Works, Chicago, Ill
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Riddle Coach & Hearse Co., Ravenna, O.
Schoeneck Co., The, Chicago, Ill
Seagrave Co., Columbus, O
Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind.
Singer Motor Co., New York, N. Y.
Stearns F. B., Co., Cleveland, O
Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.
United States Carriage Co., Columbus, O
Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Automobile Equipment Department
Shadyside Works Pittsburgh, Pa.

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To every motorist who feels the need of a better speedometer and a better clock

The Waltham Speedometer is the product of the genius, scientific experience, mechanical skill and manufacturing facilities of the world's greatest makers of fine timepieces. It bears the Waltham guarantee—insuring Waltham accuracy, Waltham thoroughness, Waltham durability, and Waltham distinction of appearance as well as of performance.

This new Waltham Speedometer has been perfected and manufactured so that the public may have an instrument which gives correct and dependable service at all times and under all conditions. Its use is a safeguard against the familiar annoyance of a speedometer "out-of-order."

The Packard Motor Car Company has adopted and is using the Waltham speedometer for standard equipment on its 1917 cars, which, together with the fact that the Waltham Watch Company manufactures and guarantees it, assures the public of an instrument of positive scientific precision.

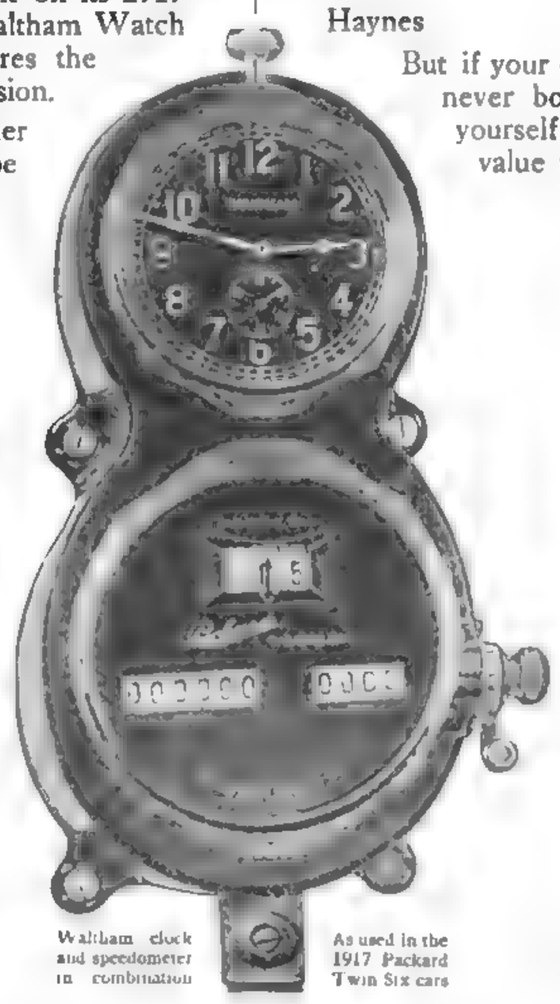
The Waltham Speedometer will appear on other high grade cars in the near future. (Names to be announced later.)

If you are the owner of a Waltham-equipped car, then you *know* what a perfect instrument of accuracy and beauty the Waltham Automobile Clock is. You *know* what an advantage it is to have an *absolutely reliable* timepiece on your car. You have ceased to consider an automobile clock an accessory. You consider it a necessity,—just as do the makers of the following cars, who now include the Waltham in their regular equipment:—

Brewster	Hudson	Packard
Cadillac	Locomobile	Pierce-Arrow
Cole	Lozier	Rauch & Lang
Crane	Marmon	Rolls-Royce
Detroit-Electric	Mercer	Simplex
Franklin	Owen Magnetic	Stearns
Haynes		Winton

But if your car is *not* Waltham-equipped, and if you have never bought yourself a Waltham, you are denying yourself a comfort and convenience of the utmost value to every motorist.

Durable and accurate.
Legible from tonneau.
Proof against heat and cold.
Patented driving shaft of extraordinary strength.
Registers instantly.



Waltham clock and speedometer in combination

As used in the 1917 Packard Twin Six cars

Fifteen jewels.
Two mainsprings.
Rewinding signal on dial.
Adjusted to all temperatures.
Proof against road shocks.
Runs 11 days with one winding.

Waltham Speedometer

The principles that have been applied to this speedometer are extremely simple—so simple as to be "fool proof." This overcomes at the start many of the speedometer difficulties so generally experienced by motorists. Special attention has been given to the flexible driving shaft (patented), which obviates a frequent source of trouble to the car owner. The Waltham shaft (patented), made of a special heat-treated nickel steel, is practically indestructible. This has been proven under severe laboratory and road tests.

The Waltham Speedometer is not affected by the extremes of heat, cold, altitude or climate incident to motor travel. Its registration of every speed of the car is instantaneous and accurate; moreover, the speed dial and odometer figures are legible not only from the driver's seat, but from the tonneau of the car. For test trips or touring with the "Blue Book," the trip odometer can quickly be reset to zero or any mileage desired—an exclusive and very desirable Waltham feature.

Agencies for rendering speedometer service:
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 1207 Michigan Ave., Chicago.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 2025 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 157 West 54th St., New York.
Automobile Equipment & Service Company, 1435 Vine St., Philadelphia.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Amberson Ave. and Penna. R. R., Pittsburgh.
Other stations to be established.

Waltham Automobile Clock

It successfully resists the roughest shocks of the roughest roads, the wear and tear of vibration, and any and all changes of atmosphere or climate. It is the only automobile clock *always* accurate and *always* reliable under such handicaps, because it is the *only* timepiece in the world scientifically designed and constructed for automobiles and nothing else.

It has two mainsprings. It has a fifteen-jewel, stem-wind and stem-set movement which runs eleven days with one winding. An indicator on the dial gives notice three days before the movement runs down.

Its accuracy is so chronometer-like that you can set your watch by it. Its presence in your car is a *guarantee* of the right time all the time.

The Waltham Automobile Clock is made in a variety of styles offering a choice of finish, and a selection of dials to suit car or taste. In its own field, the clock has the distinction and elegance of the fine Waltham watches, and harmonizes effectively with its surroundings in the handsomest of cars.

Your car should have a clock and that clock should be a Waltham. Inquire of your dealer in automobile accessories. Or if he doesn't have the Waltham, communicate with us.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

In Canada: 189 St. James Street, Montreal

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A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 25)

It was an impasse. Unless Jackson could be made to reconsider this, there was no use in going farther in the effort to render harmless the bombshell which Kirby Rowland promised to fire. The financier was silent a moment.

"Look here, Jackson," he said at length, "be reasonable. It's a mighty vital situation. I can't even talk about it, can't even approach the subject unless I have assurance that my words will be kept secret."

Jackson thought in his turn.

"Masterman, you just mentioned some force that menaced something—probably yourself. Is it possible that I shall hear of this force from someone other than yourself?"

"It is," said Masterman. There was nothing else to say.

"Then go ahead—talk," said Jackson. "If I hear of this elsewhere I shall not be bound by my promise to you."

"Certainly not," said Masterman. "Not bound by a promise, but bound by patriotism. Listen: A certain paper was signed by certain men, who in that paper agreed, with other men, to follow a given course of action. I can be no clearer. That paper has been lost. The person who has found it threatens to take the paper to the newspapers. The publication of that paper would mean anarchy. I mean that. It is as serious as that, because the contents of the paper would be misunderstood by the people. Have I your promises, gentlemen, that, out of patriotism, you will refuse to print the contents of that document if it is offered to you?"

"In so serious a matter," said Cowdray pompously, "I am certain that none of my brethren of the press would think of printing it. You, Mr. Masterman, are not given to idle utterances. What you say is received with consideration. I think my colleagues agree with me."

There were nods of assent. Jackson sneered.

"How much of your bond issue did Masterman handle, Cowdray?" he laughed. "You'll have to do better than that, Masterman. I'll print such a paper if it's offered to me."

"Even though it wrecked business?" inquired Masterman.

Jackson smiled, crossed his knees and brought the tips of his fingers together.

"Of course, Masterman, it's clear that you and some of your precious friends signed this mysterious document, and it is equally clear that it must be inimical to the interests of the people. A newspaper's business is to print the news. What you do is news. What you do inimical to the interests of the people is tremendous news. If I get a crack at that paper I'll certainly print it."

"Though it might mean the end of the present order?"

"If this republic can't stand the exposure of the schemes of you and your fellow highbinders, Masterman, then heaven help the republic!"

"You have no patriotism!" cried Masterman.

"Patriotism, my dear man," smiled Jackson, "is capable of many definitions. I do not define it as love for a government; I define it as love for a people. I do not love the people—I despise them; but I am very sorry for them, sorry that they have been cheated out of their rights so long. If to restore to the people their rights it became necessary to tear down the system you have corrupted, then—I'd tear down the system. Am I clear?"

"Exceedingly," said Masterman.

"Thank you," said Jackson. "Now, then, why are we here? You did not call us here to tell us in inchoate terms of this document. You called us here to get our attitude in order that you might know what to do in case of our refusal to be gulled by you. That alternative has a news value, of course, or you would not have invited us to be present to-night. You have something else up your sleeve, Masterman. What is it?"

"Will you gentlemen excuse us a moment?" Masterman asked the others.

Obsequious assents were swiftly given. In response to a nod Jackson followed Masterman into another room. There the financier took out his pocketbook; he opened it.

"We are still speaking in confidence, Jackson? Well, I had doubts of your attitude in regard to the matter we have just discussed. I telephoned Mr. Warren Sheldon this evening. He immediately wrote and sent me this note. I shall read it to you:

"'*My dear Mr. Masterman:* Permit me to answer your telephonic question of ten minutes ago, to this effect: I have for Mr. Lindley Jackson the highest esteem and respect, though he has seen fit to pillory me as a conscienceless political boss times without number. But even though it has been my misfortune to oppose him in the past, it will be my good fortune to stand behind him in the future if you so wish. If your interests will be served by his nomination for the governorship, rest assured that it is a pleasure to me to serve you. With the highest esteem,

"'Yours sincerely,

"'WARREN SHELDON.'"

Warren Sheldon had, the year previously, snatched a nomination from the hands of Jackson. And now the great boss was to stand behind him—if Jackson willed. Jackson smiled.

"Because I have sometimes admitted that I do not believe the people have, as a mass, any common sense, people like you think I am a hypocrite in fighting for their rights. I don't blame you; small minds understand only small natures. But confound you, Masterman, I can't be bought. I'm a newspaper man first, last and all the time! I want the news, and the public wants me to give it to them! The public I serve because it ought to be served, whether it appreciates service or not. I want no more of your confidences or your bribes. You have news for my paper? Then give it to me now!"

There was a silence in the room, broken, as an hour earlier, by the strokes of the clock in the near-by tower. Only this time the clock struck twelve. And before its last deep tones had died away, in the next room Martin Masterman was making an announcement.

"To-morrow morning, gentlemen," he said, "the transportation lines of this city will issue universal transfers to all passengers. I bespeak, on behalf of the corporations interested, your own and the public's tolerance until the new system has had a chance. It will take time to print the millions of transfer tickets needed. There will be necessary reconstruction of many things." He paused. The cup of defeat was bitter. "This step is being taken for the benefit of the public, because the companies feel it is the public's due," he concluded.

Only Lindley Jackson dared to laugh at the last words of the grim-faced man who, all understood vaguely, had waged some sort of losing fight that night, but the gravity of whose defeat not even Jackson could guess at. Martin Masterman had invoked the aid of the press, and had lost! For if ninety-nine papers conceal what another paper prints, to the hundredth shall come the victory. This is one of the reasons why the press must be honest.

Silently and swiftly the publishers departed. News articles must be written, editorials prepared. At twenty minutes past one the first editions were on the street, declaiming, in deep headlines, the news which was to save a million nickels a day to the people of New York, and which was really the announcement of the first victory of Kirby Rowland's war.

XI

IT WAS Grant's first intention to call upon those of Kirby's friends with whom she might have taken refuge, but his second thought showed him the folly of this, not to speak of the waste of time. It would be better to telephone, though his anxiety for her safety could hardly brook the time required for telephoning. But if Greenham knew enough to find out Kirby's address, the chances were that he knew enough to put men to work tracing Kirby's social relationships. One of the Greenham men might have found Kirby already. He would be losing time, chasing from place to place. Four numbers he called without result; Kirby was not at these places, nor had her friends seen her. But the fifth call was answered by a voice that always thrilled young Grant.

"Kirby!" he gasped. "Then you're all right?"

"Why, how did you know? Aren't you in——"

"Be right over," he interrupted.

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It is a promise that the bicycle tire endorsed with the great name of Goodyear truly typifies the principle underlying all Goodyear products—

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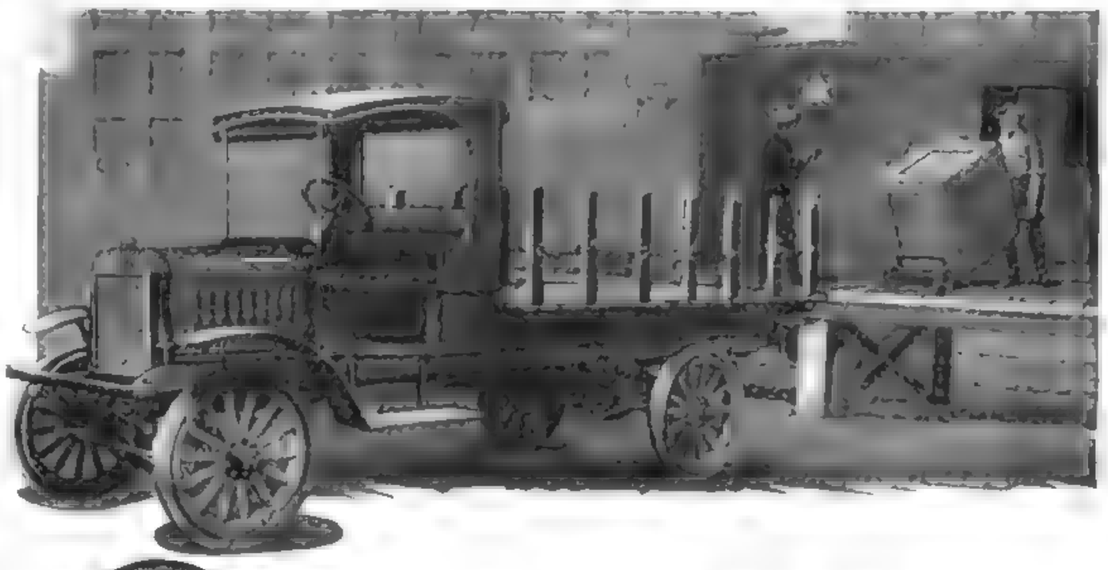

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Worth much more than you pay for it

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We concentrate upon the Koehler One Ton Truck. We build them by thousands—one just like the other—every part standardized. Koehler owners range from Maine to California; they are found in India, Africa and South America.

The Koehler One Ton Truck performs a service unsurpassed by any other truck of the same register. Thirty miles per hour on high gear with full ton load. For hill climbing on high gear it has no superior. Special alloy steel construction. The finest Internal Gear Rear Axle Drive—and a carefree, powerful *overhead valve*, 35 H. P. Motor, quick on the "pick up" and a mighty power generator on the long, hard pull.

Open house during Show Week. Come over. Forty minutes from Grand Central Palace.

OVERHEAD VALVES
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a clean, pure, *non-gummy* oil to keep typewriters, adding and billing machines, cash registers and other office mechanisms in perfect working order.

3-in-One

is the right oil to use. Instead of collecting dirt in the delicate bearings, as inferior oils do, 3-in-One works all dust and dirt out. Minimizes friction. Wears long. Never gums or dries out.

Try 3-in-One on stubborn locks, squeaky revolving chairs and hinges. Prevents rust.

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This plan has vital advantages for both purchaser and dealer that are found in no other time-payment plan. It is simple, inexpensive and dignified. Free from legal complications and red tape. We have received communications from over 14,000 purchasers indicating their satisfaction with the Guaranty Plan.

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Whether you want a pleasure car, a delivery car or a truck you owe it to yourself to investigate the Guaranty Plan—sponsored by the largest banking institution in the world specializing in automobile finance.

Dealers: No responsible dealer handling the right kind of car or truck can afford not to sell on the Guaranty Plan. It costs nothing. It works as quick as the mails. We have invested $1,000,000 in the facilities that make this institution the logical place to look to for your financing.

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Name ———————————
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He had phoned from a drug store that was not many blocks distant from the apartments where Kirby's friend lived. A car left him a few steps from her door in five minutes. Another minute and Kirby had admitted him to the apartment.

"Alone?" he asked.

She blushed; whereupon he put his arms round her. Then she led him into the drawing-room.

"What happened?" he demanded.

She told him of her escape, and of her coming to the apartment of Jessie Sigmund, a fellow artist.

"I wanted to get somewhere, to think, to plan. I phoned Jessie and told her that I wanted her to put me up for the night. Jessie isn't the kind to ask questions, you know. She told me to come over, and offered to break an engagement she had made for the evening if I wished her to. But I didn't. So, as she was going right out, she left the key with the elevator boy. But why aren't you in Jersey? How did you know ——"

He told her of his experiences.

"Mack," he said thoughtfully, "saved us both. Why?"

"Underneath his crookedness and cruelty," she suggested, "he must have a streak of chivalry that made him ——"

"Not Mack!" laughed Grant. "He had his reasons, but chivalry was not among them. It wouldn't account for his tipping me off that you weren't at home, but that someone else probably was there. No, not chivalry. And yet, what was his reason? He hadn't experienced a change of heart, Kirby. He wants that paper for the money in it. It's beyond me!"

"Me too," she said. There was silence while both thought.

"Dick," she asked at length, "what are we going to do—you, I mean? You won't leave the city?"

"I've thought it all over," he answered, "and I absolutely refuse to leave you alone to face Masterman and Mack. I'm going to stay."

"Where?"

"Oh, I'll find a hundred places," he answered easily. "But you? Where will you stay?"

"Here, with Jessie."

He laughed. "How long before Greenham's men will be here looking for you? You slipped away once, Kirby, but they'll take care not to let you again. We must think ——"

The doorbell rang. They started.

"Don't answer," whispered Kirby.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The hallboy knows I entered."

He had started for the door, but she ran in front of him.

"If it's one of Greenham's men I may be able to put him off. Don't let him see you."

She half pushed him into the little den off the drawing-room, and then she opened the front door. His eye at a crack in the den door, Grant saw a man face Kirby.

"Miss Sigmund?" he inquired.

"Well?" said Kirby.

"I'm looking for a friend of yours—Miss Kirby Rowland. Is she here?"

"Miss Rowland? There is no other woman here," said Kirby.

Though her back was to him Grant guessed the expression on her face: the slightly raised eyebrows, the faintly quizzical expression, with a touch of superiority in the eyes; the hint of a haughty curl to the lips.

"Then you ain't seen her to-day, Miss Sigmund?" persisted the man, politely abashed.

"And if I had, is there any reason why I should inform utter strangers of the fact? What is your business with Miss Rowland? You look, if I may say it without offense, like a detective."

"No offense at all, ma'am. That's me. I'm lookin' for the young lady, and I want her bad."

"Want Kirby Rowland? What on earth has she done?" Amazement was in every syllable.

"Why nothin', ma'am—leastwise, nothin' criminal, I don't think. But I got a friend that's mighty anxious to see her and ——"

"I can't believe any such thing," snapped Kirby. "You—you're insulting! Miss Rowland is well known to me. Good evening!"

She closed the door upon an utterly crestfallen detective. It was not what she had said; it was the *timbre* of her voice, the lightning play of expression upon her mobile features. There was abjectness almost in the man's manner as he backed away. Kirby Rowland could play the *grande dame* as well as any tragedy queen. She laughed as Grant emerged from the den.

"Did I do well?" she asked.

He did not answer as he walked swiftly across the room, raised the shade a few inches, and knelt on the floor, peering from the side of the window lest the electric light cast his shadow and betray his watchfulness.

"You did, Kirby," he then said softly, "but the game isn't over yet." He watched a moment, then beckoned to her. He made room for her to look out. "In that areaway opposite. See him—just a blotch in the shadows?"

Kneeling side by side they looked at each other.

"And what does that mean?" she asked nervously. "Didn't he believe that I was Jessie?"

He rose and helped her up.

"Undoubtedly he did—and does. But, Kirby, I wonder if either of us realizes the immensity of the forces we've set in motion against ourselves? That was a Greenham operative, as they call them, no doubt of that. Why did he come here? Because he had learned that Miss Sigmund is one of your friends? Why, not finding you here, hasn't he gone on to some other of your friends? Because, Kirby, there's a Greenham man watching the home of every friend of yours in the city. Already! I'll wager my life on it."

"Absurd," she scoffed. Yet her lips quivered slightly and her eyes took on a hunted look.

"That would take —— Oh, I know scores of people—over a hundred whom I meet round at various places."

"And if there were a thousand homes to watch, the Greenham shrewdness and the Masterman money would supply those men by noon to-morrow, Kirby. As it is ——"

"More absurd!" she said, though her expression belied her words. "How would they know my friends? And so soon? Of course I often call up Jessie, and the hallboy at the studios could have given her name and address; but the others? The ones I never telephone to and do not see often, but that are yet good friends?"

"Every newspaper office keeps a department devoted to clippings from its own and other papers," he answered. "Your name is there—lots of clippings about you, without doubt, for you're getting known in the art world. Moreover, you attend various functions given by people not without some social prominence. How simple! One of Greenham's men looked up 'Rowland—Kirby' in the clippings. He sees your name among the list of guests at various affairs. And the Greenham men are shadowing every one of those other guests, who may or may not be intimate friends of yours."

She was appalled.

"Not really?"

"I don't say that it's been done already to that extent. At least I doubt if every person whose name has been mentioned in the same item with yours has been shadowed. But by to-morrow—yes! Kirby, think what's at stake! What is the spending of a few thousand dollars to Masterman now? Miss Sigmund will be home—at midnight, you said? Well, leave it to that man across the street to find out the name of every person that enters this apartment house from now on! We were lucky just now. The night boy has come on since Miss Sigmund left; he didn't know that you'd got her key from the day boy. But when she comes home that man across the street will make inquiries."

"And what can they do now that we are prepared—that you are with me?" she demanded. "They don't dare ——"

"The Masterman influence can get a warrant for your arrest on any charge," replied Grant soberly. "For mine too. And we'd never reach the police station. It would be a case of kidnaping, pure and simple. Unless we took some other person into our confidence and had them threaten Masterman—but that wouldn't do. Too many people knowing of it—it would be public property in a day or so. And that means—we'd almost rather lose than see anarchy destroy this city, this nation, wouldn't we, Kirby?"

She shuddered.

"But what can I do?" For a moment she was helpless, looking to him for suggestion. But she was the kind that rallies quickly. "Of course! I can go to some hotel. Now!"

(Continued on Page 37)

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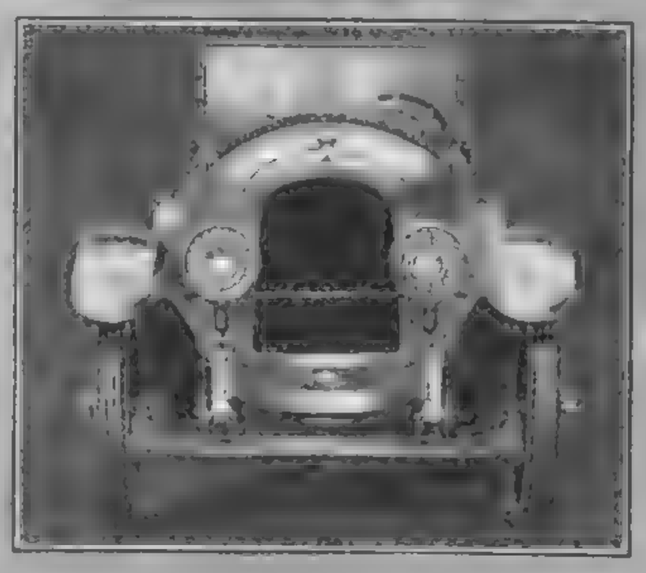
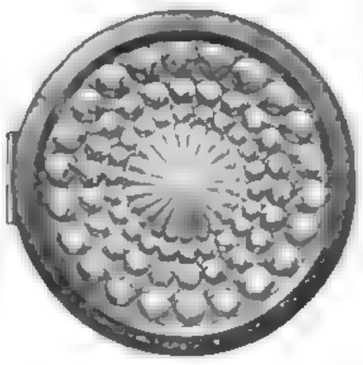
Original from UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

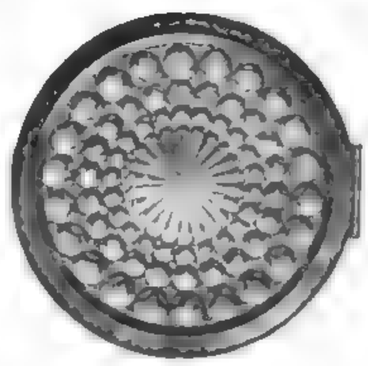


SEE THESE CARS AT THE AUTO SHOWS

All Have Adopted



WARNER-LENZ



At the auto shows in New York, Chicago and other cities you will see famous cars like the Packard, Marmon, Stutz, Hal (H. A. Lozier), Singer and McFarlan equipped with Warner-Lenz. Each has adopted Warner-Lenz as standard equipment, recognizing this invention as the final solution of night driving problems.

Between the writing and publication of this advertisement there will be several other cars added to the list.

This remarkable endorsement—together with sales to car owners of 300,000 pairs—is striking evidence of the general belief in the motor world that Warner-Lenz are certain to become universally used.

Solves Night Lighting

Automobile engineers, illumination experts, police and traffic officials and knowing drivers have not been slow to recognize the unusual merits of Warner-Lenz. Introduced but a few months ago, the popularity of Warner-Lenz has been phenomenal. Other leading cars are bound to adopt them as standard equipment—other thousands of drivers continue to buy in increasing volume.

Prices of Warner-Lenz Per Pair

Diameter in Inches	Price
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive,	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive,	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

Merely send us the name and model of your car with diameter of your present lens.

Warner-Lenz give a diffused light, penetrating and widespread. The whole road is shown ahead, yet you blind no one. And no car equipped with Warner-Lenz blinds *you*.

Safety—Comfort

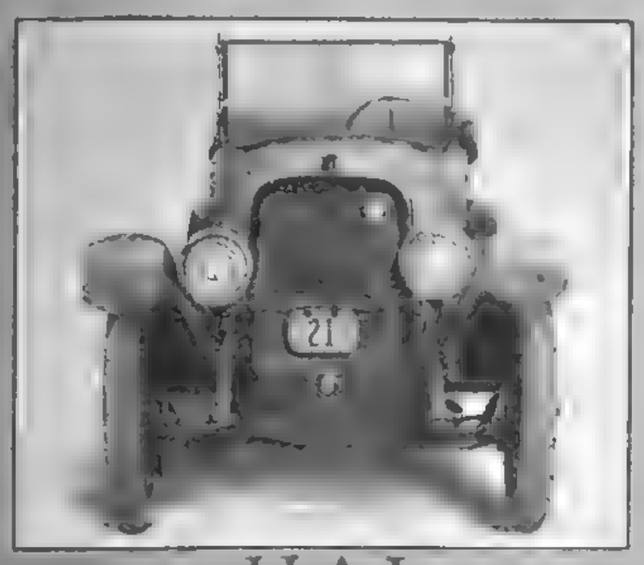
Warner-Lenz make night driving as safe and pleasant as daylight driving. In crowded city streets or on strange country roads. Nervous tension is replaced by a new freedom.

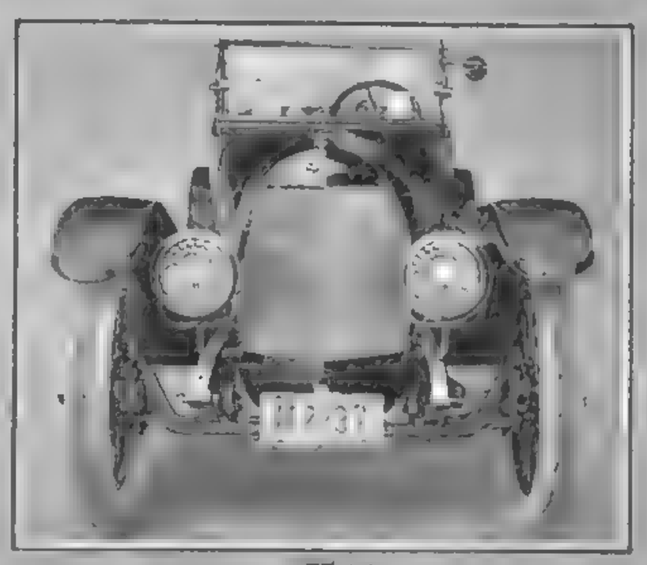
Any written description, however, is inadequate. You must drive behind Warner-Lenz to fully appreciate them.

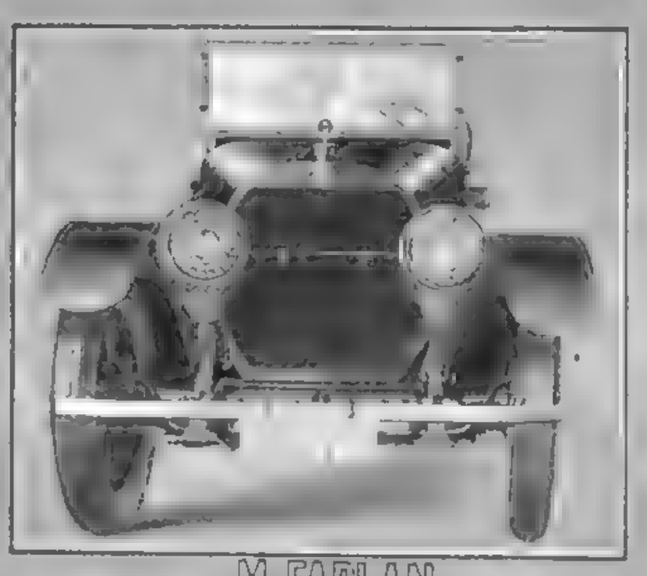
Wait no longer. You'll buy sometime. So gain protection and comfort *now*.

Your nearest accessory dealer will supply you. If he hasn't them and will not order them for you, write to us direct, giving name and model of your car.

THE WARNER-LENZ CO.
918 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago







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The Success of the Liberty

THE success of the Liberty is that it meets the demand for a quality car, at a medium price, embodying every feature of owner comfort. The car itself is its own best salesman. It is self-selling—to motorists who know. That's why the Liberty is covering the country.

Liberty salesmen don't argue over this car. They let their prospect drive—they let him ride—the car does the rest.

The Liberty will sell itself to you in just this way—on performance. Go to your dealer's—or see the car at the automobile shows. Ride in it—drive it.

Compare the Liberty for driving ease and riding comfort with every other car made. Make your own investigation—for your own protection. Buy on facts.

New Driving Ease

Get into the driving seat. Your hands and feet fall naturally into correct driving position. Controls are where you would place them yourself—for comfort—for safety.

Try that surprising gear shift. Make even the unusual shift from third to second at full speed! Smooth—silent—no clash—mechanical perfection.

Try the clutch, which on most other cars requires hard pushing—and consequent fatigue. The Liberty clutch yields almost to the weight of your foot—yet it engages at a pressure of over a ton—smoothly—surely.

Try that infallible emergency brake applied with a pull *of one finger*. It stops the car instantly without a jolt—but without a doubt.

New Riding Comfort

A ride in the Liberty is a revelation. Ride anywhere—over car tracks and cobbles, ruts and breaks. You don't have to pick out the best road. Perfect springs and deep seats give a long, easy swing that means complete relaxation and solid comfort. You sit *in* the Liberty—not *on* it.

Get These Facts

Does your car steer hard? Steer the Liberty. Does your clutch throw hard? Try the Liberty clutch. Does your car ride hard in the back seat? Try the Liberty over the cobbles and the ruts. If you can't stop your car instantly, with a finger pressure, at full speed, try the Liberty emergency.

This is the straightforward way the Liberty sells itself to you—who know cars. It's a new kind of motoring because it is motoring planned, designed and built for one thing—your comfort, ease, convenience and pride. That's why the Liberty succeeds. Get into one today. Take this statement along and check it up—word for word. If it's true in every detail, you want a Liberty car.

See the Liberty at the National Automobile Shows, New York—Grand Central Palace—third floor—January 5th–13th; Chicago—Armory—January 27th–February 3rd. Five-passenger Touring Car and Four-passenger Close-Coupled Car, $1095. Detachable Sedan, $1295. Shopping Brougham, $2350.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

LIBERTY SIX

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Only Greenham and one operative have seen you so far, eh—at least, so far as we know? That would help a little, but mighty little. You don't realize the whole extent of the Masterman power and the Greenham shrewdness. Kirby, I'll bet my last cent that every hotel in the city is on the lookout for a pretty girl that answers your description. Every young woman that enters any New York hotel to-night or to-morrow will be looked over, shortly after registering, by a Greenham agent. Every house detective will have his eyes peeled for you, not knowing why you're wanted, but simply knowing that you are wanted. That man who just came in here—the last thing in the world he expected was that you yourself would answer the door at his ring. Moreover, the light was in his eyes, while your face was in shadow, and you've put on something of Jessie's, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"She told me I could when I phoned her. We're about the same size."

"Well, that helped some. He was looking for a girl who wore the same sort of clothes you had on when Greenham saw you. But at a hotel—where every girl will be scrutinized, and where you couldn't always have your face in the shadow, and where suspicion will be pointing toward you because you are young, pretty and alone—it won't do, Kirby."

"I don't suppose it would," she answered thoughtfully. "But there are hundreds of boarding and lodging houses. There no one would suspect anything, unless my description were printed in the papers, and Masterman dare not do that, for fear of what I may do in retaliation."

"Right," he admitted. "But, Kirby, you can't be chasing round to a lodging house to-night. You have no baggage, either."

"Jessie's," she said. "I could borrow a suitcase and stock and to-morrow return the things, after buying others for myself."

"It might be done," he agreed slowly, "and still ——"

Again a ring at the door. Like a flash he leaped to the window and, kneeling, looked out. The blotch was still visible in the deepening shadows of the areaway. He rose and tiptoed into the den. She looked a question at him. He pointed toward the window.

"Still outside, so it's not he," he whispered. "Open."

From behind the den door, as before, he watched, ready to leap to her rescue if need arose. He dared not answer the door himself lest another Greenham detective be there and his presence in some manner arouse suspicion. While Kirby was probably being sought more earnestly than himself, she had deceived the first Greenham man and it was probable she could do the same thing again. It was not cowardice that made him seek concealment, it was common sense. For if this were a Greenham agent ringing at the door, the failure of Kirby to open it as she had done for the other man would inevitably make the man anxious for a good look at her. Whereas, if she went to the door her very boldness would win again. Then he laughed silently from his watching place as Kirby opened the door and disclosed the cause for all this wild reasoning—a diminutive messenger boy, with a very deep bass voice and a most worldly manner.

"Miss Jessie Sigmund, lady? Message for youse, ma'am. Kin'ly sign here, an' don't forget the han'some blond that brings the good nooze. I always loves to bring telegrams to the ladies, ma'am, because they're so gen'rous. God bless their lovely eyes."

He inhaled smoke from his cigarette, tipped his cap a trifle to one side, and looked at Kirby with all the harmless impudence of a cocky young sparrow. He was about sixteen, but an old man in experience. Silently Kirby tipped him and closed the door upon his thanks.

"Did you see his eyes, Dick?" she asked. "There were pouches beneath them, and they were old, old! And his hand shook. Sixteen or seventeen—no more. And look at him! He never was a child; he has had no youth. It's for him, and thousands like him, that we are fighting—that they may have a fairer chance; that the children may see green fields and breathe fresh air! At times to-day I've wondered if I dared go on. But there are thousands of boys like him, right in this city, who will never have a chance unless those who make conditions that raise a boy like that are forced to make better conditions. Dick, the universal transfer is but the measure of our sword. If we succeed in our first move, what more may we not accomplish? We can't, we won't give up!"

"Give up, Kirby? Why, the fight is hardly started. But what about that telegram?"

She was holding it at arm's length. Telegrams held for her the dread they hold for all women who receive them rarely. She continued to stare at it.

"Poor Jessie!" she said slowly. "Her father may be dead."

Grant laughed.

"Kirby, a moment ago you frightened me. I thought you were an avenging angel, and angels, as I understand it, never marry. Now I know you're a woman, and women do marry, don't they?"

She flashed a smile that was his answer.

"But what shall I do with this?" she asked.

"Why, put it on a table where Jessie will see it the first thing when she comes home."

"But supposing it's very important. She'd want to know."

"You know where she went? Then phone her and tell her that it's here."

"And frighten her half to death! Men are so silly!" she exclaimed.

"All right," he chuckled; "we're back where we started. Put it on the table."

"But supposing it's very important? It will be hours and hours ——"

"Then open it yourself," he suggested. "If it's news she ought to have, telephone her. If it isn't you can easily explain ——"

"I wonder if I ought to?"

"I refuse to make the final decision," he smiled. "You know Jessie pretty well; it wouldn't be prying curiosity that would make you open it. She couldn't very well be offended."

She opened the message and read it; then she looked at Grant. Tiny lines appeared at the corners of her eyes; her mouth pursed bewitchingly in puzzlement.

"Listen," she commanded. She read:

"'Inform Mastermans cannot leave Denver for three weeks. Going on camping trip.
"'ADELE.'"

"What's the answer?" he inquired.

"You don't read the art news, do you? Not so much as I do, anyway. This telegram is from Adele Rohan, a great friend of Jessie's—they were together in the Latin Quarter in Paris. She's a portrait painter who's created a *furore* in the last year. A genius, with all of genius' eccentricities. It was in the papers a month ago that Masterman had commissioned her to paint the portrait of his little girl. You've read of her—Laurel Masterman, his invalid daughter? Jessie told me at the time that she'd be surprised if Adele ever executed the commission. She hates the very rich. She's half French and half Western, you know, with the exuberance of both temperaments. This is her method of flouting Masterman's millions. She wires a friend to inform Masterman; doesn't bother to inform him herself. Going on a camping trip when a ten-thousand-dollar commission is awaiting her pleasure! And Jessie told me that Masterman and Adele had never met. He simply saw some of her portraits of children at the last exhibition at the Academy, and wrote to her. He's never seen her!"

Her words were crisp and clear and her teeth met sharply over the last of them.

"Well?" said Grant.

"He's going to see her to-night!"

"Still I don't understand, Kirby."

"Men are stupid," she smiled. "Look, m'sieu, upon Ma'mselle Rohan, combination of cowpuncher and danseuse! Look! For you may not have a chance again, m'sieu. I might flout you in a second and refuse to talk with you. I am a genius; no mere worker at miniatures, unknown and humble. I am Ma'mselle Rohan, m'sieu, and if you read the papers and believe them, you must know that I have all the grace of a Frenchwoman and all the strength of a bronchobuster. Also, I am eccentric, rude and careless as to whom I offend. I despise millionaires. I work when it suits me; I come when I choose and I leave in the middle of a portrait if the mood seized me. For, m'sieu, I am Adele Rohan, and a genius before whom mere riches bow down. Do you understand? Look!"

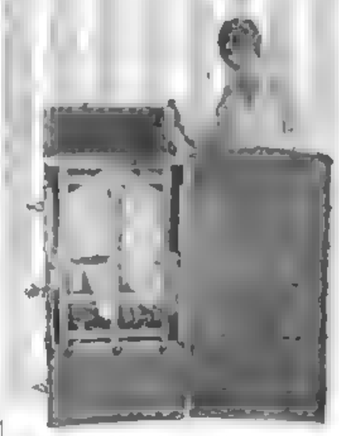
And she tore the telegram across and then across again, dropping the pieces in a wastebasket.

"Kirby, you wouldn't! It's madness. I won't permit ——"

"We aren't married yet, Dick, you know."

"Oh, no trouble at all! My case is a Belber—Fitall-equipped, you know—so I can get out comb, mirror or any toilet article I want, anywhere, any time."

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS



STYLE No. 870: The "Belber Ocean Greyhound" Wardrobe Trunk—garment hangers mounted on "pull-out" trolley so all clothes are in reach instantly; drawers capable of holding largest hats; secret drawer for valuables; garment-section lined with high grade Keratol.

THE QUALITY OF BELBER Traveling Goods extends to the most minute detail. Belber Fitall Bags and Suit Cases have an adjustable strap holder for your own toilet articles. Belber Wardrobe Trunks have a finesse in appointments that provides not only a place for everything, but the handiest and best arrangement possible.

There are many ways in which you can be deceived in buying Traveling Goods. There is one way to be safe—ask for Belber Traveling Goods and see that this trade mark is branded on the trunk, or bag, or suit case you buy—

BELBER TRAVELING GOODS
"Outwear Travel"

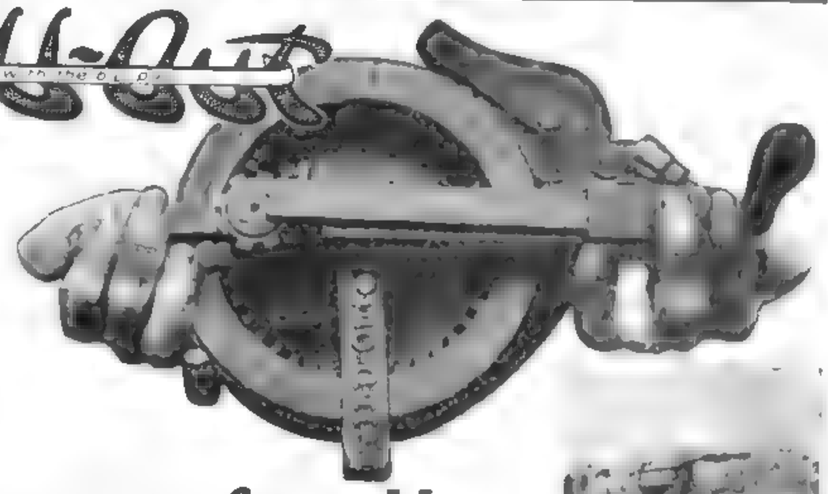
On sale at good dealers' everywhere

Send for the beautiful book, "Outwearing Travel," illustrating and describing Belber Traveling Goods of every style for every purpose,—it is free.

The Belber Trunk and Bag Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pull-U-Out
The Little Thing with the Big Pull

Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7-ft. chains, 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4x6x14 in.



Pulls you out of trouble

Here is the little machine you've heard so much about. Small enough to go into your tool box, yet powerful enough to pull the biggest auto out of mud or ditch. Simply drive in the stakes, hitch on, turn the crank. Out you come without delay, damage or cost.

Pull-U-Out is wonderful. It combines a rescuing device and a tow line—two things every auto should carry. It is also invaluable as a hoist about the house or garage. In public garages and factories it is better and cheaper than a chain block.

Does things no other machine can do

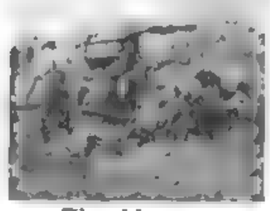
Will work in any position. Lifts or pulls. Is light, portable and inexpensive. Can be rigged up to do all manner of jobs which now require several men. *Guaranteed to deliver or money back.*

Pull-U-Out Portable Crane

We build a portable crane, which, used with Pull-U-Out, is a wonder. Weighs only 300 lbs. Costs much less than other cranes of same capacity, has longer reach and is quicker; can easily be moved about. Ask about it.

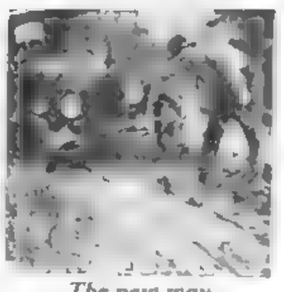
Write for booklet

Tells all about this marvelous little Pull-U-Out and the amazing things it does.



The old way—Everybody help

Ever have to do this?



The new way—Let Pull-U-Out do it

Pull-U-Out Sales Co., 2025 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

These big darlings, each with four beautiful costumes—all sixteen *richly colored*—are more than 18 inches tall, big as live new babies, can stand alone! Each doll is worth 25c. You will say you never saw such unusual calendars, even in the famous *Swift's "Premium" series*.

How your children will love them! How their little hearts will thrill with joy, when they dress and undress these big beauties!

You too must be stony-hearted if you will not find yourself smiling every day of 1917 as you look at these winsome little faces, and enjoying each season's change to a gay new costume.

Their Characters and Costumes

Who could resist Dashing Donald, the handsome boy doll, in any of his three gay sporting suits or his *surprise* costume?

Coy Clarabel with her bashful brown eyes, red lips and curly black hair would melt the heart of an iceberg. Nothing could be more fetching than her red, blue and green costumes.

Everyone loves Sweet Sylvia for her dewy violet eyes, and hair as golden as her nature. How pretty she looks in her white, rose, blue and red costumes!

As for Merry Myrtle, her brown hair and twinkling blue eyes are irresistible. In a pretty blue or pink or tan or scarlet costume she is sweet.

Send for these calendars—daily they will remind you of the rare quality of

Swift's "Premium" Ham and Bacon

How to Get the Calendars

One doll with four costumes, forming a complete calendar for 1917, will be sent to any address in the United States for 10c, in coin or stamps,
or—Trade Mark end of five Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine cartons,
or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons,
or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons,
or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap Wrappers,
or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers.
[If you live in Canada send ten cents extra on each doll ordered to pay duty.]
NOTE:—All four dolls—with four costumes for each, making four complete calendars, sent for 40c or four times the number of labels or wrappers required for each doll.

Swift & Company, 4117 Packers Ave., Chicago

DINGEE ROSES
Sturdy as Oaks
are always grown on their own roots. 66 years' experience. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Dingee "Guide to Rose Culture." Describes over 1000 varieties of roses and other flowers and how to grow them. It's free. Send today.
The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 142, West Grove, Pa.

FUNNYBONE No. 4 is now ready. It contains the latest monologues, sketches for two males, and male and female, minstrel first-parts, parodies on popular songs, sidewalk patter; comic stories for after-dinner Speakers, etc., by the same author who writes for Al Jolson, Nat Wills, Frank Tinney and Nora Bayes. FUNNYBONE No. 4 costs 35 cents; or $1 per year (four issues). subscriptions can begin with No. 1 if desired.
FUNNYBONE PUBLISHING CO., 1493 Broadway, New York.

What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital

The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's Center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and that tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new Friends. The Pathfinder, Box 42, Washington, D. C.

"But the risk! Masterman may not know Miss Rohan, but his friends ——"

"I told you she was eccentric. She knows no one in New York but Jessie. She divides her time between Colorado and Paris; she is in New York merely between ocean liner and transcontinental train. And even if someone who has met her in Paris or Denver should see me—there is risk in everything, Dick. Where else can I go in safety? Some boarding house? I refuse. The risk of this other scheme tempts me. And, besides, what was it you said a moment ago? The man who came here—the last thing in the world he expected was for me, in flight from his fellows, to answer the bell. Will Masterman dream that I dare go to his own house? Remember Poe's story of the purloined letter. The safest hiding place is the most obvious; no one thinks you will be there. I am going to Martin Masterman's."

He knew how useless it was to battle against her will when this reckless mood was upon her. Moreover, there was hard common sense in what she proposed. She must go somewhere to hide. Why not in Masterman's house? Still he objected.

"Supposing Miss Rohan comes on after all? You'd be arrested as an impostor."

"I can risk that, Dick, in a war like this."

"But how will you manage? You haven't clothes ——"

"I'll take Jessie's suitcase with a few things; I'll leave a note telling her what I've borrowed. To-morrow I'll go shopping. I'll say my trunk is on the road somewhere. I have plenty of money; I took all that was in the apartment—two hundred dollars." She looked suddenly at him. "And you, Dick; have you any money?"

He smiled assurance.

"All I own in the world is in my pocket, Kirby. I'm stronger financially than you are. I have three hundred dollars. Not enough to make it worth while to bother with a bank account, and it's always with me. I'm all right. Do you really insist on going to Masterman's house?"

"I do. From there I'll dictate terms and never be suspected. And you can telephone me in perfect safety. Ask for Miss Rohan. Dick, what we've started we must finish, mustn't we? I am certain God is with us."

"He is always on the side of justice," he answered.

"Then since we work for justice, there is no wrong in my impersonating Adele Rohan. And luckily I can paint a large portrait as well as a miniature. By the time she is due here I will have worked out our plans—with your help, for we must see each other. And after that let Masterman find out; I don't care. But where will you be?" she asked with quick concern.

"In some lodging house," he told her. "I'll be safe; but, Kirby, go slow. Let's see how this transfer business works out before we demand more. You know it's the custom of the ages after all, and you and I—well, let's go slow."

"You don't believe we're doing wrong?"

"No, not that. But we want to see how it works out."

"It will work out for the benefit of the people whose war we wage," she answered.

She disappeared into a bedroom, where she put some things of Jessie Sigmund's into a suitcase. Then she reëntered the little parlor and wrote a note to Jessie. It was a request to keep her visit secret and to forgive her for not waiting to see her friend.

"It will do," she said, after reading it to Dick. "Jessie is my dearest girl friend, and what would make another suspicious will not have that effect on her."

"But you don't tell her about the telegram," remonstrated Dick.

"And give the whole game away? That would be bright!"

He flushed.

"I'm dull. But we'd better not leave the pieces of the message." He drew them from the basket and burned them. They looked about the apartment as a shipwrecked couple might look at the island that had given them succor, and which they dreaded leaving for the flimsy craft they had constructed themselves.

Then, having telephoned for a taxi and learned that it waited below, they left the apartment. Kirby gave the key to the night hallboy, and did not wait to notice if he was surprised. Undoubtedly he was, for the Greenham operative had given him a generous tip, and almost immediately he crossed the street and told the waiting detective that it could not have been Miss Sigmund who had opened the apartment door for him. But by that time the taxicab had rounded a corner and was gone. Later its chauffeur informed the Greenham operative that he had dismissed his charges at the terminal, but no one there remembered having seen a couple who answered to the descriptions of Kirby and Dick either take a train or another taxi. The reason was obvious. They had separated. Kirby had crossed the street and taken a taxi alone, for the house of Martin Masterman. Dick had gone to the express office and ordered the suitcase sent to Miss Adele Rohan, care of Martin Masterman. Then he had vanished into the subway.

While Terence Greenham reported to Masterman, and while the obstinacy of Lindley Jackson prevented Masterman from defying Kirby's demands, that young woman, thoroughly worn out by her exciting day, was sleeping in an apartment provided by the nervous, elderly wife of Masterman, who, born to comparative poverty, had never really grown used to wealth—at least, not so used to it that she dared snub genius. And genius had very brusquely refused to talk, but had demanded to be shown her room. She even refused to look at the sleeping child whom she was to begin painting on the morrow or soon after. For Kirby had heard Terence Greenham's voice as she passed the financier's library, and bed seemed the safest haven for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

¶ A breath of mountain air without leaving town,
Beech-Nut Wintergreens 5¢

Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue
Have a Package in your Pocket at the Play!

Also Beech-Nut Mints, Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

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ONE YEAR of the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

A year ago a stranger—an enigma. A new invention with astounding claims. It perfected the Six and turned interest back from added cylinders. It showed the way to real efficiency. Holder of all worth-while records. Applauded by 25,000 enthusiastic owners. The Largest Selling Front Rank Car.

A STORY UNPARALLELED IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY

Two years ago, with us and with others, the trend was toward motors of the V-type.

We were then the foremost builders of the light-weight Six. Its advantages and limitations were fully understood by us.

Its smoothness of operation quickly made the Six the accepted type over Fours. But as the motors were developed limitations were encountered which prevented the realization of engineering ideals.

The problem was approached principally from the standpoint that if added cylinders were adopted, all such limitations would be banished.

For a time it seemed the Six would cease to command the leadership it had maintained.

Just before the New York Automobile Show one year ago, all interest centered in motors of the multi-cylinder type.

But at the Show, the Hudson Super-Six made its début. Then instantly interest swung to it.

We claimed a new type. The factor which had limited the efficiency of all types—Fours, Sixes, Eights and Twelves—had been discovered and overcome.

A new principle in design had been revealed.

What had been sought by leading engineers for years had been found by Hudson.

The simplicity of the Six could be retained. Motor limitations had been removed. Added cylinders were not needed.

So leadership, because of that, was accorded the Super-Six.

The trend to the multi-cylinder was arrested.

Numerous makers gave up their Eight and Twelve cylinder plans.

Let us review the year's developments:

The Super-Six Showed the Way

Hudson engineers approached the problem from a new angle. They solved it with a mathematical principle upon which a basic patent was granted.

By that single invention the most sought-for solution to motor car problems, regardless of the number of cylinders, was found.

Greater power was obtained. More flexibility was shown and when the car was tried for endurance it successfully met tests never imposed on motor cars before. These things we think essential to efficiency. *They are efficiency*. You will see by what the Super-Six has done in winning all worth-while stock car records that our claim to 80% increased efficiency is a modest boast.

Greater Proof of Endurance

Until the coming of the Super-Six practically all records for speed, acceleration, hill climbing and endurance were held by Fours. The Sixes had not done much.

A few records had been won by cars of the multi-cylinder type. But the Super-Six instantly changed that condition.

We first proved the endurance of the Super-Six motor by running a stock chassis 1819 miles in 24 hours. That beat the best previous endurance record by 52%. It is perhaps the world's most coveted record.

We showed greater power by winning the Pike's Peak Hill Climb, the greatest "non-stock" event of its kind. And we defeated twenty famous contenders in the world's most trying power test.

We proved road service by driving a 7-passenger Super-Six Touring Car from San Francisco to New York in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes.

Then we turned around and went back, completing the round trip in 10 days and 21 hours. Thus twice in one round trip with a single car we established America's greatest proof of endurance. It was the first car ever to attempt the round trip against time.

Our invention gives more power without added cylinders or weight. It gives quicker acceleration and adds a yet unknown degree to the endurance of the motor.

All this came from the solution of that one problem which engineers had been unable to solve. The power that had been wasted in the motor itself was delivered where it was useful and available.

This Turned Interest Back to the Six

But many did not distinguish between a Six and the Super-Six.

As a result all makers of Sixes profited. Many buyers thought by what the Super-Six had shown that any good Six could do as well. So when they found it difficult to get prompt delivery of a Super-Six they accepted a Six.

Now they know there is no similarity between Sixes and the Super-Six save in the number of cylinders used.

They know that without the Super-Six invention all motors are limited as to efficiency. They know that with the Super-Six invention any motor of one, two, four, six, eight or twelve cylinders delivers more power—is more flexible and will give longer service, many times over.

And they know that being patented such efficiency is exclusive to the Hudson Super-Six. It is the only known principle by which such efficiency may be obtained.

The Gasoline Saver

The Super-Six possesses many other exclusive advantages.

One is the gasoline saver, a device which adds gasoline mileage. By it the low-grade gasoline now on the market is made more efficient. At a nominal charge it can be quickly installed on any Hudson Super-Six not so equipped.

Note the variety of models in which the Hudson Super-Six is produced. Every taste is met. Every comfort provided for.

It is a fine car in every sense of the word. Men who want the finest will not be content with less.

One year of the Hudson Super-Six convinces us it is the only permanent type thus far produced.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

Introducing-

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA"

At the Automobile Shows in New York and other principal cities, we shall introduce what we sincerely believe to be the most beautiful car in America.

This, we admit, is a bold and sweeping statement.

It is probably the most sensational announcement that has ever been made by a manufacturer of medium-priced automobiles.

But we mean precisely what the words imply, and only ask that you reserve final judgment until you have seen our exhibits with your own eyes.

It is not our purpose, in this advertisement, to describe one single detail of the latest and greatest Paige Achievement.

We merely invite you to attend the Automobile Shows—key your expectations up to the very highest pitch—and determine for *yourself* whether or not we have been guilty of exaggeration.

A moment's reflection, however, must convince you that we would not and could not make any such claim unless it were substantially correct.

Our entire reputation and position in the motor car industry depend upon the accuracy of our public utterances.

Knowing this, it is not likely that we would voluntarily assume responsibility for a statement which could be refuted to our everlasting discredit.

If, though, you are still inclined to doubt, please remember that Paige has been one of the truly *creative* factors in the motor car industry.

From the very beginning our body designs have been absolutely unique and refreshingly distinctive.

If imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, we should indeed feel elated, because it is generally admitted that Paige designs have served as the models for practically every quality car in the industry.

Nothing could more strikingly emphasize the fact that Paige has *always* built beautiful cars—and can be logically expected to produce—"The Most Beautiful Car in America."

So far as the mechanical features of our product are concerned, you need only consult the thousands of owner records which have been established during the past seven years.

The Paige motor and chassis are world famous. They have been developed by the ripest engineering genius that the industry affords.

In them, we have incorporated every improvement, every refinement, that could possibly increase the efficiency of a smooth-running, ever-dependable motor car.

As we have said time and time again, you can only expect to get out of an automobile precisely what the manufacturer puts into it.

There is no substitute for basic quality. To build the truly great things in this world one must work with his Heart quite as well as with his Hands.

But for the present, we are going to say no more. When the doors of the first Automobile Show are thrown open to the public, our case will be in the hands of the jury.

It is then that we want you to remember this advertisement—every word of it—and determine for yourself whether or not our claims are justified.

Will you make it a special point, please, to see—"The Most Beautiful Car in America"?

At the New York Show—Space A-4

THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

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THE WRONG PEW

(Continued from Page 7)

She pushed a wall key, a center chandelier of frosted electric bulbs springing into radiance. In its immediate glare Mrs. Loeb regarded her daughter-in-law, inert there beside the window.

"Get your embroidery, Sadie, and come down by me and Etta till the men get home to supper. I want her to show you that cut-work stitch she's putting in her lunch napkins."

"Ugh!"

"What?"

Mrs. Bertha Loeb approached with the forward peer of the nearsighted. Time and maternity had had their whacks at her figure, her stoutness in no way enhanced by a bothersome shelf of bust, but her face—the same virile profile of her son's and with the graying hair parted tightly from it—guiltless of lines except now, regarding her daughter-in-law, a horizontal crease came into her brow.

"You want to go sit a while by *Grossmutter* then?"

"No. Gee, can't—can't a girl just sit up in her room quiet? I'm all right."

"I didn't say, Sadie, you wasn't all right. Only a young girl with everything to be thankful for don't need to sit up in her room like it was a funeral, with her mother and sister and *Grossmutter* in the same house."

On the mahogany arms of her chair Mrs. Herman Loeb's small hand closed in a tight fist over her damp wad of handkerchief.

"I—I ——"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Sadie, you been crying again."

"What if I have?"

"A fine answer from a girl to her mother."

"I—you—you drive me to it—your questions ——"

"I shouldn't have the interest of my own son's wife at heart!"

"Can't a girl get—get blue?"

"Blue?"

"Yes, blue."

Mrs. Bertha Loeb reached out her hand with its wide marriage band slightly indented in flesh; the back of that hand was speckled with large, lightish freckles and trembled slightly.

"Sadie, ain't there just no way we can make you feel happy in St. Louis? Last night through the door to my room I couldn't help hear again you and Herman with a scene. Take your feet down off the plush, Sadie."

"Oh, yes, you heard, all right."

"Ain't you got a good home here, Sadie? Everything in the world a girl could wish for! A husband as good as gold, like his poor dead father before him. Ain't we done everything, me and my Etta, to make you feel how—how glad we are to have you for our Hermie's wife?"

"Oh, I know, I know."

"What maybe we felt in the beginning—well, wasn't it natural, an only son and coming such a surprise—all that's over now. Why, it's a pleasure to see how *Grossmutter* she loves you."

"I—I'm all right, I tell you."

"Didn't we even fix it you should go in a flat on Berlin Avenue housekeeping for yourself, if you wanted it?"

"Yes, and tie myself down to this dump yet. Not much!"

"Well, I only hope, Sadie Loeb, you never got in your life to live in a worse dump. I know this much, I have tried to do my part. Did I sign over this house to you and Herman for a wedding present, giving only to my own daughter the row of Grand Avenue stores?"

"I never said you didn't."

"Have you got the responsibility even to run your own house, with me and Etta carrying it on like always?"

"Am I complaining?"

"Do I ask of you one thing, Sadie, except maybe that you learn a little housekeeping and watch how I order from the butcher, things what every wife should know if she needs it or not? In the whole year you been my daughter, Sadie, have I asked of you more than you should maybe help the upstairs girl a little mornings, and do a little embroidery for your linen chest, and that maybe, instead of sleeping so late till noon every morning, you should get up and have breakfast with your husband?"

"If you begin going over all that again I—I'll just yell!"

"With anybody pouting in the house I just ain't got heart to do nothing. I don't see, Sadie, you had such fine connections in the East that ——"

"You just leave my friends in the East out of it. If you wanna know it, they're a darn sight better than the wads of respectability I see waddlin' in here to swap *Kaffee Klatsches* with you!"

"Just let me tell you, Sadie Loeb, you can be proud such ladies call on you. A girl what don't think no more of her husband's business connections than not to come downstairs when Mrs. Nathan Bamberger calls! Maybe our friends out here got being good wifes and good housekeepers on the brain more as high kicking in New York; but just the same Mrs. Nathan Bamberger, what can buy and sell you three times over, ain't ashamed to go in her Lindell Avenue kitchen, when her husband or her son likes red cabbage, what you can't hire cooked, or once in a while a miltz."

"Say, if I've heard that once, I've ——"

"Then too, Sadie, since we're talking—it's a little thing—I haven't liked to talk about it, but I—I got the first time I should hear the word Ma on your lips. You think it's so nice that a daughter-in-law should always call me Say, like a bedpost?"

"I—I can't, Mrs. Loeb—it—it just won't come—mother."

"Don't tell me you don't know any better! A girl what can be so nice with poor old blind *Grossmutter*, like you been, can be nice with her mother-in-law and sister-in-law too, if she wants to be. I didn't want I should ever have to talk to you like this, Sadie, but sometimes a—a person she just busts out."

And then Mrs. Herman Loeb leaped forward in her chair, her small tight fist pounding each word:

"Then let me go! Whatta you holding me here for? Let me go back, Mrs.—mother! Let me go! I don't deny it, you're too good for me round here. I don't fit! Let me go back to the old room and—my old roommate where—where I belong with my—my crowd. You tell what you just said to Herm! Get him to let me go back with him on his trip to-morrow night. Please, Mrs.—mother—please!"

"You mean to New York with him on his business trip for a visit?"

"Call it that if you want to, only let me go! You—you can tell them later that—that I ain't coming back. I—I've begged him so! I don't belong here. You just said as much yourself. I don't belong here. Let me go, Mrs. Loeb. Let me go! You tell him, Mrs. Loeb, to let me go."

Mrs. Bertha Loeb suddenly sat down, and the color flowed out of her face.

"That I should live to see this day! My Herman's wife wants to leave him! Oh, my son, my son! What did you do to yourself! A di—a separation in the Loeb family! I knew last night when I heard through the door and how worried my poor boy has looked for months, that it didn't mean no good. Since her first month here I've seen it coming. I did my part to ——"

"Yes, Mrs. Loeb, and I done my part!"

"Oh—oh—oh, and how that boy of mine has catered to her! Humored her every whim to keep her contented! I always say it's the nix-nux wifes get the most attentions and thanks from their husbands, I ——"

"I done my part. I tried as much as you to make myself fit in out here. I—I just ain't your kind, Mrs. Loeb. Yours and—Etta's. I—I can't be saving and economical when I see there's plenty to spend. I—I was raised with my brother down in Shefsky's theater, where nobody cares about monogrammed guest towels and about getting up before noon if they don't want to. The evenings here kill me! Kill me! I hate pinochle! I gotta have life, Mrs. Loeb. I hate *Kaffee Klatsches* with a lot of—I—I tell you I got different blood in my veins, Mrs. Loeb, I ——"

"No, no, Sadie Mosher Loeb, that kind of talk don't go. You got just the same *shabbos* like us. Saturday is your ——"

"Yes, yes, I'm in the right church all right, Mrs. Loeb, but I'm in the wrong pew. Mrs. Loeb, please can't you understand I'm in the wrong pew!"

And all her carefully confined curls, springing their pins, fell forward a shivering mass.

(Continued on Page 43)

Here, Indeed, *Is*

E. H. SOTHERN

As Angelo, the deformed and irascible banker of Naples, and again as the uncanny Duke d'Vesuvius, E. H. Sothern is indeed E. H. Sothern.

In all the splendid program offered during its twenty years of leadership among motion-picture producers

THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

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"THE MAN OF MYSTERY"

A Drama of a Man Who Returned from the Valley of the Shadow, to Live Again Among Those Who Thought Him Dead.

Supported by the popular actress, Miss Charlotte Ives, Mr. Sothern weaves the spell of his genius through all the tense situations of this unusual play.

"The Man of Mystery," and its two classic predecessors, "The Chattel," and "An Enemy to the King," record Mr. Sothern's genius incomparably on the motion-picture film.

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REPUBLIC INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE TRUCKS, with their remarkable efficiency, fittingly represent the Spirit of Commerce. More than 10,000 Republic Trucks in service in the forty-eight states, and eleven foreign countries, are making new service records. Enormous demand makes possible the Republic's low prices. More than 23,000 Republics will be built in the coming year in the largest factory in the world exclusively devoted to truck manufacture.

FIVE REPUBLIC SIZES Republic Dispatch Model 9, maximum capacity 1500 lbs., furnished complete, express body with canopy top, side curtains, glass front, electric light with generator and storage battery and electric horn, $750; or with solid panel body, $775; Model 10, 1-ton, with stake or express body and bow top, $1095; Model 11, 1½-ton chassis, $1275; Model "A," 2-ton chassis, $1675; Model "T," 3½-ton Dreadnaught, $2550.

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REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK CO. INC.

ALMA MICHIGAN U.S.A.

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(Continued from Page 41)

In that surcharged moment and briskly exuding a wintry out-of-doors, Mr. Herman Loeb entered and stood for a moment in the open doorway, in the act of removing his greatcoat.

"Herman, my son! Oh, my son!"

"What's wrong, ma? Sadie!"

"It's come, Herman, like I always predicted to Etta it would. Your wife, my poor boy, she wants to leave you. This should happen to a Loeb yet—a separation in the family! My poor boy! My poor boy!"

"Why, ma, what—what's Sadie been telling you?"

At that Mrs. Herman Loeb raised her streaming face, her eyes all rid of their roguery and stretched in despair.

"I didn't want to let out to her, Herman. I wanted to make a quiet get-away, you know I did. But she nagged me! She nagged me!"

"Ma, you shouldn't ——"

"She heard us last night and heaven knows how many nights before that. She's wise. She knows. She knows it's been a year of prison here for ——"

"Oh, my poor boy! Prison! A girl like her finds herself married into one of the most genteel families in St. Louis, a girl what never in her life was used to even decent sheets to sleep on!"

"Ma!"

"Till three o'clock in the afternoon she told me herself how her and them girls used to sleep, two and three in a boarding-house room, and such a mess!"

"Ma, if you and Sadie don't cut out this rowing I'll put on my hat and go back downtown where I came from. What is this, anyway, a barroom or a home out on Washington Boulevard? You want *Grossmutter* to hear you? Ma! Sadie!"

"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

"I didn't start it, Herm. I was sitting up here quiet. All I ask, Herm, is for you to take me back to New York to-morrow night on your trip. Let me go, Herm, for—for an indefinite stay. It ain't this house, Herm, and it ain't your mother or your sister and—and it ain't you—it ain't any one. It's all of you put together! I can't stand the speed out here! There ain't none!"

"I guess she wants, Hermie, for her bad-girl notions, you should give up the best retail business in St. Louis and take her to live in New York, where she can always be in with that nix-nux theatri ——"

"No, no, he knows I don't want that!"

"If she did, ma, we'd go!"

"Herm knows it was all a mistake with me. I didn't know my own mind. I wanna go back along where I came from and where I belong! It ain't like I was the kind of a girl with another man in the case ——"

"We should thank her, Hermie, there ain't more scandal mixed up in it yet!"

"Ma!"

"My poor boy, what could have had his pick from the first girls in St. ——"

"Ma!"

There was an edge to Mr. Loeb's voice that had the bite of steel. He tossed his greatcoat to the snowy bed, walking between the bed end and the mantel, round to the crouched figure of his wife.

"There, there, Sadie!" he said in his throat, and stooping over her; "I give in! I give in!"

Her head flew up.

"Herm!"

"My son!"

"No, no, ma, it's no use trying to put anything but a jingle-bell harness on poor little Jingle Bells. She don't understand us any more than we—we can understand her!"

"That's it, Herm; that's why I say if you'll only let me go!"

"Oh, my God! A separation in the Loeb family! My poor dead husband! My daughter Etta, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary! *Grossmutter* ——"

"Sh-h-h, ma, you want *Grossmutter* to hear!"

"My son, the cleanest, finest ——"

"Ma!" There were lines in his face as if a knot at his heart were tightening them. "You mustn't blame her, ma; and, Sadie, you mustn't feel this way toward my mother. Nobody's to blame. I been thinking this thing over more than you think, Sadie, and I—I give in. She's a poor little thing, ma, that's been trapped into something she can't fit into."

"Yes, Herm, that's it."

"It's natural. My fault too. I carried her off like a partridge. Don't cry, little Jingle Bells! To-morrow night we leave for New York, and when I come back you're going to stay on with ——"

"Sylvette says ——"

"With friends, indefinitely. Don't cry, little Jingle Bells, don't! Sh-h-h, ma! There, didn't I tell you you'd rouse *Grossmutter!*"

With her hands stuffed against rising sobs, his mother ceased rocking herself to and fro in her straight chair, her eyes straining through the open door. A thin voice came through, querulous, and then the tap-tap of a cane.

Mr. Herman Loeb answered the voice, standing quiet at the bed end.

"Nothing is the matter, *Grossmutter*."

"Come and get me, Herman."

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

He hastened out and reëntered almost immediately, leading Mrs. Simon Schulien, her little figure so fragile that the hand directing the cane quavered of palsy, and the sightless face, so full of years and even some of their sweetness, fallen in slightly, in presage of dust to dust.

"Bertha?"

"*Ja, Mutter*."

"Here, *Grossmutter*, by the window is your chair."

He lowered her to the red velvet arm-chair, placing her cane gently alongside.

"So!"

She moved her sightless face from one to the other, interrogating each presence.

"Sadie?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

"How you holler, children. Everything ain't right?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*. Ma and Sadie and me been making plans. To-morrow night Sadie goes with me to New York on my trip. A little pleasure trip."

The little face, littler with each year, broke into a smile.

"So, little Sadie-sha, you got good times, not? A good husband and good times! New York! To New York she goes, Bertha?"

"*Ja, Mutter*."

Mrs. Schulien fell to crooning slightly, redigesting with the senility of years.

"To New York! Nowdays young wives got it good. How long you stay, Hermie?"

"It's just my Pittsburgh-New York trip, *Grossmutter*."

"Sadie, come here by *Grossmutter*."

She approached with the tears drying on her face, her bosom heaving in suppressed jerks.

"Yes, *Grossmutter*." And patted the little clawlike hand, and the bit of white hair beneath the fluted cap, and a bit of old lace fastened with an old ivory cameo and covering the old throat.

"You got good times, not?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

"And you'm a good girl, Sadie. Eh? Eh?"

"Y-yes, *Grossmutter*."

"When you come back from New York, you bring *Grossmutter* a fine present, not?"

"Yes, yes, *Grossmutter*."

"A quilted underjacket wholesale, for when *Grossmutter* rides out in wheel chair."

"Y-yes, *Grossmutter*."

To the saturnine, New York of its spangled nights is like a Scylla of a thousand heads, each head a menace. Glancing from his cab window one such midnight, an inarticulate expression of that fear must have crept over and sickened Mr. Herman Loeb. He reached out and placed his enveloping hand over that of his wife.

"Well, Sadie, you take good care of yourself, girl. No matter how we decide to—to end this thing, remember you're my wife—yet."

"Yes, Herman," said Mrs. Loeb through a gulp.

"Don't stint, and remember how easily you get cold from drafts."

"I won't. I will."

"If you find yourself too crowded in that room with your friend, get a better one farther away from the theaters, where it isn't so noisy—maybe by yourself."

"I'll see."

"You won't be afraid to go back to that room now with Sylvette still at the show?"

"N-no."

"If I was you—now mind, I'm only suggesting it—but if I was you I wouldn't be in such a hurry about getting back in that roof show, Sadie. Maybe in a few days something better may show up or—or you'll change your mind or something."

"I gotta get back to work to keep from thinking. Anyway, I don't want to be sponging on you any longer than I can help."

"You're my wife, aren't you?"

(Concluded on Page 45)

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They reduce vibration, noise, riding discomfort, repairs. They mean speed, silence, smoothness, comfort, long life, economy.

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"You have confidence in a man who lives up to his promise."

You like and trust a man who lives up to his promises.

You like and trust a tire that lives up to *and beyond* its promises.

That is why motorists have used United States Tires so consistently that our sales increases the past year on all the five types of tires are simply phenomenal and unprecedented.

Wise motorists have bought and continue to buy only those tires that live up to promises.

'Nobby'—'Chain'—'Royal Cord'—'Usco'—'Plain'

United States Tire Company

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(Concluded from Page 43)

She sat, a small cold huddle in the center of the cab seat, toward him, her quivering face flashing out as street lamps bounced past. They were nearing the great marble façade of the Seventh Avenue Terminal.

"Herman I—I hate to see everything bust up like this—you—you such a prince and all—but like Syl says, I—I guess all fools ain't dead yet!"

"You've had time to work this thing out for yourself now, Sadie, but like I was saying before, anybody can play stubborn, but—but it's a wise person who ain't ashamed to change his mind. Eh, Sadie? Eh?"

They were sliding down a runway and drew up now alongside a curb. A redcap, wild for fee, swung open the cab door, immediately confiscating all luggage.

"No, no, not that! You carry that box, Herm. It's the padded underjacket for *Grossmutter*. Tell her I—I sent it to her, Herm—with—with love."

"Yes, Sadie."

She was frankly crying now, edging her way through the crowd, running in little quick-steps to match her pace to his.

At the train side during the business of ticket inspection she stood by, her palm pat against her mouth and tears galumphing down. With a face that stood out whitely in the gaseous fog, Mr. Loeb fumbled for the red slip of his berth reservation.

"Well, Sadie girl, three minutes more and ——"

"Oh—oh, Herm!"

"If you feel as bad as that, it's not too late, Sadie. I—you—it takes a wise little girlie to change her mind. Eh? Eh?"

"No—no, Herm, I ——"

He clenched her arm suddenly and tightly.

"If you want to come, girl, for God's sake now's your time. Sadie, honey, you want to?"

She shook him off through gasps.

"No, no, Herm, I—I can't stand it—it's only that I feel so bad at seeing you—no—no—not—not now."

The all-aboard call rang out like a shout in a cave.

He was fumbling at his luggage for the small pasteboard box, haste fuddling his movements.

"I'll be in Pittsburgh to-morrow till seven, honey. Sleep over it, and if you change your mind catch the eleven-forty-five St. Louis flyer out of here to-morrow morning, and that train'll pick me up at Pittsburgh."

"Oh, I ——"

"You be the one to bring this box home, with your own little hands, to poor *Grossmutter*, honey, and—and if you don't change your mind, why—why, you can send it. You be the one to bring it to her, honey. Remember, it's a wise girlie knows when to change her mind!"

"Oh, Hermie—Hermie!"

"All—aboard!"

With her hands clasped and her uncovered face twisted, she watched the snake-like train crawl into oblivion.

When she reëntered the taxicab she was half swooning of tears.

"Don't cry, baby," said the emboldened chauffeur, placing the small pasteboard box up beside her.

In the great old-fashioned room in Fortieth Street—of two beds and two decades ago—she finally in complete exhaustion slid into her white iron cot against the wall, winding an alarm clock and placing it on the floor beside her.

Long before Miss Sylvette de Long, with her eyelids very dark, tiptoed in and rubbing the calves of her legs in alcohol undressed in the dark, she was asleep, her mouth still moist and quivering like a child's.

At nine-thirty and with dirty daylight cluttering up the cluttered room, the alarm clock, full of heinous vigor, bored like an awl into the morning.

THE LUCK OF A SOURDOUGH

(Continued from Page 12)

"Worth lookin' at, eh—when he draws a salary of a hundred thousand a year?" says a young lad beside me.

"Who? He does?" I says, too miserable to care much; but he had spoke decently.

"Yup! That's Lounsberry. He draws it; and just sticks at that desk with nothing on it. Some salary! He's a managing director for his companies."

After a spell it reached me—a hundred-thousand salary! I leaned on the mail box, looking up. Once the gray man glanced out and I looked away; then back when he was writing on a pad. It came noon, and he was still there; and so was I, thinking mighty bitterly how one year of his pay would make the Group into a producer. Suddenly a spruce chap in blue serge came down the steps and hung round a bit before he asked:

"Did you wish something with the offices?"

"No," I says.

I was too melancholy to leave. I just kept staring. A hundred thousand a year! The Group could make me that, once started. The gray one took up a phone presently and looked out at me; then he got up nervously. About then another fellow came out and asked:

"Was you looking for somebody?"

"Just at a man who can draw a hundred-thousand salary," I says sadly.

Soon the gray guy inside spoke in the phone again, smiled abruptly, and next minute walked forth and says to me:

"Is that really all you wanted?"

"Yes, sir," I says. "It's a lickin' big wage."

"I work for it. I don't get much vacation," he says; and, lower:

"Wish I did. Had your lunch? Then come and eat with me; we'll go to the club and be peaceful."

"All right; I'll go you," I says; for in the North we are friendly quick.

He had pie and tea, and so did I, for I could not eat in the city like when at home; it made my head buzzy. He said it did his too; and he had just been East and the heat laid him out.

"Where you from?" he says. "A long way, I think."

"From the North—Alaska," I says, and I got uncomfortable—I wasn't going to even tell the locality, for fear something about the Group would come out; and I was through feeling like a kicked dog.

He didn't know it was my last day, but I let that out somehow, and he kept asking more—was I in Southeastern or Southwestern Alaska? And to my nodding to the last he said:

"Come down with something to promote?"

"No," I says.

"Mining man, though? I can nearly always spot 'em."

I ate my pie and the quiet waiter brought a good-smelling smoke, which he lit for me; and we got to speaking of climates, and whether rubber or leather was the best footwear for where I was, and if ladies ever took trips in there. I said sure they could, in the right clothes, with a guy who didn't mush too fast or too far with them. Of course the road-house bunks are pretty hard.

"I got a swell spring and mattress on my bed," I says; "bought from an outfit that was drilling through there and gave up. And I got a camp in the prettiest little valley in that section—water at the door and a fine garden, the hills flamin' with fireweed right now, an' salmonberries ripe. My mine's farther up the hill—a tough climb too; but you can see the whole world when you git there. You ought to see Bingo, my otter—friendly little sport!"

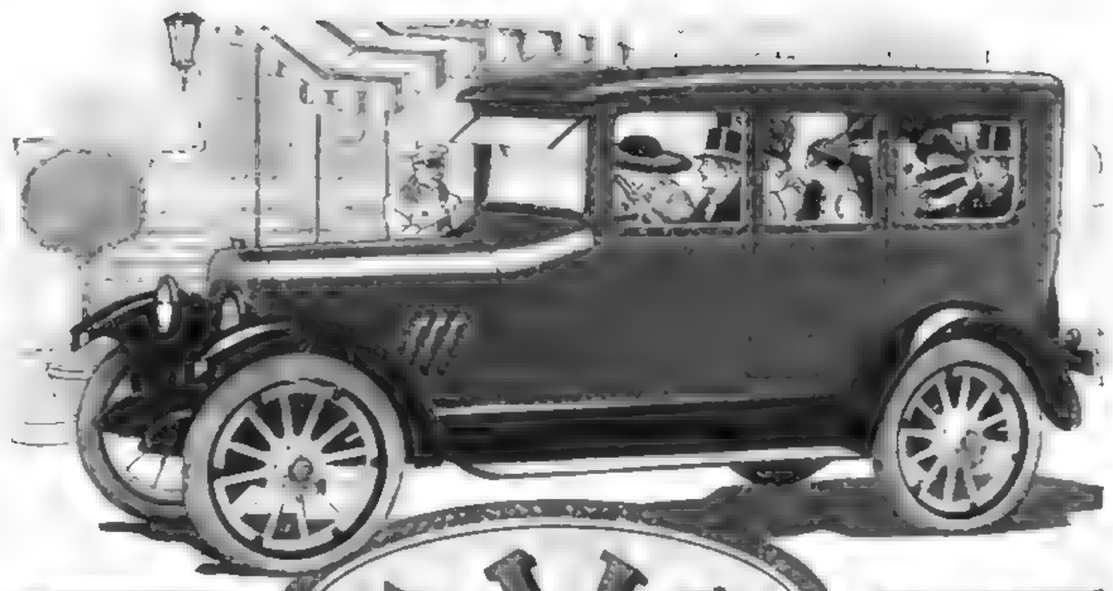
"How tame will they get?" he says, excited. "I had a fox when I was a kid in Dakota. My wife would be crazy over your place; she hates a town!"

"I sure got no cause to like 'em, bein' called a liar and a thief, and more," I says, and heard myself breathing noisy as I thought back. "I was made a mark of by a smilin'-eyed, honest-seemin' girl—six hundred and eighty blowed in two days on her! And then—she was in a show."

"There's others—good ones," he says. "Me and the missus met on a Saturday, and Monday began a wedding trip, with a couple of pack horses, from Denver to Laramie. We had the stock, and she said we'd save the train fares to buy furniture. We been together ever since; I ain't took one trip alone."

After a minute he showed me a little picture, and said that was his boss.

"If I had somebody I could go home and grind along a couple more years, till I open up some more, because capital's comin' into



DAVIS

A Car You Can Trust for Life

For Seven Years Heartily Endorsed by Owners

The Davis has passed the acid test of motor-car worth with flying colors.

For seven years owners have enthused over its performance—its quiet, powerful, sweet running motor, its dependability under all conditions, and its beauty, riding comfort and staunchness.

But by more than enthusiasm have Davis owners here and abroad shown faith in the car that has served them so well. A surprisingly large number still drive the Davis they purchased, not only recently, but as far back as four, five, six and seven years ago.

Our records also show that of those who have bought new models an astonishingly large percentage have re-chosen a Davis in preference to any other make. We believe no car in the country, of whatever class or price, can show such a tremendous proportion of re-sales, the practical endorsement of those who know the car best—the owners themselves.

Built with the utmost care, of the best standard parts on the market, the Davis is a car you can trust under all conditions. There is perfect harmony in its design—absolute honesty in its construction.

The Davis will give you perfect content and lasting satisfaction—a permanent possession you will be proud of in *any* company. Made in four models.

Model H—Light 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1195.

Model J—Big 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1495.

Model I—Light 6, Five-passenger Club Roadster, $1195.

Model K—Davis-Springfield, Seven-passenger Sedan, $1795.

All models have Continental motors, Delco starting, lighting, ignition, Warner transmission and steering gear, Columbia axles, etc.

See it at the New York and Chicago Shows, at any of the long established distributors here listed, or write us for catalog, particulars and the name of your nearest dealer.

GEO. W. DAVIS MOTOR CAR CO., Richmond, Ind.

Established 1902

Davis Motor Car Co. of New York, Inc. 1836 Broadway New York City, N. Y.

Frick Auto Sales Corp. 1027 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.

Garwood Motor Sales Co. 2248 Euclid Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Whitcomb, Littlewood Auto Co., 30 Eighth St., N. Minneapolis, Minn.

Worth More Motor Sales Co. Main and Seventh Fort Worth, Tex.

C. M. Stone, 159 Broad St. Providence, R. I.

Langham Motor Car Co. 162 Columbus Ave. Boston, Mass.

Olson & Pauly Auto Co. 441 Jackson St. Milwaukee, Wis.

Kossler Motor Sales Co. 207 S. Main St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Geo. I. Lufkin Co. 1127 S. Olive St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Western Motor Co. 1702 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

Davis Motor Co. 2644 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

F. H. Cole Motor Co. Front & Prairie Sts. Bloomington, Ill.

Conant Automobile Co. San Jacinto & Walker Sts. Houston, Tex.

Neal Simmons Motor Co Commerce & St. Mary Sts. San Antonio, Tex.

W. T. Wilson Auto Co. 1910 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb.

Mid West Rubber & Auto Co., 1606 Broadway Denver, Colo. (6)

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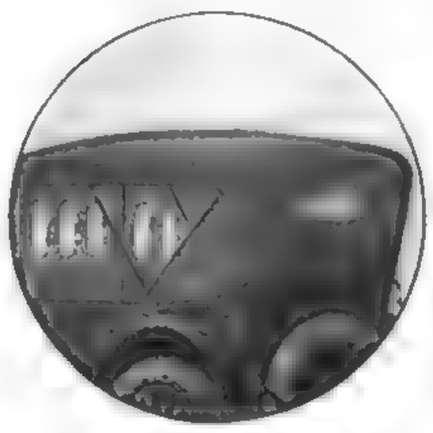
Original from UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

Do your curtains flap and gap? Stop it with "Lift the Dot" Fasteners

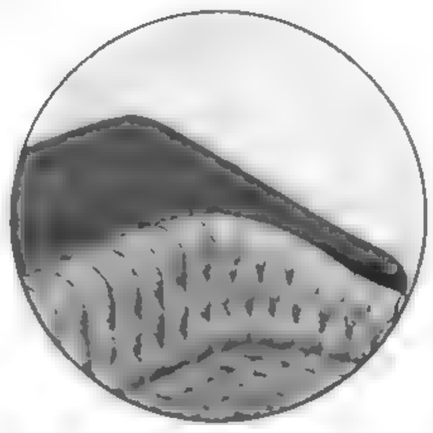
They stay fastened. No gust of wind can pull them loose. No careless push from an elbow can dislodge them. They hold the curtains flat and snug and secure. They are an ornament to the car.

"Lift the Dot" are the only self-locking fasteners made. They are easier to close than any other fastener. Then when you want to unfasten, simply "lift the dot" and the fasteners open more easily than the buttons on your coat.

"Lift the Dot" Fasteners have many uses on the modern car. Not only curtains, but dust covers, slip covers, pockets, floor carpet and extension tops are held more securely and are far neater and better looking when held with "Lift the Dot."



For side and rear curtains, "Lift the Dot" Fasteners are desirable. They simply cannot work loose. They hold the curtains flat and close. They add "tone" and cannot get out of order. They are fastened in a jiffy and open with a single pull when you pull from the end with the dot.



Many makers of cars are fastening dust hoods with "Lift the Dot" Fasteners instead of with straps. This avoids the necessity of lifting the rear seat cushion to buckle straps. It saves time. The dust cover fits closer and more neatly. The upholstery looks better without straps. No unsightly gaps show under the dust cover. The whole appearance of the car is improved.

More than 75 leading American Cars and 29 European Cars use "Lift the Dot" Fasteners regularly, notwithstanding their higher cost. Ask for "'Lift the Dot' Fasteners throughout" when you buy a new car.

If you are troubled with flapping curtains on your old car, it is easy to put on "Lift the Dot" Fasteners and end all bother. Write for booklet and information.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AND DETROIT

INTERNATIONAL FASTENERS LTD., Leicester, England

"LIFT THE DOT"

our section; but not fast," I says. "I'm goin', anyway, of course, while I got money for a duckit left."

"What was the sticker here? Who was it you took your proposition to?"

"The sticker was them Hemitt & Ross people takin' me for a bunk," I says; and I got hot again. "I mighty near swung on one of those old coots. Why, at an average width of six feet I've got a surface showin' two thousand feet long that carries a hundred and thirty dollars gold to the ton; but it ain't on transportation or I could 'a' got backin' in the coast towns."

"Couldn't you snake an arrastra up the mountain and crush enough ore to pay wages for a small gang of men to keep on developing?"

"No. It ain't a free-millin' ore; too much sulphide. I'll have to build a concentrator down in the valley and tram over a bucket line from the hill,"

Then I shut up; for I was not going to trouble a busy guy with something out of his line.

"And Hemitt & Ross wouldn't listen?" he says, reflecting as he signed our check. "You said it takes seven or eight days to your nearest port, eh? That's Seward? Grub pretty fair on the boats?"

"Seems so to us sourdoughs, who got to cook for ourselves at home," I says. "They claim that when the bakers run out of cranberries they paint a red fillin' in the pies. You ought to take your missus North."

It was killing hot when we went into the street. The wind had quit, and even he, who was used to it, rubbed inside his collar with a handkerchief.

"Well, so long!" I says when we had shaken hands at his corner and he had asked what was that name of mine again. I hadn't told it until then.

"I'm goin' home on the Mariposa Saturday night."

"Keep on hoping, pard," he says, and gave me another grip.

I tried to grin. I was on the Seattle train when I thought of not having asked who paid him that hundred-thousand salary; but it didn't matter. There was no lettering on his windows. It was 105 in the car, and full of females, all yap-yapping and ringing for the porter and asking how soon would we see Mount Shasta. It took most of two days and a night; and I was so hot, worn and gloomy that I just set there, dying by inches, hating Lucette, and wishing for Dan and Polo. We wouldn't have got on, with her disliking dogs—that ought to have warned me.

It was useless to peddle the Group in Seattle, where a chap might raise money for small Northern quick-return placer properties, but nothing big. I ought to have gone to the East, but it was too late now, with a hundred and forty left in the poke. I was going to stop off at Juneau and try for a job under Phil Bradley in the big Treadwell—stope bossing, or running a machine or mucking if I had to, so as to get together what I owed Logan.

With my ticket bought, I got a room way down Yesler Way, and went for dinner into a cheap flytrap in Railroad Avenue, where the docks are. It was awful hot and thick-aired in Seattle, with a mist coming from the Sound, and the sun baking the pavements. Inside this lunchroom a big blond girl, in a starched blue dress, showing some of her neck and strong plump arms, was serving and helping to cook. The guy who seemed owner went out as I reached a stool and ordered pork chops.

It was fierce over that range; but she kept spry, collecting from some longshoremen just finishing, doing a great panful of dishes—rinsing 'em very carefully—and washing out the dishtowels later, and jiggling my chops. You could tell she would never have a busted ruffle dragging. As I stared, eyes as blue as the pretty dress looked over the chop smoke at me. I stared more; and suddenly I remembered something that hard luck had drove from my head, and I says:

"You got a wonderful small waist; and I want——"

"Another word—just dare to breathe again—and I'll throw you out!" she cried; and even her soft neck flamed. "You loafing, insulting ——"

"No; I ain't!" I says, and I grabbed at her fist that was coming across the counter, while she hissed:

"Let go! I've seen your kind here, and they just come once!"

Her wavy light hair let loose a cute curl when she angrily jerked her hand free. I jumped myself, for the skillet was in her other hand; and I said that all I meant about the waist was I'd tried to buy a corset for a lady shaped like her and had a lot of trouble.

"Liar!" she says contemptuously. "Coward too! And you looked like a man!"

I tore out of the door then. In six minutes I rushed in with a long, lean box, and yanked out that rose-pink satin thing them women had pretended to dart in, and hadn't touched; but it was the Hemitt & Ross day I measured, and, though I phoned and said it was an outrage, that manager dared me to start a battle, and I had lost my spunk, and kept it.

"They swore to dart it in; but the darned corset'd fit me," I says; and she laughed.

Washing her hands quickly, she set it round herself over the blue dress; then removed it, saying that the styles were sickening this season.

"Your wife?" she says.

"No, ma'am," I says; "Etta Noble—she's cookin' for an outfit; and I think her and the foreman figure to wed when her clothes all come. She trusted me. Would you take a tenner for your time and go buy her a rose-pink satin one that's right for you?"

I put thirty-five on the counter. Her face had cooled; but it got red again, and she says:

"Not the ten till I earn it; then it'll take me out of jail—out of this. I had fifty saved, and sixty'll get me home. I've had enough city!"

"Where do you live?" I says; but she seemed not to hear.

Over in the room I set, sweating and wishing for brains. I could see them blue eyes, no matter what I was thinking. Her teeth were even and very shiny white—not like Lucette's. She would not be asking, the second you set at a restaurant table, if it was one of those provincial places where they didn't let women smoke—like Lucette.

It was about three in the afternoon when I kept hearing sounds in the next room, like a woman and kids crying. After a bit I went and tapped, but the sobbing was so loud they couldn't hear; so I turned the knob, and huddled on a bed were Nadia and the two youngest, looking like the end had come.

"Nadia, woman! Here now, quit, Henry and Tessie! Tell mamma it's Griff," I says; and poor little dark-skinned Henry blubbered and snugged up to me, and Tessie was wailing for some salmon.

"Oh, Griff! Oh, Griff!" the squaw says like she was dying. "Three day Jim go 'way to git one drink a' hooch; don't come no more. Children so hungry, an' I hiyu scare; no grub—three day."

"And left you broke? He ain't himself," I says. "Git ready to eat now."

"We got lots a' money; but hiyu scare—how we know? One time I go to downstairs; too much people—I too scare!"

She like to fainted, being so weak. I sopped cold water on her face and cooled that oven they were in by opening the door for a draft—Jim wouldn't have savvy to take 'em somewhere better. I slicked the kids while Nadia staggered round in her mussed yellow dress. She got her black hair into a nubbin, with a big red ostrich-feathered hat over it; and she took Tessie's hand and then hung to me; and I lugged Henry. All of them screeched and tried to run, at every auto truck—I ain't stuck on feeling they'll nip off at least an ankle, myself; and when a train rolled down the street Nadia stopped and made a Greek Church prayer.

"This is Jim Logan's family, and he hadn't been to a city in thirty years. They ain't fed for three days," I says to Blue Eyes when I got in the lunchroom, Nadia crying and Tessie bawling for her papa. "Go down the line and put all there is before 'em. Will I take 'em back to that box?"

"Gimme the little boy. There, darling! Oh, gracious alive, how terrible!" she says; and she rushed them where it would be private, in the box.

And in a minute she was back at the range. Henry gave her a wan smile, and she kissed him.

"Strong broth from a real chicken I had on for the boss' supper," she says. "Quick! Make 'em drink it. Will we have a doctor?"

"No; the Aleut blood's made to endure," I says. "They can just suffer and not whimper."

I set with them, keeping Henry from slopping; and after steak, potatoes, fresh tomatoes, beans, bread and coffee, the three

(Concluded on Page 49)

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Cadillac Prestige is founded upon reason

THE *willingness* of so many thousands of people *to pay the Cadillac price* must, of course, be *founded upon reason.*

The *refusal* of so many other thousands *to pay more* for a car than the Cadillac price—notwithstanding their abundant ability to do so—must likewise be *founded upon reason.*

In one sense, the question of price does not occur to them at all—what they want is the *greater smoothness,* the *greater steadiness,* the *greater constancy* and the *greater comforts* which the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac provides.

They want the wonderfully *swift acceleration;* they want the *luxury of traveling* practically one hundred percent of the time *on high gear.*

They want the *sturdiness* and *dependability;* they want the *day-in-and-day-out, year-in-and-year-out service* and *satisfaction* which have always distinguished Cadillac cars.

They want that *comprehensive efficiency* which manifests itself in the Cadillac, not merely now and then, but at *all speeds and under all conditions.*

Every moment is a more pleasurable moment for them in the Cadillac—every hour an hour of greater ease—every mile a smoother, steadier mile.

Believing that *the Cadillac meets their ideals* of all that a motor car should be, is it not perfectly logical that the Cadillac should enjoy a *larger ownership* than any other *truly high grade car* in the world?

Body Styles

CADILLAC coach-builders have provided eleven styles of bodies from which Cadillac purchasers may choose, as follows:

Seven-Passenger Touring Car
Four-Passenger Phaeton
Two-Passenger Roadster
Four-Passenger Club Roadster
Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria
Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car
Four-Passenger Coupé
Five-Passenger Brougham
Seven-Passenger Limousine
Seven-Passenger Imperial
Seven-Passenger Landaulet.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

Cadillac Standard of the World

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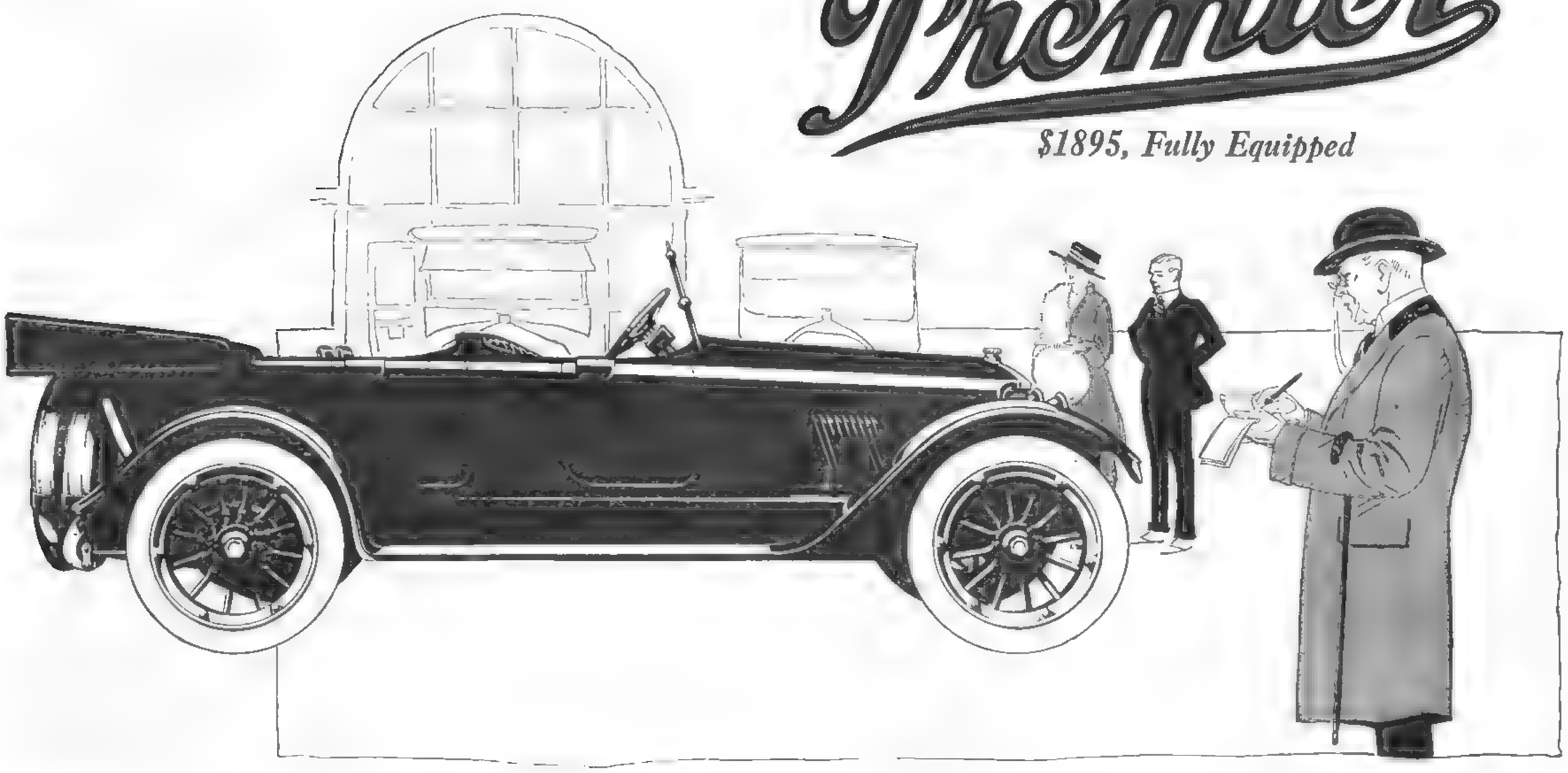
Premier

$1895, Fully Equipped



The Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift

We ask you to compare this new Premier in every detail with the most expensive cars on the market, and when you have finished, you yourself will echo the question of thousands: "How do they do it at $1895?"

Here are the features of the one car that will make the Shows of 1917—*historic.*

An Aluminum Motor, designed and built in the Premier factory under the personal supervision of Earl G. Gunn, our chief engineer and the original American builder of aluminum motors. With only 300 cubic inches piston displacement, this overhead valve, six-cylinder motor develops upward of 72 horsepower. We question whether any motor in America can climb a difficult hill "in high" as slowly as *Premier*. Ask for a demonstration.

C-H Magnetic Gear Shift, as regular equipment and without extra charge, has been adopted by Premier. In so doing Premier leads the world as the car which first gave motorists this crowning and long-needed convenience as regular equipment. The mechanism which, by means of push buttons, controls Premier's gears, is the product of the world's greatest builders of electrical controlling apparatus, the Cutler-Hammer Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Cutler-Hammer manufacture the electrical controlling apparatus on United States battleships and submarines. The action of the device is simple and positive. Push a button and the gears obey. It keeps the control of your car right under your thumb—you can change gears on an up-hill climb without losing momentum. You can change gears in traffic in one-half the time required by the hand gear shift. It is as great an advance as was the electric starter. This device is unqualifiedly guaranteed by both the Cutler-Hammer and the Premier companies. Ask for a demonstration.

New Premier "Bullet Body Lines" supplant the conventional stream line which has characterized practically all motor cars for years. To this new mode, Premier adds the charm of an exquisite *gun-metal velours* body finish combined with wheels of natural wood. From a standpoint of durability and texture, Premier's finish is unsurpassed by that of any car. Premier's beauty is growing proverbial.

The Turning Radius is so short that the driver of a Premier car can almost spin it on its own axis—this must be seen to be believed. Ask for a demonstration.

An Eight-Inch Bridge Girder Frame, deeper by 50 per cent than the frame in most cars, forms such a solid and rigid foundation that body squeaks and rattles are almost impossible; and the frame's rigidity makes the car hold the road better at sixty miles an hour than most cars do at twenty-five.

More Body Room has been obtained on Premier, through clever and space-economizing design, than has ever been considered possible on a wheel base of 125½ inches—compare it with your present car.

The Driver's Comfort has been carefully studied. The new-type tilting steering wheel, the push-button gear shift, the design of the driving seat, and the easy-reach placement of everything that enters into driving, give him a chance to take a joyous part in the ride.

Points of Luxury are everywhere. The auxiliary seats are roomy and interfere with no one's comfort. The instrument board is solid walnut, finished like a boudoir table, with ammeter, oil gauge, Warner speedometer and a nickeled dash-light which becomes a spot-light on a 15-foot cord by merely pulling it out of its socket. The upholstery is of the finest—Marshall Sanitary cushion springs and real leather. The tonneau rug is of natural undyed wool. The nickeled robe rail can't rattle or sag. The genuine Pantasote top is custom tailored in our own shop and bound with aluminum. There is a tonneau light that illuminates the running board. Not a detail is omitted. All these points conspire to make Premier a car that women will love.

"Rides Like a Liner" is an expression used by a connoisseur who soon found out that you don't have to brace yourself for the bumps in Premier—thanks to the 58-inch semi-elliptic Perfection rear springs, to the perfect balance of the car, impossible without the use of an aluminum motor, and to the ballast of the 8-inch frame. The axles on Premier are Timken. The electrical equipment is Delco—everything is of the best. And on the hills and through traffic the car is a revelation. It has worlds of power and jumps under the gas like a blooded horse hit with a whip. It throttles to almost nothing in high—without bucking or quitting. The car as shipped weighs only 3245 pounds.

Finally, we believe that eventually a car without a magnetic gear shift will be as obsolete as a car without an electric starter. Go to the Premier booth at any of the Shows this year, or to any Premier salesroom and—*ask for a Demonstration.*

Catalog of the new Premier Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift on request—Address Department B

Premier Motor Corporation, Indianapolis, USA

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(Concluded from Page 46)

livened some, but a glance would have Nadia weepy again. And Blue Eyes, who had Tessie on her lap, told me to beat it out and hunt for Logan.

"Say, you're a mighty fine, kind-hearted girl!" I says as she went to the door with me. "Busy as you are and botherin' with them little critters!"

"Poor babies, with their papa lost!" she says; and her eyes were sure sweet. "I love 'em all."

"And you like dogs, don't you?"

"Had four at home," she says. "We let 'em in the house too. Maybe you don't?"

"My old Dan and Polo got bunks as good as mine!"

"I think you got a pretty kind heart," she says.

And we stood there, talking so a fellow having eggs couldn't hear, while I told her where I had come from, and how I was starting back that night—and being called a bunk by old Hemitt.

"From Alaska!" she says thoughtfully. "If that isn't strange! I presumed you were from east of the mountains. For my part, I thought I'd do some marvelous things in the city—and I'm what they call a hasher!"

"Just so you're on the level, it's no matter. But are you really goin' to give up?"

She nodded, saying she was glad to; and I got my nerve up and says:

"Is there—some guy waitin', back there?"

She shook her head, blushing; and I kept looking and thinking, until I says:

"I want that address, Blue Eyes; and when I've sold my Group —— Do I git it?"

"You wouldn't positively have to sell the Group," she almost whispered.

I grabbed her hand, and the blue eyes looked at me; and Lucette, and such daffy notions, went out of my mind and stayed!

While I was nosing into Second Avenue hotels hunting the bars for Jim, it was like I could still feel her warm strong fingers inside mine.

Falling out of the Louvre Saloon, at eight o'clock, came Jim Logan.

"Hello, Griff! Con-con-gratul-grat'lations!" he says. "Some rustler, ol' kid! Some pro-pr'ter-pro-mo-ter, landin' Group down South!"

"You fat drunk mutt, come on to the folks, or I'll pack you on my back!" I growled, yanking him forward. "I ain't promoted nothin'. Dog-gone you, that woman ain't eaten while you been lushin' round here—nice way to put them kids into a fancy Outside school! Come on, I tell you!"

He mumbled about being sick; but, sick or not, I urged him toward Railroad Avenue, he begging for a slower pace, he was so dizzy.

"Did so pro-promote!" he says, blinking. "Ol' foxy Griff nailed bigges' bug 'f all—heard 'im tellin' in Sea-S'lattle Hotel lobby; goin' straight f'r Griffith—Group!"

"You dope, lay off it! Guess you mean me—I'm goin' back to the Group, though I'll work for wages first to pay my debt to you. I sail to-night."

"Na-naturally," he says with care, and set down in the street until I jerked him up.

Guys ought to glim themselves when boozed. I never had so much as a glass of beer in my life—it is poor truck, all of it. We was near the lunchroom when a heavy whistle roared through the still hot night—the Mariposa's port call, a long and a short. Half hour! I carried him then, for I had a lot to tell my blue-eyed girl. My heart was galloping as I pushed him in and looked for her.

"Where is she?" I says, staring at the owner, who was cooking over the range. "Name? I d'know it! Her in the blue dress—she said she'd wait."

"She quit to-night—went home," he says, grinning. "This is for you, hey? Told me to deliver it sure. Your friends are still in the back."

"There's a message?" I says; and my heart went on again.

I hardly noticed Nadia and the kids come swarming out at Jim, who had gone limp and hung over a stool, mumbling. One corner of the note, stuck under the string of the corset box, was heavy with some coins; and she had written:

"Have darted it in myself; and as it fits me it will her. It was too beautiful to waste and I had little time to shop; so here is your fifteen dollars, and I paid myself that ten. "FLORENCE MARIE STUART."

"Say, you're pale! Want a little shot o' liquor?" says the owner; but I couldn't answer—just leaned on the counter while he went on: "I think she's from prominent people; but she didn't let on where. She was excited to-night."

"You got no notion—her address?" I says faintly; and he says:

"No, old pal, I haven't; but if I had, dogged if you wouldn't get it from me! She had me goin' too; but she wouldn't look at me!"

Jim was hiccuping that he'd take the wife and kids to a grand hotel—ride in autos and elevators; see the big Smith building; and find that school.

"Ah, no, papa; we see hiyu plenty city! Three day no grub! I think I die maybe; an' I don't let my child'en go no school Outside. You want go 'way from mamma, Henry?"

The kids was both sniffling how they didn't like it any more than she.

"Up, papa! Griff, please ketchum road-house bill an' tell all thank you very much. Some day maybe they come our road house; we good to them too. Papa, take Tessie by hand—we goin' with Griff right now!"

"Oh, say! Without the swell clothes or seein' a thing!" I protested.

"I see hiyu plenty," she says, crying again.

The lunchroom man had fried a doughnut man for each kid. Another whistle roared—fifteen minutes! I gave one despairing look at that letter from the girl and ran the Logans to our Yesler Way hotel. I took Henry, my suit case and Jim's big hide warbag. Nadia had a bundle in one mitt and held to my coat with the other, and little Tessie harried the wabbly Jim with shrill orders. Heading through Railroad Avenue, we pushed down the dock.

"That's the five-minute one!" I says as a whistle nearly lifted the dock's roof.

So we was started, and a part of the crowd there was shouting to a bigger crowd on the pier. I was going North, and them hopes that had flared inside me withered into nothing—just aches! It didn't seem that honest eyes like hers could lie; but she hadn't waited. Her sense must have told her to side-step a big dub she had only knew a day.

"Wha's a' matter, Griff?" says Henry, who set on my shoulder.

"Oh, just misery, kid," I says; and wished I was little like him.

I turned, because Jim was wabbling toward the rail and Nadia was staring.

"Look, mother! That's him!" says Jim—"him I heard in the Sea-S'lattle Hotel, that's goin' —— Oh, my head!—goin' to the Group with Griff. Lounsberry!"

"Who?" I says; but it was just a whisper.

Up that plank, from which quartermasters were pulling hand ropes and stakes, calmly strode the gray guy from San Francisco. He had on a soft hat and a soft collar, and motioned off a steward who reached for two big grips. A small lady, in a swell plain dark suit and nice but not fussy hat, was with him, carrying a dispatch case and a fishing rod and two guns.

"Jim Logan," I says, "git your wits, if you got any left. Who is that guy?"

"Why, Lounsberry," he says, taking it slowly—"J. J. Lounsberry, managin'—managin' d'rector them great Nevada—Utah an' Ari-Arizona prop'ties. His people's takin' up gold ground now. Tol' reporter goin' up—visit his frien' Griffith; an' crew comin' do ten-day samplin'. Crew next boat. But you know 'im, Griff!"

"I never thought of the copper people," I muttered. "No letterin' on his window! Goin' to my Group!"

They cast off. No more women, now, for me—and I had seen her in the camp in my valley! My mind had been laying out the next fifty years for us.

Because I'm tall, Lounsberry seen me over all the other heads, and he yelled:

"Hey, there! Hello, Griff!"

"Hello, yourself!" I says.

And, seeing him coming, my old heart began to pound; for if his men sampled the Group he'd go South with a Northern property, because he couldn't turn it down! I had a mine up there on the mountain!

"Oh, Nadia!" I says. "Why—why couldn't you begged an' prayed that blue-eyed girl to just wait till I could get back?"

"Come down more," says Nadia; and she was giggling as I bent. "Griff, that girl she live in Afognak, to the westward of us; an' her on this ship, goin' home! What you think of that?"

The lighted hills got black and then grew light again before it got to me. Then I says:

"She won't never get there!" And she didn't.

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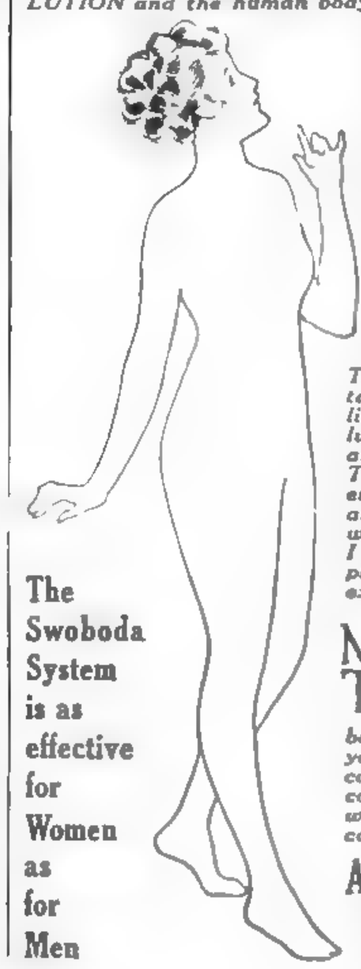

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WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

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THE GOLD TOKEN

(Concluded from Page 15)

She had touched the wrong string. She marveled at the dexterity of his overlarge spongy hands with the cards, and was silent for a long while.

"Do you mind if I talk?" she asked at length.

"No," he said without looking up.

"Something you said at breakfast this morning has puzzled me greatly. We had been talking of labor waste as the only form of absolute waste in the world, and you said—I think I have it exactly—you said that, as the people who were ultimately to be most benefited by labor-saving devices had always and stubbornly resisted them, so now they were opposed to the gold-money standard. I don't see that."

Before answering her he put down the cards, lighted a terrific cigar, held it at half arm's length, and waved it gently to achieve a certain effect in spiral blue smoke.

"You can see that money at all is a labor-saving device?"

"With a little thought I might," said Helen. "The idea is new to me."

"People," he said slowly, "are continually engaged in producing and exchanging goods. A man who has produced a thousand bushels of wheat more than he needs for his own consumption wishes to exchange it, let us say, for cloth, of which another man has produced a surplus that he will be willing to exchange for wheat. Without money in general use, those two would have to make physical contact. That would entail a needless expenditure of time and labor. It is more complicated. The man who has a surplus of wheat does not wish to exchange all of it for cloth—no more than the other wishes to exchange all of his cloth for wheat. Each produces a surplus of one thing to be exchanged for a variety of other things. Now we invent money. It is simply a labor-saving convenience, universally adopted among civilized people—a thing of small bulk in which the exchange value of all things is instantly expressed."

"Yes; I see it now," said Helen.

"Then, if we admit that money of any kind is a labor-saving device, does it not logically follow that, as between several kinds of money, we should choose the greatest labor saver?"

"That is ——" said Helen.

"A ton of gold will do the work of eighteen tons of silver. The cost of moving a ton of gold from place to place is no greater than the cost of moving a ton of silver."

"I should never have thought of money like that," said Helen.

"It is a simple question of tools. So long as our competitor countries, or most of them, used the silver-money tool, it did not matter; but as all the countries with which we really compete have adopted the more efficient money tool, which is gold, we cannot afford to continue using silver.

"In 1873 the German Empire, having gained command of a large supply of money by extorting a huge war indemnity from France, proceeded to reform her monetary system. She adopted the gold tool. That displaced a large amount of silver from circulation in Germany, which, offered for sale on the world's silver market, caused the price of silver to fall. Then the Latin Union—France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and Greece—abandoned the inefficient money tool and ceased to coin the five-franc silver piece. That caused silver to fall more. It is clear that, if we are to hold our own with Europe in the world's trade, we too shall have to work with the money of highest efficiency."

"Yes," said Helen.

"The larger and the more valuable the exchanges that take place between people," he said, "the more important it is. You can judge the capacity and prosperity of a people by the money with which they work. The poorest country in the world is probably Korea. The Koreans produce hardly any more than suffices for their own consumption. An individual income of four or five dollars a month is thought large. For their exchange, as you might suppose, they use the least efficient metal money known in the civilized world. It is nominally copper, but really a kind of spelter—five hundred pieces to the dollar.

"Imagine trying to conduct the exchanges of a great nation with money like that! What a waste of labor and time it would mean! If cheap money could make people prosperous the Koreans ought to be the most prosperous people in the world."

That finished the exposition. Leaving Helen to her digestion of it, he returned to his solitaire.

"People talk emotionally about a thing they imperfectly understand," she said. "That was what impressed me most this evening. Why not give wide publicity to the simple explanation you have made to me? It is very convincing."

"Nobody would believe it," said Cæsar shortly. "It's too obvious. A labor-saving device must win on its sheer utility, as this one will."

"You are sure of the outcome, then?"

"Absolutely! We had only to keep the country gold-solvent until election. That was provided for to-day. Here; look at this! It's probably the finest collection of its kind in the world." He handed to her from the table a beautifully printed foreign catalogue of rare tapestries, and went on with his solitaire.

"It must be almost priceless," said Helen after ten minutes.

His game just then came out successfully. He pushed the card table from him and said:

"It is. I bought it this afternoon."

As they were leaving the library together, the extension telephone instrument on the table sounded an alarm. Helen, being nearest, picked it up at a nod of permission from Cæsar.

"One of your young men wants to speak to you," she said, putting the instrument down and holding out the receiver to him.

Cæsar impatiently put the receiver to his ear. "Who is it?" he asked.

A voice answered:

"It is Postgate. I ——"

Cæsar banged the receiver up.

That was the only way in which Sammy could hope ever to reach the ear of Cæsar again. It had failed. Very well! He would show even Cæsar that he could be dangerous. He went early to the bank the next morning and cleared his desk of private papers. Then he went and took a desk in the office of his broker; and at ten o'clock he waited, as everybody else did, to see the stock market fall into a terrible panic.

That did not happen. The market opened weak, rallied, and closed strong. It was rumored again that the house of Cæsar was buying stocks. The broker asked Sammy, who said he didn't care who bought stocks; the country was "busted!"

On the next day Samuel Postgate published a demonstration of the statistical bankruptcy of the United States. It was presented as the work of the foreign-exchange expert of one of the great international banking houses. It produced a sensation and caused speculators to sell a lot of stocks; but they sold them all to Cæsar.

The wall of silver ruin and bankruptcy, thought to be like granite and a thousand feet thick, was only a sheet of brown paper, and Cæsar had poked his finger through it at the psychological moment. The cause of silver was lost on the second Tuesday of the next November, but the cause of gold had already been won on the day he formed a pool to sell one hundred million dollars of foreign credit, to be remitted to Europe in lieu of gold. It was purely psychological.

Nobody wanted gold to hoard if he was sure he could get it, and the line of people, with greenbacks, at the United States Subtreasury dissolved. Cæsar's pool never sold so much as ten million dollars of foreign credit. Confidence was restored by daring. Europe never wanted to be paid off in gold, or at all—provided she could be; she was willing to take dividend and interest bearing securities instead of gold. And she took so many more of these than was necessary to pay our debt abroad, and so many goods besides, that, even before Sammy had lost the whole of his fifty thousand dollars, treasure ships were arriving at New York instead of leaving.

Postgate became, then, a customer's man in a broker's office and received a salary for advising other people how to speculate.

And, otherwise, it was as the old cashier had said: Other physical traces of that crisis have been effaced and people have forgotten how silly they were; but to this day strangers in Wall Street, who notice everything, pass the United States Subtreasury, look at the bronze figure of George Washington, and wonder why the man who started to clean it up, and got as far as the knees, never finished his job.

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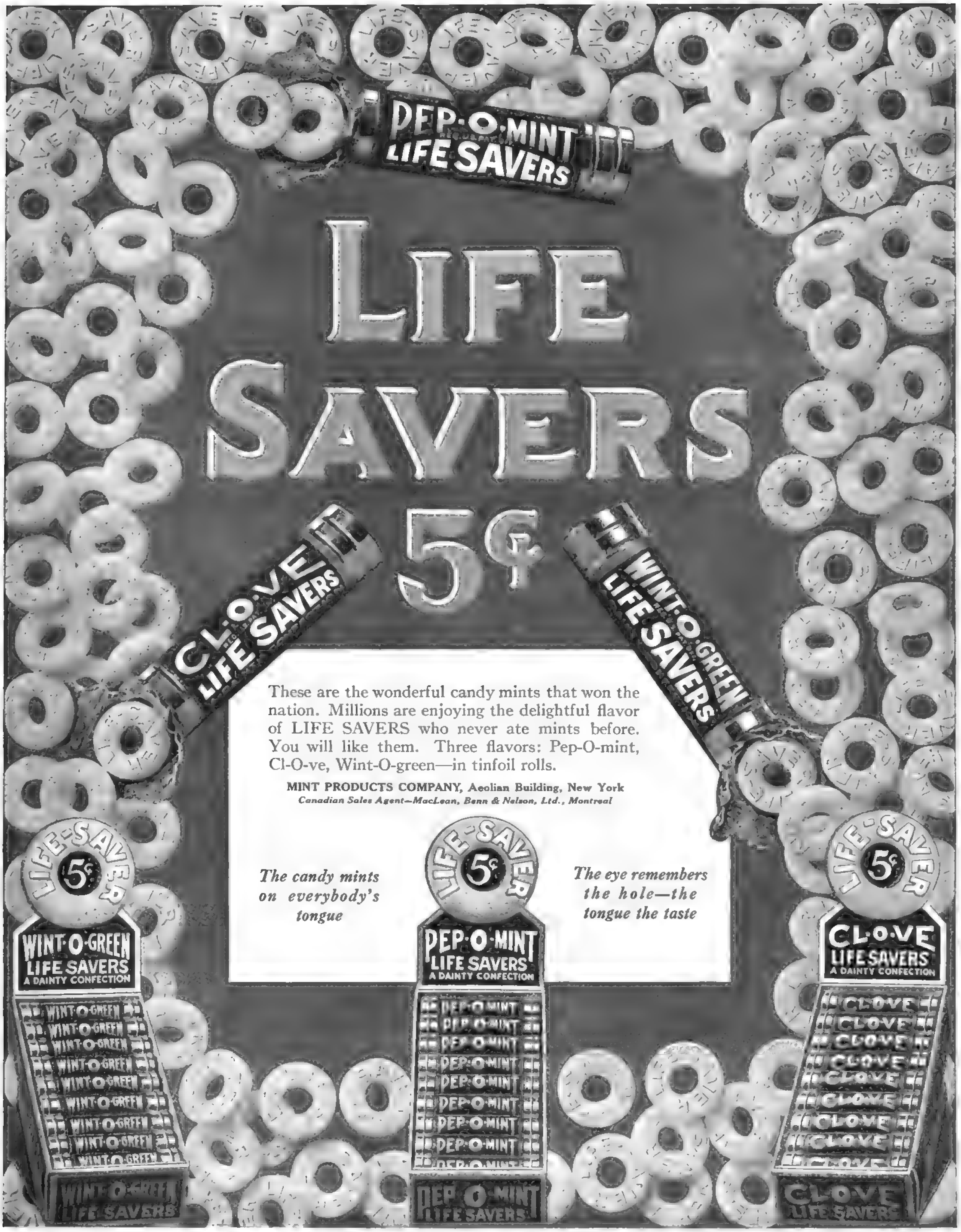
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PUTTING ON PERCIVAL

(Continued from Page 17)

glasses and meek, thick braids, and from these prejudicing attributes Percival's eyes wandered to a little girl with taffy-colored hair and bright china-blue eyes.

In some strange fashion, however, he always had to dance with Becky. And as the frustrated little figure, in its shiny black pumps and white kid gloves, guided the grateful Becky through the waltz the nurses in the hall, peeping through the open doorway—each of the class had, of course, to be brought and taken away by a nurse—whispered among themselves: "I suppose they'll marry when they grow up."

As for parties, both Percival and his sisters gave many of these. On the evening of Percival's eighth birthday, for example, thirty little boys and girls arrived at the Fifth Avenue mansion under convoy of their respective nurses. For the occasion, the gardener of the Oaktops Estate had sent in several hundred dollars' worth of flowers; men in livery served the refreshments to the tiny guests; a small orchestra was there for dancing; and for a fee of one hundred dollars a specialist in children's entertainment devised games and put on a Punch and Judy Show.

From his corner of the room Mr. Agley Rasher viewed with undisguised dismay those thirty small faces, waiting for their amusement to be laid out for them.

"Just like their elders—always have to have a bunch of Metropolitan singers or a few cabaret artists cutting up for them," thought he. "No wonder these rich people never learn to amuse themselves."

Presently he voiced these sentiments to Miss Finch.

"Too much of the shredded stuff," murmured he.

"I beg pardon?" said this lady.

"I mean to say," said the young tutor, "that I don't believe in this elaborate sort of thing for children. Look at Percival now," and his eyes followed the staid, immaculate little figure in its Tuxedo coat; "he'd have a good deal better chance of getting some resources of his own if he were jumping round, saying 'Come on; let's play charades.'"

Miss Finch looked at Mr. Agley Rasher with the equivocal expression of one admiring a sunset from a barbed-wire fence. If only his chin had not been nipped out in exactly the right place these views of his would have been even more uncomfortable.

After he had been in the Fifth Avenue house for several weeks Mr. Rasher laid out a course of reading for his charge. "If he can't meet anybody in real life except his own set, let him meet them in books," was the line on which he moved. And he gave the eight-year-old boy David Copperfield.

Rasher Does His Best

Percival read thirstily of the little boy of Blunderstone Rookery, and it was plain that he considered David's misfortunes almost a privilege. Looking up one day from the chapter that tells of the hero's vicarious meal at Canterbury, Percival said:

"Gee, only my age and doing all those things by himself!" He gazed dreamily into space for a moment and then looked up suddenly. "I say, Mr. Rasher," he asked, "do things ever happen to rich boys?"

Mr. Rasher gazed curiously at his charge. It was the first time he had ever heard him allude to his wealth.

"Who told you that you were rich, Percival?"

"Why, nobody at all; but I must be, you see, because if I weren't I'd be living like boys in books."

Yes; in spite of Miss Finch's care that no reference to money should ever occur, Percival had drawn his own conclusions. How could he otherwise, indeed? Mr. Rasher thought he would have been very stupid not to have done so; in fact, he had always sniffed at the tale of a friend of his who had been tutor to the very richest little boy in America.

"Would you believe it!" had related this friend in support of his contention that rich children of wise parents were brought up in absolute unconsciousness of their surroundings: "That boy smashed his camera one day and came running up to me. 'Oh,' cried he, 'I've broken it, and where shall I ever get enough money to buy a new one?'"

"Humph!" had snorted Mr. Rasher. "His powers of observation must have been limited."

"Well, yes, Percival"—and the tutor turned his tidy profile about—"you are rich—that's true."

"What am I going to do about it, anyway? How am I ever going to get a chance to fight or—or do anything?"

Percival looked at Mr. Rasher appealingly. Already he had commenced to love the tall young man with the chin clipped out in just the right way and the kind hazel eyes. Like Freda, Mr. Rasher was someone with whom you could talk. He hung now on his answer.

"Oh," responded the tutor cheerfully, "there are lots of rich boys who have done things—got famous, you know."

Percival's face lighted up.

"Who are they?" he asked.

Mr. Rasher looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," said he; "time for you to dress for dinner now. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make out a list of rich boys who have done things, and have it for you to-morrow."

Rich Boys Who Made Good

With this promise, the boy departed for his room. Beyond the studiously draped curtains of red and black he found Tompkins laying out his Tuxedo coat, his dress shirt and his pumps.

"My bath ready, Tompkins?" asked he.

"Yes, Mr. Percival; and I shall wait 'ere to 'elp you get into your things."

Since Grunwald's departure the fourth-floor footman had valeted Percival; and his services for the boy differed in no wise from those he would have performed for a grown-up man. Each morning and evening he drew Percival's bath; each morning and evening he laid out his proper clothes. After a suit was taken off he took it downstairs, cleaned and pressed it. In similar fashion the shoes were gathered up each evening, cleaned, and returned in the morning.

Nor were Tompkins' duties by any means trivial. Percival's wardrobe now cost an annual sum of several thousand dollars. A boy's tailor made him suits costing anywhere from thirty-five to fifty dollars, and overcoats costing seventy-five. His shirts, of specially selected materials, were made to order at twelve dollars each; his neckties were all of the finest silk; and a bootmaker made his various boots and shoes. Then, too, his varied activities had to be met by many types of costume. There were riding togs and tennis togs and sports clothes; there was a lightweight Tuxedo suit for summer and another for winter; there were several long-trousered and short-jacketed Eton suits, and any number of overcoats. The truth of it was, in fact, that the wardrobe of this miniature society man was little less fitful and expensive than that of his father.

The next day Mr. Rasher appeared in the nursery with his reviving list of rich boys. He had half a dozen or so names, ranging from that of Marcus Aurelius to young Van Rensselaer, the last of the Dutch patroons. In between were set Frederick Barbarossa, Henry the Fifth, of England, and that clever de' Medici boy, son of the rich old Lorenzo, who, afterward Pope Leo X, became a cardinal at fourteen. For days the tutor entertained Percival with tales of these youths. To them the boy listened greedily; but to any personal application of their success he constantly demurred.

"But, Mr. Rasher," he protested, "those boys all had countries they could rule over, or something like that; and there were Crusades going on, and all sorts of fights. Look at that Henry the Fifth—how he got into battles when he was only thirteen or so. Miss Finch would never let me get into a battle—now you know she wouldn't!"

The picture of the half-buttoned English lady bundling her charge into a limousine and sending him off to the field of battle with a tutor and a nurse tugged at the corners of Mr. Rasher's mouth.

"Well," said he, "perhaps not. But you can go into politics, you know—be a governor, or something like that."

Meantime Percival's two sisters had gone on their several ways of development. Marian was graduating from school the following year, and Hildegarde was now away at one of those easy-going schools in the country where horseback riding was the main feature of the curriculum.

The wisdom of this last step had been revealed by an examination given Hildegarde.

"Write me," said the teacher, "the twelve things you are sure you know."

In response to this Hildegarde had submitted a list commencing with Longfellow's Psalm of Life and ending in this piece of pure empiricism: A cockroach!

"Whatever can she mean by that?" wondered the teacher.

At last a light dawned on her. The science class had been responsible for it. Here Hildegarde had been asked to give an examination of this insect worthy of his position as a leading orthopterous citizen.

The result of this was that her father and Miss Finch decided to let her follow her natural bent, which was—briefly—a horse.

Yet Hildegarde was not a representative rich girl. She would have been just as likely to happen in any circle of life. The only proof needed of this fact was the high standing of her sister Marian. Marian, who was now sixteen, was, in fact, the kind of pupil who inspired her teachers to say: "The rich girl in our classrooms is just as interested and alert and resourceful as the girl who is brought up in a less guarded atmosphere."

Though, together with her maid and the one remaining governess, Mademoiselle Cauchois, the older Van Hook girl still lived on the fourth floor, she was already being trained for her flights into the outer world. This training came largely in the schoolgirl luncheons, which from time to time she was permitted to give in the big downstairs dining room. Here the girl was intrusted with the privilege of selecting her floral decorations, with the supervision of the menu and the seating of her guests.

In making out her lists for luncheons Marian always had conflicts with Miss Finch.

"What!" said the deputy mother one day, when looking over the list of guests invited to one of these luncheons. "You're not going to invite that Grafter girl, are you? What do you think of that, Mrs. Dulcimer?" And she turned to that militant lady, now staying in the house.

"Grafter!" screamed the old society leader. "Those dreadful people whose grandfather kept a pastry shop! Why, of course Marian can't have her! I declare these schools nowadays are nothing but derricks to pull *nouveau-riche* parents into society. Those Grafters have tried everything else and failed; and now this! Woodticks—just worming themselves in!"

Marian's supreme battle came, however, when she announced her intention of going to college.

"What!" exclaimed her father, looking dazed, as though she had just said she was going to a Tibetan monastery. "Oh, come now, Marian; what do you want to do that for? Well, well; see your grandmother."

The grandmother echoed Mr. Van Hook.

"What put such a notion as this into your head?" asked she.

"Because," said the seventeen-year-old girl, "I want to have an interest in life—not just this empty society round."

"Empty!" ejaculated Mrs. Dulcimer. "My life's been just about as empty as an automobile at a football game."

"But I want it to be filled with other kinds of things."

Grandmotherly Diplomacy

The old lady looked at her with her polished onyx eyes. In her long and successful career of keeping other people from doing what they most wanted to do she had learned one fast principle—always to yield the future. She wrapped it up now and handed it to Marian.

"Very well," said she gently, after a long silence; "I'll let you go to college—— Just wait; there's a condition: I'll let you go if you promise to come out next November."

The girl gave the promise with a light heart—one year was not very long to wait, after all. At eighteen, therefore, Marian made her début, and that same autumn Percival was sent away to school. The two events were about equally significant.

When it came time to leave, Mr. Rasher put out his hand and looked solemnly down into the boy's face.

"Good-by, Percival," said he. "Don't forget me, or what I've told you about those rich boys who made good."

The boy could not speak. He only gave one long look at the well-molded chin and the clear hazel eyes. It was as though he were committing to heart the beloved landmarks of a familiar scene, which he now might merely visit again. Freda, and now Mr. Rasher! It was too much. And the little ten-year-old boy, whose loves had all been salaried, whose communions were scattered like pollen before the wind, went to his room and cried. It was no wonder that already he had a deep conviction of the perishability of all relationships.

The school to which he was sent was one of the most fashionable of such institutions. This meant that it was one of the most simple. Pupils here were not permitted to have either motor or saddle horse. Even the democratic bicycle and canoe were tolerated only by special permission. All the boys were forbidden to leave the school boundaries. They could not go home for Thanksgiving; and even the legendary boxes from home were restricted to fruit.

Taken away from the stimulating curtains, removed from the ministrations of Tompkins, Percival slept now in a tiny room not much larger than a ship's cabin and curtained from that of his neighbor by a mere scrap of most "unimaginative" cretonne. For the first time in his life the boy now dressed himself and drew his own bath. Indeed, the sole relics of past pomp were the tortoise-shell toilet things, crested and initialed, with which Tompkins had stuffed his bag.

Percival Goes to School

Mr. Agley Rasher had cherished some hope of what Simpgelt might do for Percival; and, in a way, the hope was well founded. The school insisted upon a satisfactory scholarship. Its enrollment included a number of boys from families of comparative poverty. And in the classrooms absolutely no discrimination was made between poor boy and rich boy.

Mr. Rasher, however, had not counted on certain subtle discriminations. He had not counted, for one thing, on Mrs. Huckster Bluesang.

This lady, the wife of the head master, was round and dark, and as sweet as a chocolate cream; and she passed herself to only a favored few of the school's pupils.

Percival was doomed to be one of these few. When he was first received in Mrs. Bluesang's apartments she was standing on a handsome Bokhara rug, given to her by the richest member of last year's graduating class, and immediately in front of a vase of orchids, given to her by this year's wealthiest sixth-form man.

"And so this is Percival Dulcimer Van Hook!" dripped the lady, taking the boy's hand. "We are glad to have you, Percival; and I'm sure you are going to like it here."

"Yes, Mrs. Bluesang; I am sure I am," replied the well-bred little rich boy.

"I'll tell you what to do next Sunday—you come over to see me and we'll have a good time. I have a collection of butterflies that all my boys love—you like butterflies, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Bluesang," responded Percival enthusiastically; and the following Sunday he went.

When he got back to his corridor he dropped into the little room adjoining his. This was occupied by Norman Maldoon, an eleven-year-old boy from one of the New England cities. The son of a physician of that place, he had been brought up in comparative poverty; and the tuition at Simpgelt of one thousand dollars a year represented a great deal of pinching on the part of his parents.

"Where have you been?" asked Norman, turning round from his little chiffonier.

"Over at Mrs. Bluesang's. Why weren't you there? Say, she's got the daisiest collection of butterflies!"

The other boy gave his red hair a savage sleek. Norman's brushes were not real tortoise shell. They were celluloid and shabby.

"Why wasn't I there!" he repeated sneeringly. "Say, who do you think I am? My father isn't worth any fifty millions."

"Is mine?" asked Percival, turning wide-eyed to his neighbor.

"Oh, come now; quit your kidding! Don't tell me you don't know."

"Honest!" said Percival, and he stared in bewilderment at that archipelago of freckles. "Who told you so?" he asked.

"Why, hasn't it been in the newspapers right straight along?—all about your thousand dollar party last Christmas; and the tree that had to be grown for you special,

(Concluded on Page 56)

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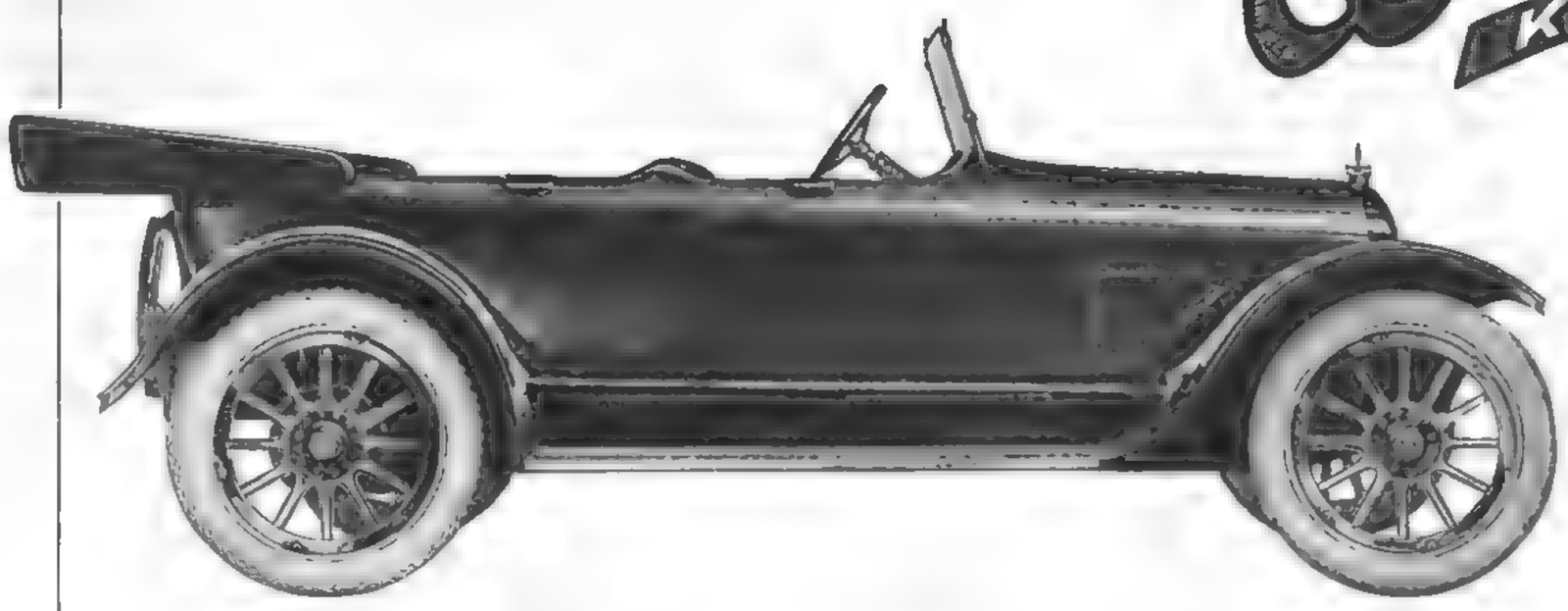
Willys KNIGHT



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WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight $1950

Seven Passenger Touring

Willys-Knight Four Coupé	$1650
Willys-Knight Four Touring	$1285
Willys-Knight Four Limousine	$1950
Willys-Knight Four Sedan	$1950

f. o. b. Toledo

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Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Light Four

Five Passenger Touring

$665

f. o. b. Toledo

Specifications

Wheelbase 106 inches

4 cylinder en bloc motor with Helical Gear Camshaft Drive

42 inch Cantilever rear Springs

Auto-Lite Electric Starting and Lighting system

4 inch tires—non skid rear

Tillotson Carburetor

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A Complete Line of Automobiles

All New Values

From your point of view this announcement is most important.

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This achievement, in a word, is the completion of our gigantic organization to a point where we could make and market a complete line of automobiles under one head.

One executive organization,
—*one* factory management,
—*one* purchasing unit,
—*one* sales expense,
—*one* group of dealers plan, produce and sell the entire line.

Buying power is concentrated. Costs are distributed over all these cars. The savings are enormous.

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Every car is built to a rigid standard of performance, comfort and appearance.

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It has good style—built low with harmonious and full sweeping body lines. It is a beautiful car in every sense of the word.

The motor is powerful, quiet and of sturdy construction. The turning radius is short. The car has a quick acceleration and is built to tour safely and comfortably from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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Yet this is but one of the new Willys-Overland values.

Never before have the economies of vast production been available for buyers of every class of car.

And the Overland Policy of greater production, higher quality, lower price is exemplified in every model and type.

The Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio

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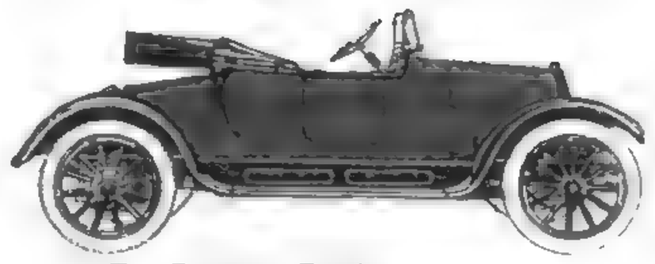
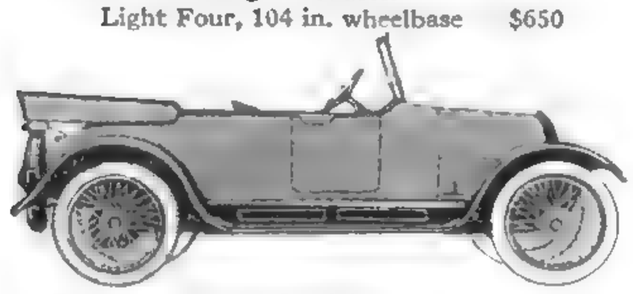
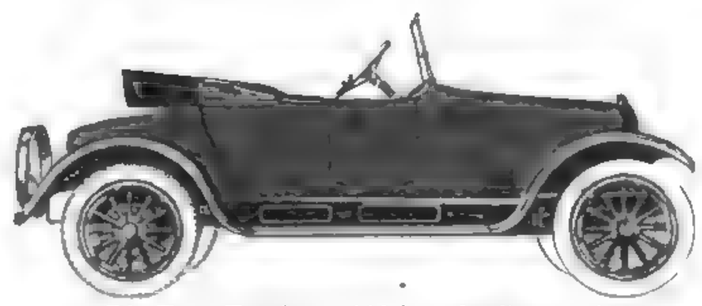


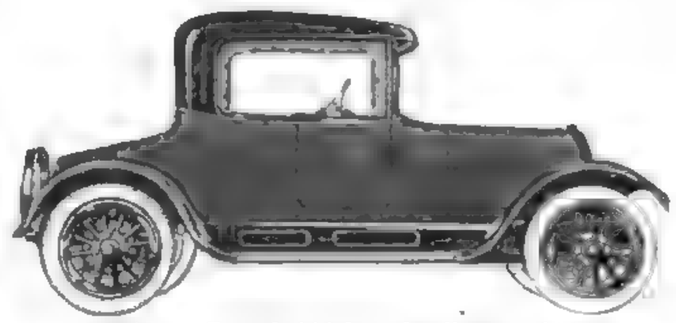
Two Passenger Roadster
Light Four, 104 in. wheelbase $650



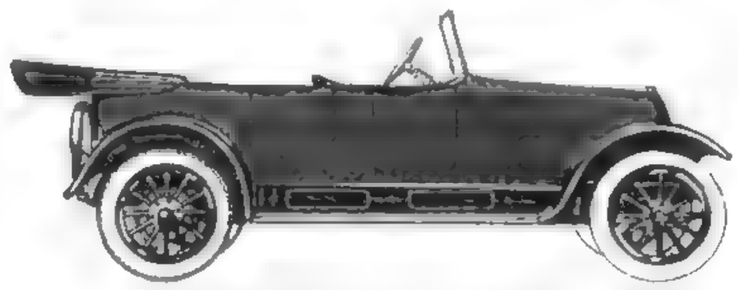
Four Seater Sport Model
The Country Club, 104 in. wheelbase $750



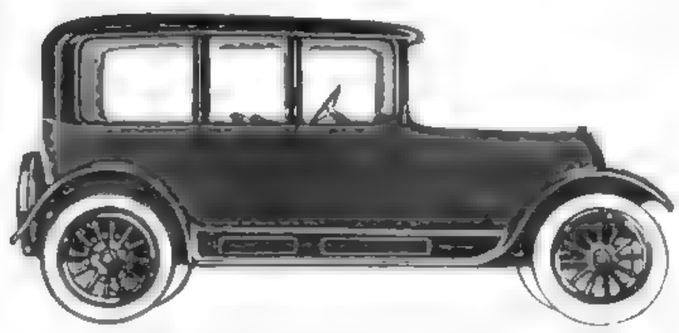
Big Four Roadster, 112 in. wheelbase $835
Light Six Roadster, 116 in. wheelbase $970



Big Four Coupé, 112 in. wheelbase $1250
Light Six Coupé, 116 in. wheelbase $1385



Big Four Touring, 112 in. wheelbase $850
Light Six Touring, 116 in. wheelbase $985



Big Four Sedan, 112 in. wheelbase $1450
Light Six Sedan, 116 in. wheelbase $1585

All prices f. o. b. Toledo

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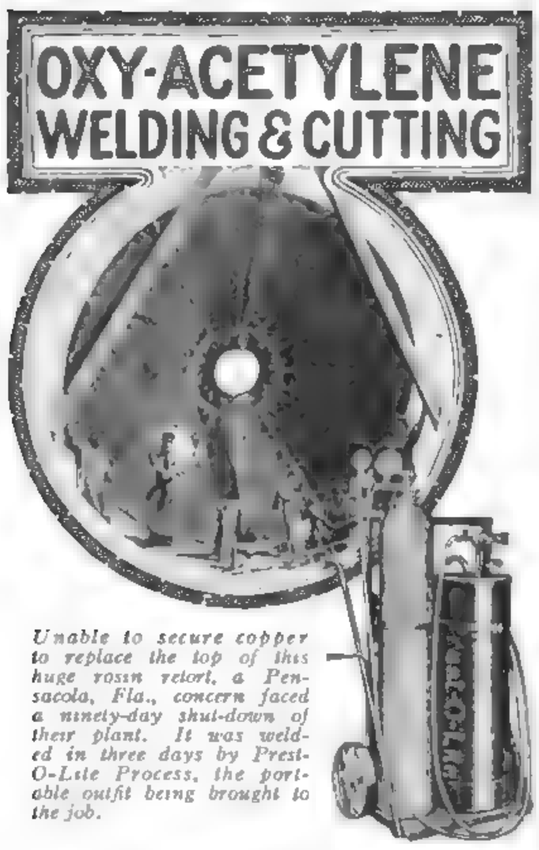

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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

(Concluded from Page 52)

up in Vermont; and the moving pictures you gave that night, which cost five hundred dollars; and all the expensive things you gave to your guests!" Each item came out with a whack of the brush. Norman was like the *tricoteuses* of the French Revolution, bookkeeping with their needles in aristocratic heads. "And how about that five-thousand-dollar cradle of yours they hunted all over Europe for? Do your six nurses and governesses and tutors still rock you to sleep in that?"

The well-bred little rich boy left the ill-bred little poor boy with an overwhelming bewilderment. They wrote about him in the newspapers! Perhaps boys and girls in Japan and Finland knew about him and his Christmas parties! What was that Mr. Rasher had said about being famous—why, here he was famous already, and without lifting a hand! And through the bewilderment ran a dizzy sensation of triumph. The preëminence all boys love was here, already prepared for him.

The breadth and depth of the triumph were all the greater because of their unexpectedness. Mingling heretofore entirely with children of his own class, he had never been the object of particular attention. At Bailey's Beach and Miss Leapton's everybody else had much the same apportionment as his own. The question of how much he was really worth had never entered his head. It had certainly never occurred to him that mere money could make him a hero.

In the course of the next few weeks, however, he was to be converted more and more to the general impressiveness of millions. One occasion, in particular, stamped him deeply. This was an incident arising from Simpgelt's rule to the effect that boys in the lower forms should not be given more than a quarter a week for spending money.

One Monday morning Percival, in company with Norman Maldoon, walked up to the head master for his allotment. Just in front of them a boy of twelve—Quentin Millrick, whom Percival had known all his life—was in conversation with Mr. Bluesang.

"Here you are, Quentin," said the head master finally; "here's your quarter."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, Mr. Bluesang," retorted the boy; "keep it for the canary bird's seed. I think I can get by on this." And, pulling from his pocket a thick roll of yellow-backed bills, he walked away.

"Gee!" remarked Norman to Percival some moments later. "Think of having all that money!" It was plain that he was dazzled, and Percival felt that his own prestige was endangered.

"How much is Quentin Millrick's father worth?" asked he suddenly of Norman as they walked over the campus.

The $100,000 Débutante

"Oh, 'bout ninety millions, I guess," said the careful tabulator of figures.

Percival felt, more than ever, that he had been beaten at his own game. He would write home for one of those sheaves of bills to show Norman Maldoon. And that moment there was born in the boy that competition in lavishness which was fostered by all his later associations.

When he arrived home that Christmas his sister Marian had been formally presented to society. This event had been highly endowed. The débutante's clothes, including an eight-thousand-dollar set of furs, a one-thousand-dollar wrap, and six sets of underclothes, made by Docile at two hundred dollars for each set, had cost twenty thousand dollars. Even more than this, too, had been expended on the great Arabian Nights' Ball which marked her entrance into society. This affair, like that of every fashionable and wealthy débutante, was given at Madeira's; and its background was tastefully composed of rugs, tapestries and Metropolitan singers.

For the Christmas celebration the Van Hook family always went to their country place on the Hudson. This year, as Percival sat down to the family dinner he looked curiously at his sister Marian.

"Is it true," asked he, "that father gave you a fifty-thousand-dollar string of pearls when you came out?"

"Why, Percival," cried Miss Finch, "what a vulgar thing to ask! Who told you such a thing?"

"Oh," said he carelessly, "a boy at our school; he read that Marian was called the hundred-thousand-dollar débutante. Tell me, Marian"—and he turned to his sister eagerly—"did you cost more than Quentin Millrick's sister?"

Marian gave a little laugh. She was now a lovely looking girl of eighteen, with the glossy gold and brown tints of a violin. To this resemblance the small head on the long throat, the slender line of the waist and the bounding curve of the body gave a final persuasion. And Marian was like a violin. She could be tuned to any key. Just as she had been absorbed by the life at school, she was plainly vibrating now to her new surroundings. Already the competitions and exhilarations of wealth were claiming her, just as they were claiming Percival. Her old grandmother had risked nothing in giving her the future.

Marian's adaptability was not by any means a chance thing. It was the product of a system of acceptance. All her life she had had education, amusement and travel laid out before her. It was not strange that now, when life offered her an unworthy and trivial program, she should prove just as tractable. In the close-companioned, dependent and weakening childhood of this system was found the reason why Mrs. Van Hook had submitted to her mother's will in giving up the young diplomat with whom she had been in love. It was equally responsible for Percival's easy acceptances.

Money, Money, Everywhere

During the next few years, it is true, Simpgelt showed no records of any failure on the part of the boy. There he was known as a fine, unassuming little chap, who was a good student and entered briskly into all the school activities. In spite of this fact, there was growing up more and more in the boy a consciousness of his separation from the rest of the world. This was particularly emphasized by his association with Norman Maldoon.

One day, when the boy was thirteen and in the third form at Simpgelt, he looked in at his neighbor pounding away at Cæsar's campaigns.

"I say, Norman," he asked curiously, "what are you going to do when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer, first of all; but then I'm going into some big business. There's more chance to make money in business, father says."

Percival looked at the freckled face rather enviously.

"You want to make money?" asked he.

"Sure, I do!" He looked up at Percival. "What are you going to do?"

Percival looked rather vague.

"Oh," said he, remembering Mr. Rasher, "I don't know—I guess I'll be a politician."

"Betcha you never do a thing!" And the redhead stared up maliciously.

"Betcha I do!"

"What's the use? If I were as rich as you I'd never turn my hand."

In these first years the rich boy tried hard to keep the memory of Henry the Fifth and Frederick Barbarossa before him. They, too, had been blighted by money. Somehow, though, that was different. In those days people were fighting battles with money for something else. Here at Simpgelt all the poor boys were fighting, like Norman Maldoon, for money, and money alone. There was no Holy Land to restore; no kingdom to extend. And to battle for some vague ideal was much like fighting for a basket ball when everybody else was engaged in a scrimmage for a football. Such solitary aspirations were certainly the last thing for which his whole life—his life of being with somebody—had prepared him.

So, though he still had the desire to make something of himself, the boy somehow felt outside the combat. There was nothing to do but compete in lavishness with those boys whose background was the same as his own. As the result of this, Percival found himself at fifteen in possession of two cars—one closed and the other open—a special chauffeur; a motor boat, with a captain to run it; a sailboat, with a man to sail it; a valet; and some thousands of dollars' worth of clothes.

During the summer that he was fifteen Quentin Millrick, now one of his best friends, came to visit him; and in his honor Percival arranged a party for twenty boys and girls, all of whom were to motor over from neighboring estates.

"What are you going to give them?" asked Quentin when Percival was making the arrangements.

"Why, must I give them something? I hadn't thought of it."

"Oh, I'd give 'em some little trifle—the whole thing oughtn't to cost you more than four hundred. That's about all I spent on a party last week; just gave the girls card-cases and the fellows gold stickpins—that's all."

"But," stammered Percival, "I've overdrawn my allowance something fierce and I don't believe father would stand for it."

"That's easy," said Quentin cheerfully; "just go up to town and order them, and charge them to the office. Your father will never even notice it."

Percival hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, come now, Perc," urged his friend, "don't be such a boob! Say, I pulled a good one off on mother the other day. I asked her for seventy-five dollars, to go into town with Old Beetles, my new tutor; and—say, there wasn't a thing we didn't do, from the roofs down to Marie Doro's eyelashes! Right straight along Old Beetles had been footing the bills, and when we got home he asked me for the seventy-five. 'Not on your life!' says I. 'You'll get that over my dead body—no other way. You can just charge that up to the office.' Wasn't that a good one?"

Before this courageous and crafty Greek, how could the memory of Mr. Rasher prevail, any more than the faded rose in your album against the brand-new June? Mr. Rasher and Freda—both of these affections of the boy were pressed flowers, that was the trouble. They represented only isolated and solitary roses—not the garden of family affection, blooming on from one phase of development to another. And in the lack of that steady and accompanying source of affection and ideals the boy's will tumbled. He pressed the button there in his bedroom. The competition in lavishness was on.

The Grafter Girl Wins

Nobody came in response to the bell. He rang again—furiously, petulantly. At last one of the footmen appeared.

"Order Stiles," said he; "I want to go into town."

"Yes, Mr. Percival," replied the man, in his summer livery of whipcord. "The open car, of course, sir?"

"Of course."

A few moments afterward Miss Finch came into the room where the two boys were talking.

"Percival," said she severely, "I wish you wouldn't ring the bells so furiously. It makes such confusion. I've told you about it often."

The sulky-looking boy stared at her insolently:

"And I've told you often that I think we've got the slowest servants in New York. Why don't you get somebody who hasn't housemaid's knee?"

After that the boys motored into town and charged five hundred dollars' worth of gifts for the party. On their return they found the house in confusion. Even as they drove up to the door, in fact, both of Percival's sisters—now married to wealthy men—ran out between the two footmen.

"Oh, Percival," cried Marian, "we've just had such frightful news—a cablegram from father ——"

"Dead?" asked Percival stoically.

"Married!" shrieked both sisters; and they drew him into the living room.

"Married!" he gasped. "Who to?"

"That dreadful Grafter girl!" said Marian—"the one I used to go to school with. Grandmother was always fighting me about having her to luncheons; she said she was a dreadful climber."

"If she hadn't been she never would have married father," commented Hildegarde pleasantly. "Past fifty, and with that red face and fat tummy!"

"Why, she's young, then!" Percival's face grew white. "She'll have ——"

"Of course," said Hildegarde; "a warren of them!"

"Tough luck, old man!" said Millrick, grinning from the corner. "Never mind; you'll probably get the most of it—eldest son, you know. They don't generally like to cut the estate up into breakfast food."

"You don't know father, then," said Percival; "he's a regular fool! Anybody can get round him—can't they, Hildegarde?"

"Indeed they can!" chimed in both girls.

"Well," said Percival, "I'm done for!" And, with the tremendous rage of having his competition in lavishness suddenly cut short, he stalked out of the room.

It was for this noble emotion that the Sforza cradle, the careful nurses, the deputy mother, the Persian forms, the numerous lessons and the guarded atmosphere had preserved Percival Dulcimer Van Hook.

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THE NEW ENGLISHWOMAN

(Continued from Page 22)

That is one of the reasons why the improvement and care of child life has interested me so much; for infants are the potential citizens upon whom England will have to depend in her period of reconstruction."

Lord Northcliffe, who before the war was looked upon by the suffragists, militant and otherwise, as a living menace to their cause, has been completely won over by the marvelous war work done by England's women.

"The war enthusiasm, which has killed all sorts of social amusement, which has converted young men and maidens who thought that golfing, lawn tennis, lunching and dining were essential to life, has effected what I believe to be a permanent change in the British life outlook," Lord Northcliffe told me. "I do not for one moment believe that when this terrific upheaval is over the frivolous life of hotels and seaside resorts will ever return.

"The war has proved that women are able to accomplish much more than was ever expected of them. I will take one case in point: For many years the London telephone service has been the stock joke of Londoners and visiting foreigners. To-day, by actually timing all calls, it is as good as any I know of, despite the fact that the masculine element has been completely eliminated from its administration.

"War seems to have the faculty of increasing human energy to an extent not hitherto conceived. The young women you see acting as car conductors were probably last year engaged in handing out ribbons; to-day they are taking fares for eight or nine hours a day and seeing to it that they are properly paid. The wages are ten or eleven dollars a week. They are provided with well-managed restaurants for themselves, rest rooms and medical attendance, and have proved to be every bit as efficient as men. To such an extent has this become the case that men are now ashamed to be seen doing this kind of work, and will all explain to you that they have been either wounded or discharged from the army.

"You will find no men—except very old men—acting as floorwalkers in stores, for example. Women are found to be quite as capable. Such work as running the dining cars on railroads is now in the hands of women, and is most effective. These, however, are small tasks compared with those of running the gigantic munitions factories we have established all over the country, which are employing between a million and a million and a half women; and it is interesting to note that there is competition among them to get the dangerous work."

The End of Class Distinctions

"We are not a very demonstrative people. Very little has been said about all these immense and intricate changes; but the fact about the war in its one-hundred-and-tenth week is that, while raising an army of five and a half millions, we have maintained our export trade at almost the highest figure it has ever reached. This is due to two reasons: First, the patriotic rush of women into every sort of occupation which could help the war and thus relieve men for the many tasks for which they are physically unfitted; and second, the command of the sea enables us to sell our goods to any people desirous of buying them.

"The war has broken down class distinctions in a way that nothing else could have done. Who, two years ago, would have imagined that wealthy young Mr. Jones would be serving as a private under a man who at that time was acting as his golf caddie? I know a lieutenant colonel, twice wounded and mentioned in dispatches, who two years ago was the janitor of an apartment house and had no more knowledge or thought of war than the average man has of the management of wild animals. In two years we have created an absolutely democratic army, and one whose obstinacy and tenacity, combined with the intervention of the British fleet, constitutes Germany's most gigantic blunder—that is, the blunder of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, consisting in not realizing that these vast forces would be put into opposition to the German schemes of the acquisition of Belgium, France and Russia.

"A great many people are worrying themselves about after the war, and what is going to happen to all the women now doing men's work. Well, we have found out that a great many men have been doing women's work. Lots of young men in your country who read this would soon find that if they did the sort of work they are doing in the United States in any of the war countries, their existence would be rendered impossible by the attitude of women. A very nice young American soldier, who was in London lately but of course not able to wear uniform, being an officer in the United States Army abroad—told me he simply could not stand the stares and whispered comments of women on the streets.

"All our banks are being run by women clerks. I do not think any young man will be able to take up that sort of work any more. My own bank, which is as old as the United States, has found that women clerks are quite as able as men. Men club servants have had their last day. The whole races of butlers, footmen and flunkies have gone. Each day sees a disappearance of some of John Bull's most cherished institutions. The butler seemed the most firmly intrenched man in the land two years ago. To-day the manservant who has enlisted, and goes home from the trenches on two or three days' leave, expresses very volubly his sentiments that he will 'never do that sort of work any more.'

"What will become of these young soldiers? Many of them will return to the business in which they were, but not in clerical capacities. They want to be higher up or have land of their own. Statistics collected lately as to what the young soldier at the Front wants when he comes home show that he wants land; and that fact I imagine will lead to a complete upheaval of landlords—not only in England but in the whole world. The Canadians and Australians are laying themselves out to catch these lusty young gunners and trenchdiggers; but we do not mean to let too many of them wander from the old country; and I have no doubt that very attractive propositions will be offered to retain them."

The Husbands of the Future

"The war has seen the practical disappearance of the horse as a source of amusement. The war has seen the checking of such games as football and cricket to an immense extent, and I do not believe they will ever be revived on anything like the scale we had them.

"Instead of people disliking soldiering, it has been found that, with all its hazards and horrors, war is a game that young people really like. Those who are now preparing for the struggle are so eager that they fear they may not arrive in France or elsewhere in time for a battle. The war has shown that women can run hospitals quite as well as men. Gardening is essentially a feminine occupation—and why not? Women operate elevators quite as well as men. Women are quite as good chauffeurs as men. Tradesmen's delivery wagons will, I am sure, never again be driven by men in England. A girl of eighteen can do it quite as well as any man.

"When these changes first began, the men did not like it. They felt that they had been robbed of a good deal of their importance. Many a man goes from his suburban home at Newark, Orange and Paterson, leaving his womenfolk in the delusion that he is going forth to do some wonderful task. Many men went forth—for generations, indeed—deceiving Englishwomen in the same way; they know better now. They know there is not much mystery at the end of the ride.

"As for husbands in the future, I imagine that, though there are not enough husbands to go round in Great Britain, there are probably quite enough in the vast areas of the British Empire, such as Australia, New Zealand and Canada. I believe the war will result in a much more speedy development of Canada. I have always thought that Eastern Canada was never sufficiently developed; and when the young people went from Eastern Canada to the West they left behind them ample opportunities for people who prefer ready-made farms to the task of breaking up the new soil of the Far West.

"The terrible depletion of the aristocracy, all of whom have lost numberless of their stock, is akin to the losses they incurred in the Wars of the Roses and the Civil War of 1640; but history has proved

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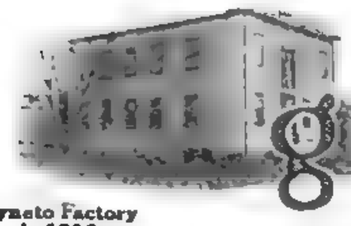


Dyneto Factory in 1896

growth!

TWENTY years ago, the Dyneto "factory" was a little, frame—well, there's a picture of it up in the corner. Not much to look at, perhaps, but nevertheless almost sacred in the memory of those pioneers who pooled their time and talents there in serious, constructive industry.

Nothing succeeds like a successful idea. You can get some notion of the success of the Dyneto idea when you consider that the Dyneto Electric Company has moved five times since 'ninety-six—each time into larger, better quarters.

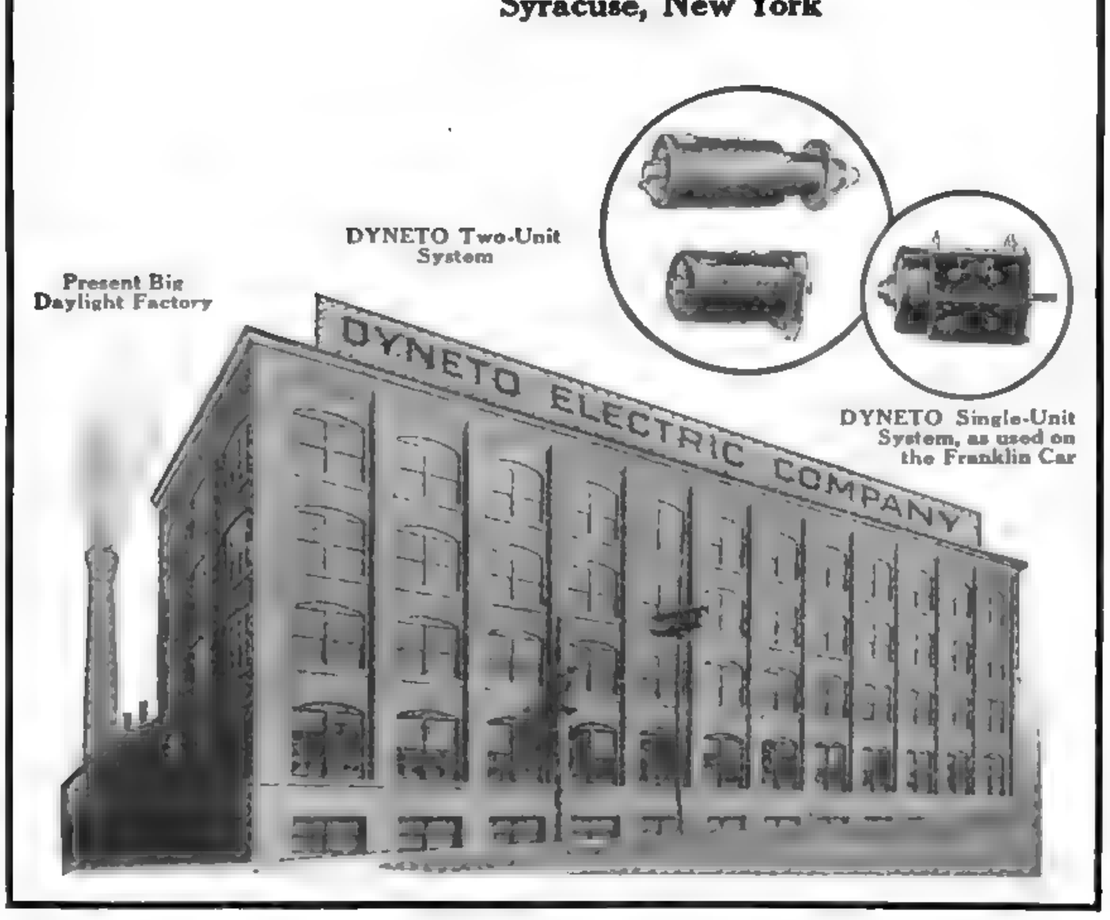
Dyneto STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEMS

have become standard equipment on many of America's foremost motor cars. The big, new factory at Syracuse is running night and day on orders in hand for Dyneto Starting-Lighting Systems and Dyneto Electric-Lighting Plants—the simple, compact, make-your-own-light-and-power plants for farm, suburban and isolated places.

A starting-lighting system can make or mar the modern motor car. It is the very *heart* of the whole works. A car equipped with Dyneto Starting-Lighting is pretty sure to be a car that is efficient all around—a safe car to buy.

You cannot be too particular about the starting-lighting equipment. It is very, very important.

DYNETO ELECTRIC COMPANY
Syracuse, New York


DYNETO Two-Unit System
Present Big Daylight Factory
DYNETO Single-Unit System, as used on the Franklin Car
DYNETO ELECTRIC COMPANY

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Mission entrance before the Glenwood Hotel, Riverside, Cal.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

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BOTH TIRES ARE GOODYEAR CORDS

Contrary to an impression more or less widespread, the Ribbed tread is not an infallible identification of a Cord tire.

The tread, as a matter of fact, has little to do with the separate and peculiar advantages the Cord tire affords—it is the shield upon the warrior, that is all.

We use two types of tread on Goodyear Cord Tires—All-Weather and Ribbed—and the basic tire-structure in both cases is the same. Both types surface a Cord tire affording all Cord tire advantages.

The All-Weather tread, which is our own design, we have found particularly effective on rear wheels.

Studded with big, rugged, clean-cut blocks, it grips the earth like a panther's paw, exerts the maximum tractive effort, and offers obstinate resistance to side-slip or skid.

Its double-thick construction grudges even slow wear to the thrust and drag of starts and stops, and in connection with the powerful carcass, prevents most punctures.

The Ribbed tread we use, of European design, has no pronounced non-skid virtue, and we recommend it rather for use on front wheels.

It is particularly advantageous there, in that its narrow ground contact makes steering easy. Like the All-Weather tread, though not quite to the same extent, it is thicker than is the rule, hence it also wears longer and prevents punctures better.

Both Goodyear treads have a part in the superiority of Goodyear Cord Tires, but the major causes of that incomparable performance which sets them apart from other types, spring from a deeper source—from sharp differences in principle and construction.

Goodyear Cord Tires are made of thousands of tightly-twisted long-fiber cords, densely strong, built up into a carcass layer by layer, without cross-weave.

These cords are surrounded by pure rubber, veritably upholstered with it, and the layers are insulated one from another by a substantial cushion of pure rubber. The cords move freely in the tire without contact, without friction, and their multiplied strength is knit to the unhampered elasticity of the rubber itself.

The result is a tire amazingly strong, surpassingly resilient and astonishingly efficient—a Goodyear Cord Tire.

A tire that travels stoutly, exultantly, securely—and in utter comfort.

A tire that serves better, goes farther, and lasts longer.

A tire that, while luxurious, also is economical; while distinctive, also is thoroughly serviceable; while livelier and swifter, also is more enduring.

Goodyear Cord Tires, because of their unusual flexibility, reduce gasoline consumption and engine effort, increase acceleration and car speed, defend car and occupants from strain and road-shock.

Because of their unusual strength they yield more mileage, greater ease of riding, wider freedom from trouble, delay and inconvenience.

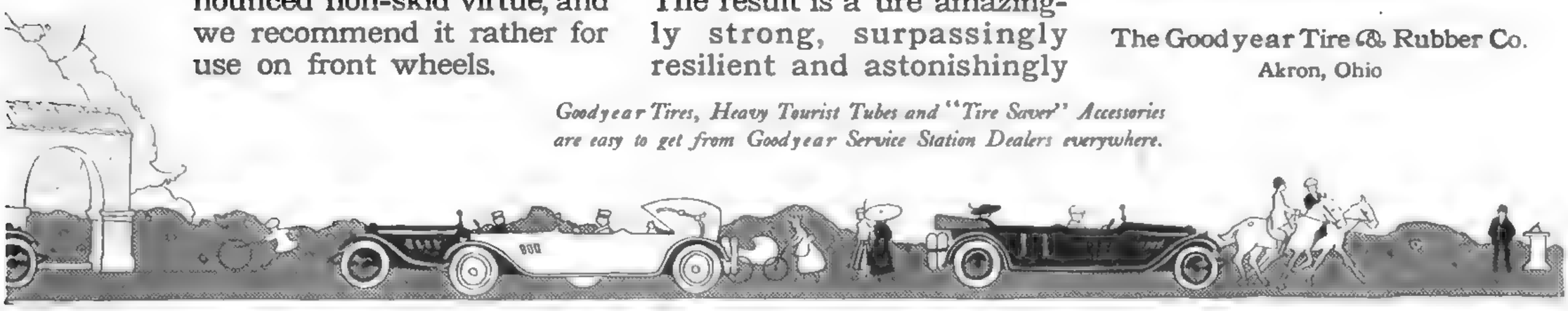
They are, in a word, the peak and zenith of tire accomplishment — abler, sounder, worthier than anything that has gone before.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and ***better.***

Goodyear Cord Tires come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, remember; for gasoline and electric cars.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.



CORD TIRES

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Oakland

The Sensible Six

Sturdy as the Oak

A Great Car from every standpoint — that's the country-wide verdict on the new Oakland *Sensible Six*.

It's a big car — a roomy car — a car of *sensible* operating cost — one that any member of the family may drive with ease, pleasure, comfort and safety.

Its performance is a little short of astonishing. On the hills or in bad going the powerful, valve-in-head motor climbs and pulls in a way that delights even the veteran driver.

And in easy-riding quality, the *Sensible Six* is a revelation. The long, semi-elliptic springs and oversize tires smooth out the roughest going.

From every standpoint the *Sensible Six* is a *great big value* at the price. Send for our new booklet.

The *Oakland Eight* at $1585 is a big, powerful 7-passenger touring car for those who demand the utmost in speed, flexibility, and luxurious appointments.

(40)

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Mich.

$875

F. O. B. Pontiac, Mich.

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(Concluded from Page 57)

that strong family strains survive. You have certain dominant family names in your country, and I imagine that our dominant families will regenerate. They were the first to dash into the war, thus showing their virility; and I imagine that the vital forces left in their kinsmen will revive these families, just as I most firmly believe that, with all its tragedies, the war has been a very splendid awakening for the British people."

The Viscountess Wolseley, whose family is one of the oldest and most historic in her land, has already done for the young women of England something of which she is justly proud. It is the establishment of her school of gardening at Glynde, in East Sussex, where young women from the well-to-do middle classes are being taught practical farming and gardening in order to take the places of the men who have been taken away from the land by war.

"My school has proved a great boon already to our country, and the demand for women gardeners is far beyond the supply. Queen Mary only recently sent to me for five gardeners for Buckingham Palace and Windsor, each, as no men are being kept in home service of any sort who can be turned into soldiers. I believe that the land, and its cultivation, is England's best asset, next to munitions, at this time; and no young woman can better serve her country than by becoming a practical gardener. We need food, we must have it, and the land must produce it; so I am using every bit of my time and thought upon getting strong, healthy girls in all parts of England to become interested in truck and other gardening, and in the culture of medicinal herbs, and in fruit growing. There are, to-day," Lady Wolseley says, "fifty thousand women registered already in England as women workers on the land."

New Conditions and New Methods

"A tremendous upheaval in method is ahead of us; and where perhaps we were indifferent before the war to the freedom and practical educational methods employed in the United States, in its woman education, we shall find ourselves glad to profit in our own training by your methods," added the viscountess.

"I believe that such methods will be adopted in England after our war is over. We have been wrong in our training of girls. They—particularly girls of the upper middle class—have been brought up with the ideal of no work, and equipped with an education that means nothing to them, based upon a standard of economic valuations. This war, with its terrific loss of men, and with women becoming of necessity independent of man protection, shows glaringly the faults of an educational system that makes no provision for the vocational and professional training of our own women of the upper classes; and it is to those women that England in the future must look for her best assistance in working out after-war problems. I have been for years imbued with the idea that our upper middle-class girls could be trained to useful occupations, and it was for that reason that, many years ago, I founded The Glynde College for Lady Gardeners. Our work has now come to be recognized; this war has proved the need of special vocational training. I can say that I have had more demands for women gardeners than we have been able to supply; and at excellent wages too."

Many fear the effect of the changed economic status of women of the lower and lower middle classes of England after the return from war of the men left, to again take their places at desks and positions they occupied before they enlisted. It will indeed be a problem, which cannot be arranged either by committees or by Acts of Parliament. Women in the mass have, for the first time in their history in England, proved their power, their efficiency; and they have felt that strength which comes from wages sufficient to give them food, clothing and shelter, without the aid of man. Will they give up these positions and go back to the less-than-living wage that was theirs before war made havoc of all industries operated in all branches by man labor?

After talking, as I have, to representative women in every class in England, I should say no. The war has given woman her opportunity—she has proved her efficiency in places where male prejudice and usurpation have deprived her heretofore; and not only will she demand a higher economic compensation but she will demand better educational advantages, better economic equipment, and more definite understanding of her place in the political, social and economic life of her land. This position, taken by the lower classes, is already making itself felt throughout the web and woof of all English life.

"What are we going to do after the war?" a great English lady asked me, throwing up her hands in dismay. "Why, at the present time, with our maids taking the places of our butlers and footmen gone to war, they have developed an impertinent attitude hitherto unknown in the serving classes. But what can we do? If we are not satisfied with them—why, off they go; and it is no easy matter now, with all the girls looking for lucrative places in munition factories, as conductors, as postwomen and as telephone girls, in our big cities, to get women who will be satisfied with the wages that are given to maids and household servants!" she exclaimed.

"What of it?" another equally great English lady—Lady Henry Somerset—asked. "Why should working girls be satisfied by underpaid positions and by waiting on ladies at a time when ladies' occupations are gone?" By "ladies' occupations" Lady Henry Somerset intends to convey the "empty babbling and remorseless show" of former London fashionable life, with its court presentations, extravagant balls and dinners; its week-end house parties, given over to license and untold luxury; its "shooting" weeks; its Derby week; its annual routine of just one pleasure after another. She, like hundreds of other splendidly poised men and women of England—the clear-visioned scouts, as it were, of the army of social reconstruction—is thinking into the future, but accepting the now with fortitude and philosophy.

Though Lady Somerset once lived in the most fashionable section of London, in a great house, she now lives in a tiny studio, tucked away in Gray's Inn Square, in Holborn, London; and last spring even that little apartment was almost swept away by a Zeppelin raid, when its living room, bedroom and dining room were completely demolished. Her son, heir to the great title, is now at the Somme Front, doing his bit with the rest of them. And yet Lady Somerset works away at the war job with the same beauty and dignity that in other days marked her as one of the great hostesses of London, and of the "Priory," where King Edward was wont to spend his Whitsuntides.

Lady Somerset's Views

Said Lady Somerset: "There have been, in the past, too abrupt distinctions between the classes, which war will in a large measure do away with; and it will be a splendid thing for England that this is so. Women of the protected upper classes will have to face a future which may mean they will have to go out into the economic world. There will be thousands of women left widows, and other thousands whose chances of marriage will be gone. This is a very big problem, with many serious sides. Just what will be done is largely a matter of conjecture; but it is something we shall have to face squarely.

"Our women have it in them to do, as this great war has proved beyond conjecture. They have proved that, thus far, they can be trusted with the vote if their future conduct keeps up to its present high mark. Women must learn discipline. If they do not burst out with demands, if they will only keep quiet and let their works, instead of words, speak, there is no doubt of their recognition in the matter of suffrage after the war, I am convinced. But they must keep themselves well in hand, for otherwise their present conduct will not count for them in after-war decisions."

The question of education is one Lady Somerset believes of vast importance to the women after the war:

"There will be a different attitude, I believe, toward woman's education, to meet the demands of the new conditions. It will be more practical and vocational. To-day a woman of the upper classes and the upper middle classes is in great need of definite vocational training. Whatever talents and capacity she has cannot economically be of the highest value to the war or to the country."

As for after-war England, Lady Somerset believes that much of the pomp and splendor and formality of the present system will vanish.

"The chastening influence of war—the terrific loss of life—will be felt in every circle; and most keenly in the upper classes, where nearly every family has lost or will have lost so many of its men. Social conditions can never revert to the careless, easy footing of former years, for such suffering and loss cannot leave us without a deeper, clearer vision and a more definite idea of the essentials. It is so easy to forgo the routine of pleasures that existed before the war. This has been proved by the past two years of practically suspended social life in this country. All the sorrows and losses will make, in the end, for a finer manhood and womanhood, with the delusions of the non-essentials swept from under. It is from the women of the morrow that England must expect much—and, I believe, can expect much," said Lady Somerset.

She is firmly convinced that the breaking up of the great land holdings, which will be one of the first radical measures to be dealt with by the government after the war, will be the best thing that can happen:

"Our soldiers must have land; it is wicked—worse than foolish—for us to hold on to these great estates for selfish pleasure; land so rich in future promise to thousands, and which is only enjoyed by the few at the present time. This in itself will remake England socially; and we, with England's best interests at heart and with confidence in her future, hail the day."

Mr. H. G. Wells' Forecast

In summing up the status of Englishwomen after the war, H. G. Wells says:

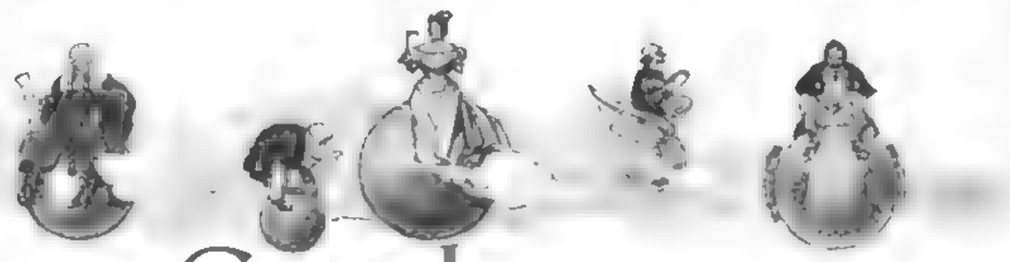
"In every way the war is accelerating the emancipation of women from sexual specialization. It is facilitating their economic emancipation. It is liberating types that will inevitably destroy both the 'atmosphere of gallantry,' which is such a bar to friendliness between people of the opposite sexes, and that atmosphere of hostile distrust which is the counterpart in the minds of the oversexual suffragettes. It is arresting the change of fashions and simplifying manners.

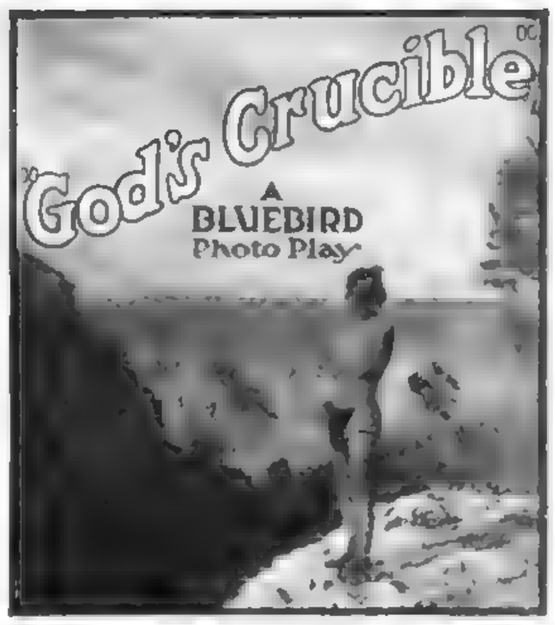
"Once, to be married was a woman's whole career. Household cares, a dozen children, and she was consumed. Now to be married is an incident in a woman's career, as in a man's. Nor will there be much wealth or superfluity to make levity possible and desirable. Winsome and weak womanhood will be told bluntly, by men and women alike, that it is a bore. The froufrou of skirts, the delicate mysteries of the toilet, will cease to thrill any but the young men.

"Marriage, deprived of its bonds of material necessity, will demand a closer and closer companionship as its justification and excuse. A marriage that does not ripen into a close personal friendship between two equals will be regarded, with increasing definiteness, as an unsatisfactory marriage. It is likely to be an affair of diminishing public and increasing private importance. People who marry are likely to remain, so far as practical ends go, more detached and separable. The essential link will be the love and affection, and not the home.

"And a type of marriage where personal compatibility has come to be esteemed the fundamental thing will be altogether more amenable to divorce than the old union, which was based on the kitchen and the nursery, and the absence of any care, education or security for children beyond the range of the parental household.

"This war is accelerating rather than deflecting the stream of tendency, and is bringing us rapidly to a state of affairs in which women will be much more definitely independent of their sexual status, much less hampered in their self-development, and much more nearly equal to men than has ever been known before in the whole history of mankind."





Staged and Photographed in the Grand Canyon of Arizona

YOU who love the fascination of Nature; who love the charm and grandeur of the great outdoors of the Grand Canyon region; you who believe in smiling courtesy and good will as against crabbedness, sourness and hatred,—will fully appreciate the appealing and unusual BLUEBIRD Photo Play—"GOD'S CRUCIBLE."

This remarkable and typical BLUEBIRD Photo Play will give you the greatest possible dramatic entertainment. It is more than a drama; and its presentation is possible only on a moving picture screen.

It's a
BLUEBIRD
Photo Play

The scenes laid in the Grand Canyon are beyond description; the play itself wonderfully directed, splendidly acted. We urge you to see it. You will enjoy it immensely.

Be sure also to see the following BLUEBIRD Photo Plays—"THE BUGLER OF ALGIERS"—"THE EAGLE'S WINGS"—"THE SIGN OF THE POPPY"—"THE PRICE OF SILENCE"—"THE HONOR OF MARY BLAKE"—"THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY" (from Dickens' immortal classic, "A Christmas Carol"). Watch for coming BLUEBIRDS announced in this publication each week.

BLUEBIRD
Photo Plays

1600 Broadway, New York City

If it's a BLUEBIRD it's got to be good

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Real Worth

"What is it worth?" is often confused with "What is the price?" by those who do not think deeply.

But worth is a term indicating intrinsic quality, honesty of materials and construction, reliability in performance.

Price is purely relative, depending on temporary considerations—it is low when labor and materials are cheap, high when they are high.

Willard advertising has been first to tell car owners frankly what constitutes real worth in a battery, and why it cannot be cheapened without jeopardizing car owners' satisfaction. Willard Batteries have never been built to meet a price but to preserve that intrinsic quality, no matter what the temporary cost of rubber, lead or labor.

Over a million Willard Batteries in use indicate public approval of that policy.

Proper Care

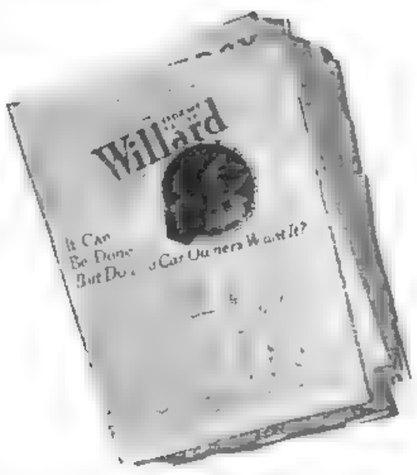
Batteries must not only be well built, they must be well cared for. Fortunately this care is not difficult, nor does it require much time on the part of the owner.

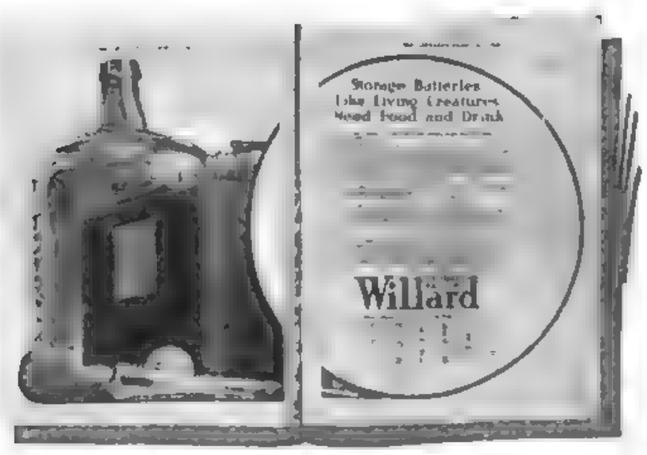
But it does imply some knowledge of the operating of a starting and lighting system, of the causes of battery troubles and how to avoid them.

Willard advertising has been the first great national campaign of education by which car owners have learned these things.

It has already brought about a better understanding of the storage battery and saved car owners thousands of dollars that might otherwise have been spent for unnecessary repairs and replacements.

Below is one of many Willard advertisements that have given real information to millions of car owners.





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Expert Help

Even the best of batteries with the best of care will wear out some day.

Even the best of starting and lighting systems will sometimes get out of order and injure the battery.

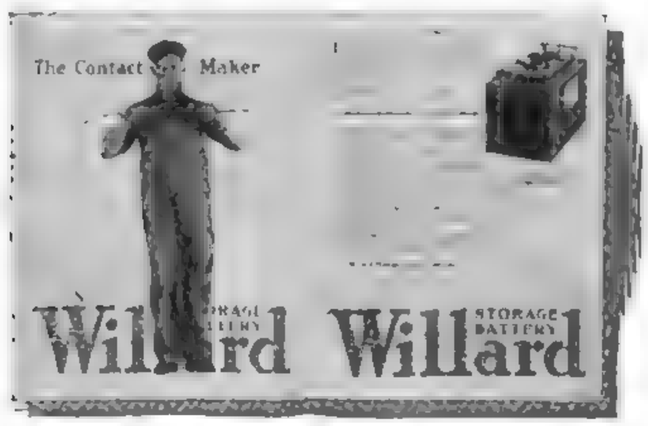
Even the most careful of car owners may sometimes make unreasonable demands on his battery.

Then he needs expert help, for service by the ignorant or the amateur is often worse than no service at all.

Therefore, Willard maintains Service Stations at which are Willard-trained experts, able to give reliable advice, competent to charge, repair or rebuild a battery.

If every new car owner would visit the nearest Willard Station *as soon as he gets his car,* without waiting till he has trouble, batteries would last longer.

And this is, in fact, becoming common practice.



The Result

Year after year the overwhelming majority of the builders of Electrically Equipped Cars include Willard Batteries in their regular equipment.

Abbott-Detroit
Am. La France
Anderson
Anger
Apperson
Armleder
Austin

Bell
Brockway
Bull Moose
Burford

Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Commerce
Crow
Cunningham
Cutting

Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Denby
Detroiter
Dixie Flyer
Dodge Bros. Motor Car
Dort
Drexel
Drummond

Eagle-Rotary
Elcar
Empire
Excelsior

Federal
F. I. A. T.
Fostoria Light Car
Franklin
F. W. D.

General L. C. E.
Gersix
Glide
Gramm-Bernstein
Grant

Halladay
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Hollier "Eight"
Houghton
Hupmobile

Imperial
Inter-State

Jones

King
Kissel-Kar
Kline
Knox

Lane
Lexington
Liberty
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile
Losier
Luverne

McFarlan Six
McLaughlin
Maccar
Madison
Marion
Marmon
Martin
Meteor
Metz
M. H. C.
Mitchell
Moline-Knight
Monarch
Monitor 4-30 6-40
Monroe
Moon

National
National Motor Truck (Canada)

Old Hickory
Overland
Owen Magnetic

Packard
Paige
Patterson
Pathfinder
Peerless
Pennsy
Pratt
Premier

Reo
Republic
Richmond
Riddle
Roamer

Sayers Scoville
Scripps-Booth
Simplex
South Bend
Spaulding
Standard
Stanley
Stearns
Stephens
Studebaker
Stutz
Sun

Thomas

Velie

Westcott
Willys-Knight
Winton

Willard Storage Battery Company
Cleveland, Ohio

STORAGE BATTERY

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THE PIKER'S MARKET

(Concluded from Page 4)

broker's insurance, for whether the order is to buy or to sell, it cannot be executed usually on the Exchange until the odd-lot broker on the floor has sufficient odd lots in hand to make up one 100-share transaction. If he hasn't, the price may change long before he has, thus entailing a loss.

This market has seen the development of the odd-lot margin business. The older, more conservative of the brokerage houses look down on it, but the business is growing rapidly. One house that started in with a single seat on the Exchange and a capital of a few hundred thousands now has seven floor members employed in its trade, while its capital is rated in the millions.

The stories that come out of these places are epic. Nothing illustrates any better the fact that all the country's pikers are piking away in the market—that is, all those who already haven't gone broke. The stories, of course, deal largely with those dabblers who have run a shoestring into a fortune; but if one digs a little deeper, the tragic side of Wall Street gambling develops much more fully. Fortunately, however, there is enough that is humorous to leaven this.

One of the stories is about a man who early last January came down to an odd-lot house in lower Broadway. The man, it developed, was the driver of a beer truck. He was six feet tall, weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds, and besides his accent, which was so thickly Teutonic you could have cut it with a cheese knife, he brought with him a hundred-dollar bill.

The Philosophical Truck Driver

The bill was ragged and frayed, looking as if it had been hoarded for years in a stocking. He wished to buy stocks, he said. When asked to state what stocks he wished to buy he answered artlessly he didn't know. All he did know was that he'd heard millions were to be made in Wall Street; therefore he wished to make them.

He was advised to buy Crucible Steel. Crucible, at the time, was low for the year at 52¾. Promptly Crucible went up. After it had gone up nearly ten points the beer-truck gentleman came round again. He wished to know about pyramiding, it seemed. The same man who had told him about making millions in Wall Street had revealed also that pyramiding was the way it was done. So by request the brokerage concern not only explained, but it carried the method into effect.

It proved very successful—at any rate, for a time. The truck driver found himself possessed of more money than he'd ever had in his life before; and resigning his job he took quarters for himself at a Broadway hotel, bought a motor, and, since he had himself run a motor for a living, he now hired a chauffeur to run his.

For three months he lived high. Every morning his chauffeur brought him downtown and at night he took him home. Then came the turn—the inevitable. There was a brief, momentary flurry in the market; and as the dabbler had pyramided too closely, paring down his margin to the danger point, the market in an hour cleaned him out. Not only that, he was left owing the brokerage concern something like $1100. However, having discharged his chauffeur, he sold the car for $1400, this paying the brokers as well as his hotel bill and leaving him with just $100 net.

A Shoestring Worn Thin

"Vell," he observed, when one of his fellow dabblers tried to condole with him—"vell, I got my hundred dollars yet, ain't it? And for three months I have a swell time, don't I?"

He is now back at his old job again, driving a brewery truck.

Stories like these, however, are not exactly the favorites in Wall Street. Instead, one hears on every hand tales of men who have made a killing, a knock-out. To be sure, most of these stories, on investigation, prove to be exaggerations; but still there are hundreds, if not thousands, of ordinary persons who have made fortunes in the last two years. Some of these—not a few—have made as much as a hundred thousand dollars on a shoestring. One man, a former clerk, is credited with having cleared $750,000 on a preliminary capital of $350. It can be done, of course; but the fact remains that the $750,000 winner already has dropped two-thirds of his winnings. The game is getting him, you know—getting his money—as in the end it always does. The fact is that for every dabbler who takes a dollar out of Wall Street, another hundred, perhaps a thousand, dabblers leave a dollar behind.

In one of the odd-lot houses there is a curious case. The dabbler in question was formerly a lawyer. The game got him, and giving up his law practice he transferred himself to the brokerage shop. In six months he was cleaned out, all that was left him of a former capital of $3000 being the margin on five shares of Steel Common on which he happened to be short. As also it happened, that he still had this was due to an error on the part of the margin clerk. Instead of having margin enough to cover his trade in reality he owed the firm $25.

"Don't close me out," he pleaded; "give me till to-night to make it up."

The leeway was given him, and that evening he came in looking rueful. He had been able to borrow only $75, and since he owed $25 and the management required a twenty-point margin on Steel, his margin was still shy. The management, however, stretched a point and let the account stand. Since then this dabbler has run his shoestring of $50 close up to $50,000, and there is a fair chance he will get away with it. Why he may is because he has few illusions. He himself will tell you the market always gets the dabbler in the end; and to provide against this, every week he draws out of his brokerage account every cent of profits above the $2000 or so he requires to margin his trades. The profits he gives to his wife. These she salts away in her own name; and as he himself has told her: "If you die in the poorhouse now, it'll be your own fault."

In this same office there is another instance of a dabbler who got away with winnings. The client was a scrubwoman, employed in the building where the broker's office is. She had been there long enough to get a smattering of Wall Street talk and methods; and one day she appeared with a roll of bills—$150 in all. The amount represented her savings for years.

"Scrubwork ain't no business for a lady," she announced. "I want to win enough to open a manicure parlor."

She invested the $150 in International Nickel and won. The winnings she put into Steel Common. She won in that too. "In Harlem," she said, "there's a place I c'n open for $1200. When I get that much I'll quit."

Beginners' Luck

To cut the story short, she made the $1200; and when she quit, as she said she would, she delivered herself of the following terse oration:

"Never again will y' catch me here again! Divvle a night's sleep have I had these three months gone! I'd rather earn me money on me knees next time!"

A doctor from Brooklyn is one of the same firm's clients. He came to the place with a shoestring of less than $500, saying that he wished to speculate and frankly confessing he didn't know one stock from another. Having looked over the board, he gave an order to buy ten shares of Republic Iron & Steel. The reason he chose the stock was because its initials on the quotation board—"R B C"—were the same as his. His guess was lucky. Republic rose, and in time he ran his shoestring into a profit of almost $40,000. Then came the U-boat panic last September; and his account, which at the time was heavily pyramided, was swept away overnight.

In the same flurry a young Cuban, a sugar planter, was among the dozens in this office who were caught. In three weeks this individual had run $30,000 up to $150,000. The day before the crash the manager of the office begged him to cash in. He refused, however, saying that he meant to run his profits up to a quarter of a million. In ten minutes after the opening, the Monday following that Nantucket business, he was wiped out clean.

It may be said, perhaps truthfully, that these stories are exaggerations, that they are only individual experiences. At the same time, grotesque as they are, they are by no means exceptional. Every brokerage office, if it sees fit, can hand out a hundred like them. Even in the bigger, the more conservative houses, where odd-lot marginal trading is frowned upon, the same condition exists. The bulk of the trading is being done by outsiders who have no business in Wall Street. They may trade in hundred-share lots or they may even trade in thousands; but the difference between these and the shoestring odd-lotters is only in the size of their trades. The number of those among them who have any real knowledge of what they are doing is negligible.

There is other evidence of this. To-day, in the financial quarter, most of the big investors, the real people with real money, seem inclined to put the bulk of their wealth into solid, conservative securities. What they fancy most now are the rails. The speculative crowd, however, hoots at this. In one group of accounts totaling 15,000 shares were only 350 shares of railroad stock. The rails, in fact, when contrasted with the industrials, the war brides, war babies and their ilk, seem almost neglected.

When the Ticker Lags

Just what this mass of indiscriminate speculation is doing to the stock market machinery is also evident. On December 4th no less than 264 listed securities were dealt in. The ticker, as a result of this, is often minutes behind the market. On November 6th, for example, it was twenty minutes behind the current quotations on the Exchange. When the market is steadily climbing, this does not matter so much, the truth being, as the Wall Street adage has it, that "the suckers always buy." All that happens is that they pay more for what they buy; but in a feverish market more than one dabbler has been cleaned out because the ticker was behind.

There was a case that illustrates this the day Baldwin Locomotive took to cutting up. The ticker that day was far behind the market; but when Baldwin showed at 120 the dabbler in question ordered the broker to buy. Instantly the stock ticker began to clack and splutter furiously, a mass of quotations showing on the tape. In a few minutes the price soared to 150⅛, when the dabbler gave the order to sell. He figured that his first order, at the worst, must have been filled round 130, and the order to sell anywhere round 145. What actually had happened, though, in the few minutes he hung over the tape, was that he'd bought at 150¼, the extreme high, and sold at 133—a loss of 17 points. He was cleaned out. The brief flurry had swept all his money away.

This fever of speculation, the thirst for money, that just now has the market by the throat, is not confined, however, to the market on the Big Exchange. It also is present on the Curb. Copper stocks have been the favorites, though stocks like Electric Boat, Midvale and Gulf States Steel have also shared in popularity. Where the most money has been made on the Curb—and, incidentally, lost as well—is in the Copper stocks.

As this is written raw copper, the metal, is selling round 33 cents a pound. The result of this has been that a vast number of copper securities, many of them the stock not of mines but of mere prospects, have been handed out to the public. The majority of these are destined to fail, but along with them have come a dozen or more that have proved to be "killings"—that is, the means of making fortunes overnight.

Soldiers Make a Peaceful Killing

United Verde Extension is the most sensational of these. In 1915 this stock sold at 80 cents a share. To-day it is selling round $42 a share and it has sold as high as $46.50. Magma Copper is another. In the same period it has risen from $15.50 a share to $69.50. Butte Copper & Zinc, selling at $5 in 1915, is now held at $21 a share. Tuolumne, issued at 50 cents this year, is now quoted at $2.50; Howe Sound, at $4.50 in 1915, is $9 at the moment; Calaveras, at 75 cents a year ago, is $6 now.

Green Monster is still another. It is said that the soldiers, the militia stationed on the Mexican border, made a killing in this, buying the stock at 70 cents a share. It is now selling round $3. However, all the copper stocks mentioned here have had something back of them. Contrasted with these there are a hundred fly-by-nights buzzing round on which the buyers are bound to lose all they've spent on them. The Curb management has of late been cautious about what stocks it will permit trading in, but even so, just as in the Big Exchange, manipulations and crooked deals sometimes get by.

How long this market will continue rising—any of these Wall Street markets, for that matter—this article does not pretend to forecast. It may last out the war, as some prophesy; or, on the other hand, it may not. Even in brokerage houses, whose biggest business is in margined accounts, the tone of talk is cautious. No one, in fact, seems able to forecast anything. There is so much money already in the country and so much more is in sight, already rolling in, that there is little use in forecasting just what will come about.

"Will the market last out the war?" one broker was asked.

"Don't ask me," he answered, "ask the war."

The general opinion, however, is that the end will come when the war ends. Before that, however, there is likely to be more than one raid made against the market as it now is going.

Already that active inside speculative interest ever present in Wall Street has begun to raid the public. A recent deal in the stock of one of the big industrial companies is an instance of this. There is still another instance in the stock-jobbing deal attempted by the interests in control of another manufacturing concern.

Take the first job: On the market's preliminary bulge, that of 1915, the company's stock rose from round 28 to very nearly par. Part of this was due to healthy prosperity, a part to manipulation. Round par, however, the interests that control the concern sold their stock and bought the company's convertible bonds. These, it should be understood, are convertible at any time into stock, so that the insiders stood in no danger of losing control of the concern. However, what they figured was that once their support was withdrawn, the stock's market value would contract. The bonds, though, even if stock support were withdrawn, would still hold their own. They might go down a few points—say five or so at the most—but then, what difference did that make?

Manipulation by Insiders

It was all as planned. The insiders, all directors in the concern, sold their stock; and once their support was withdrawn, from round par the stock sagged to a low level of 54. At that point the insiders reversed the operation. They sold their bonds and again bought the stock. To-day shares in that particular company are selling round par; and once more the inside coterie is leaking out its holdings and converting them anew into bonds.

The case of the other company is rather different. At the outset of the present market all the stock was held privately by the owners. It was a good stock then; it was earning good dividends; but the trouble was that the owners couldn't stand prosperity. Not satisfied with what they had, by a carefully conducted campaign they ran the quoted price to a point above $300 a share. The problem then became how to feed out the inflated issue to the public. As no stock selling as high as 300 and over looks good to the public eye, par value of the security was reduced from $100 a share to $25 a share. The quadrupled issue was then reissued at an arbitrary price.

For some reason the public didn't nibble. Consequently, as a fresh bait to make it bite, the stock being then on a 12 per cent dividend-paying basis and no one wanting it even then, a fresh dividend was declared, this consisting of two stock bonuses of five per cent each. To-day this company is still leaking out its stock. Sad to say, however, it is not doing so well as it expected. From the underwriting price its stock has sagged to about one-half its first price. It should reach, presently, a figure that the public considers represents its true value.

These two instances are each but single cases. A hundred could be cited. However, what alarms Wall Street the most—the real Wall Street, the big interests that control finance—is not the amount of stock-rigging deals that are going on. Instead, the source of their fear is what is going to happen.

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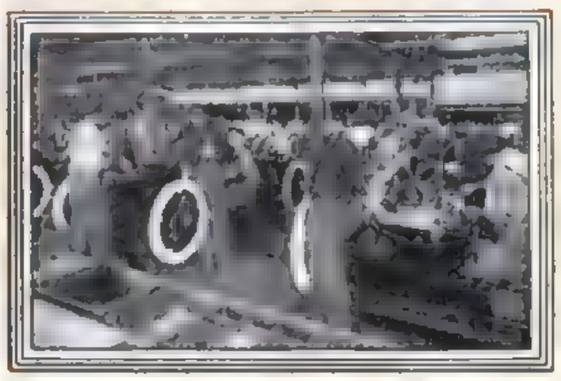
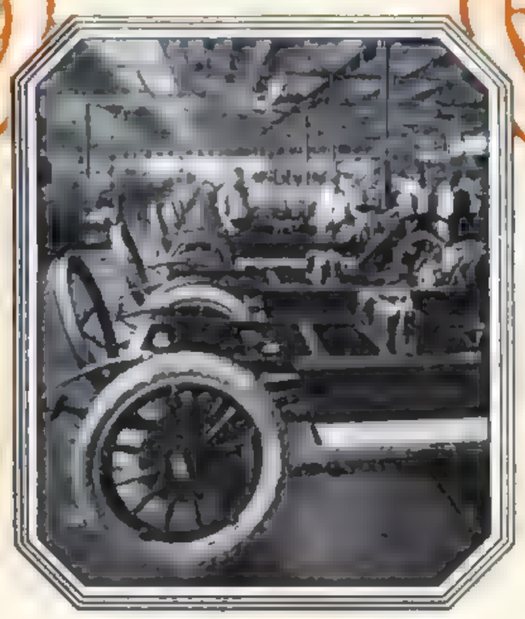
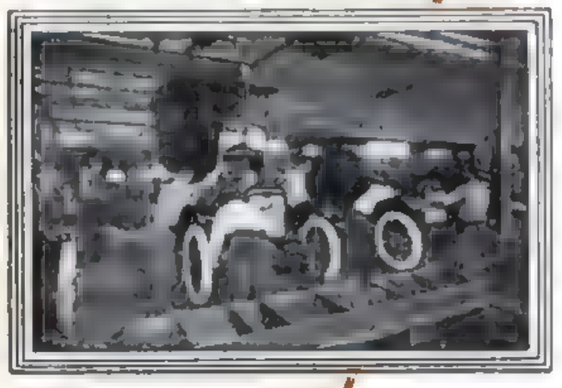




A GLIMPSE OF MAXWELL MANUFACTURING EFFICIENCY



MANUFACTURING efficiency consists, not in speeding up the processes to the detriment of the product—but in eliminating all waste of time and expense in manufacturing. The progressive final assembly in the Maxwell factory at Detroit is a demonstration of the efficiency that characterizes the making of Maxwell Cars from raw material to finished product.

The various parts have been made—ready to be composed into a motor car. Each part is so accurately finished that it will fit into its place as well as any other similar part. It must be so or the rapid work of assembling the car, as it passes from one group of workmen to another, would be impeded.

A frame is first placed upon the rack, which moves along a few inches per minute. Paint is sprayed upon the frame before it passes through a drying oven—then it is ready for other parts to be built around it.

At one station the axles, springs and wheels are added—then the engine swings into place—next the radiator—now the transmission—wiring—steering gear. Soon the chassis is complete—it has taken just 15 minutes.

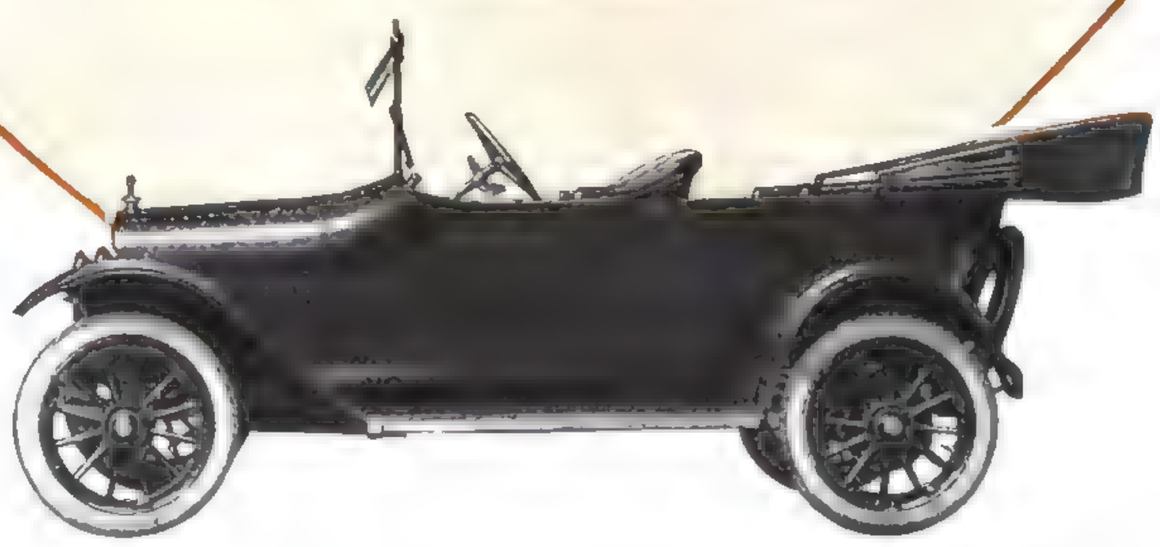
Meantime, the body has been moving slowly along a similar track. Part by part has been added until it is complete. At a given point bodies and chassis meet and are united, making the complete car ready for testing and shipping.

The Maxwell plan of assembling cars would greatly increase the cost per car to a maker of few cars. But considering the large volume of our business—almost 600 cars a day—it produces enormous savings, insures an almost perfect product and materially aids in making the Maxwell *"The World's Greatest Motor Car Value."*

MAXWELL ENCLOSED CARS: Sedan, $985; Town Car, $915; Cabriolet, $865. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All models completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.

IN CANADA: Touring Car, $850; Roadster, $830, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario

Touring Car
$595



Roadster
$580

Maxwell Motor Company Inc. Detroit, Mich.

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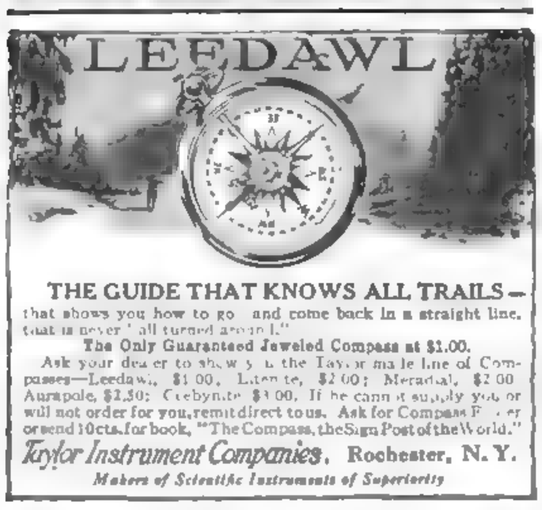
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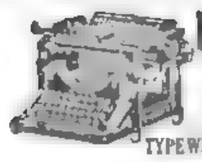
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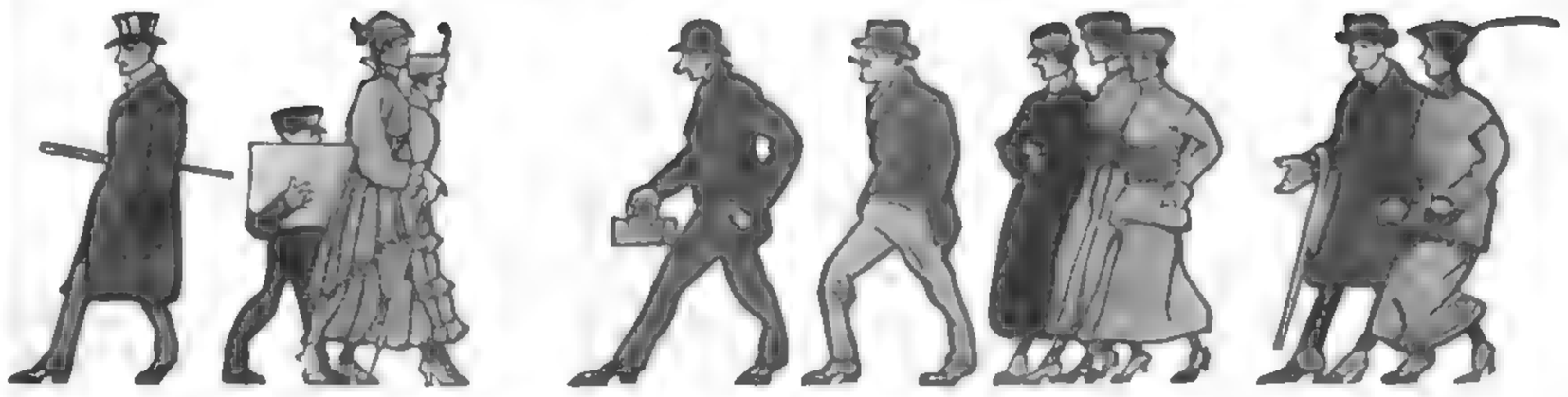
Business Fashions Change

By FRED C. KELLY



IT USED to be that a man who was a seller of goods was also a buyer—of food and drink and entertainment. To-day the professional buyer is just as likely—maybe a little more so—to buy for the seller, as for the seller to buy for the buyer. The old-fashioned salesman proceeded on the assumption that anybody who bought stuff from him was bestowing a personal favor and should be fussed over accordingly. Yet, when you stop to think about it, if an article is worth having, and the price is right, why is not the buyer of it just as much under obligation to the seller as the seller to the buyer? The man who buys the article prefers it to the money he pays for it, else he wouldn't take it.

I knew a young man once who was a bit of a soldier of fortune. He had a habit of running out of money at inopportune and unexpected places. On one of these occasions he had to choose between eating at cheap restaurants at his own expense and eating at high-priced hotels at the expense of somebody else. He picked the latter course, inasmuch as he felt at home—so he told me—only in an atmosphere of more or less grandeur. The cheap places jarred on his tender sensibilities.

His first step toward having his meals bought by others was to go to the Public Library and read up on the technical points of certain kinds of high-priced machinery manufactured in that city. Equipped with this information, he called up the head salesman of a big machinery concern and asked the salesman to call at his hotel. He gave out the impression that he was representative of a big firm in another city, which was in the market for such machinery.

He contrived to have different salesmen take him to dinner—and even to breakfast—for three or four days, until he got ready to leave town.

The point to all this is that this gracious grafter might have more difficulty in working a game like that at the present writing. He might have to go and get in line and endure a long, irksome wait before he would have a chance to talk with the head salesman. A man selling an article of real merit is often so busy just now in pacifying customers who are complaining about slow delivery that he hasn't any time left for entertaining prospects.

New-Style Motor Selling

A good example of this is in the automobile industry. Only a dozen or so years ago a great many automobile salesmen were somewhat the same type as wine agents. They were affable entertainers, and it was not unusual for them to abandon hope of selling a man a high-priced car unless they could do so when his mind was not altogether clear. To-day, if you buy any of several autos, you will probably try to work a personal pull with the agent in order to get more prompt delivery than some other customer. The chances are that you will not even ask for a very elaborate demonstration, but will buy on hearsay—that is, on the general reputation of the car. A great many autos—even of the higher-priced makes—are sold over the telephone, just like butter and eggs or any other staple commodity. No one expects his grocer to come round and buy him a drink before landing an order.

Just a few weeks ago a friend of mine determined to buy himself a small auto. He thought the thing over a long while before making up his mind, and the proposed purchase was discussed in his family until it naturally took on a lot of importance. It marked an epoch, in a way, such as when he got married and the time he bought his home. The passage from the pedestrian class to the automobile class was no trifling event. So, when he went to the marts to buy, he felt that he had coming to him a great deal of deference.

"I'm thinking," said he to the agent of the car he had selected, "of buying a car."

"All right," agreed the salesman pleasantly. "If you place your order to-day I might be able to get you delivery inside of a month."

He was courteous enough, but he talked in an offhand tone as if he had been saying:

"Will you take it with you or shall we send it round on the afternoon delivery?"

"I should have had a lot more fuss made over me," remarked the customer in telling of the incident, "if I had been buying a lawn mower, or even a good wrench."

When the Buyer Buys

However, the change of attitude is not so much on the part of the seller as on the part of the buyer. There is just as much selling competition as there ever was—probably more; and that is why the buyer has come to look at things from a new angle. A great many lines of goods are bought by professional buyers, and the professional buyer is the fellow who first saw the light. He found that being entertained or palavered over was costing him money—too much money. He decided that he was being played, as the saying is, for a sucker.

The seller entertains the buyer in order to place him in rare good humor and get him to buy at the highest possible price. The buyer awakened to the fact that in the long run he himself was paying for all meals and theater tickets provided by the genial and urbane persons who had things to sell. Inasmuch as he was paying the bill, then, why not appear as the host and get credit for the outlay, and make capital of it for his own purposes?

There was a chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives at Washington, not so many years ago, who used to give dinners to various dignitaries, sending out invitations in his own name and getting all credit for the entertainment, but assessing the cost among the various members of the committee.

This was, in a way, what used to happen and doubtless still happens between a great many salesmen and buyers. The buyer is entertained until he buys enough goods to pay not only for the goods but also for the entertainment.

John J. Hicks is head buyer for a great retail establishment in a Middle Western city and goes to New York several times a year to buy goods. He got a great deal of pleasure out of these trips East. What with theaters and dinners and automobile rides and one thing and another they formed bright little spots in his busy life. His host at a great many of these nice little parties was Max Izzent, or some such sounding name as that. Somehow or other the store Hicks bought for was never able to make much profit out of the goods it got from Max Izzent. Yet a rival store up the street sold a lot of the same line of goods; and from the way it pushed them, it looked as if it was making a good deal of money out of them.

John J. Hicks tried to buy the goods cheaper, but without success. He became convinced that the buyer from the rival store up the street must be getting them cheaper, else he would not have bought in such large quantities. Hicks also noticed that the rival buyer hardly ever accepted hospitality from Max Izzent. He therefore took a size-up of the situation—and bought some theater tickets. He bought them from a speculator at a fancy price, and they were for a show that was selling out, mostly, two weeks in advance. Then he went to the telephone and called up Max Izzent.

"Max," says he, "a friend of mine from Omaha was called home on account of the serious illness of his old Aunt Ella, and he gave me some tickets he had managed to pick up a week or so ago for The Cerise Nightie, up at the Juckandpudge Theater. I've been wanting to see that show, Max, but I don't want to see it unless I can have some good fellow like you along. Will you join me?"

Now Max had been taking Hicks to theaters, but that was purely a matter of business. Here, on the other hand, so it seemed to Max, was Hicks taking him just because he enjoyed his company. That was really quite flattering. He thought more of Hicks than he ever had before. Hicks was a good old scout, so he declared to himself, to prefer his society to that of anybody else in New York.

Up to that time Hicks had never felt like quibbling over the mere matter of price with Max Izzent after Max had been so hospitable toward him. Now, however, all this was changed. He was doing something for Max, which made him have a rather patronizing feeling toward Max. He could talk to him in fatherly fashion and tell him frankly that his prices were too blamed high! The consequence is that since then he has been buying things from Max for at least thirty-five per cent less than he ever did before.

Hicks Learns Diplomacy

Hicks learned the advantage of making a personal hit with the men from whom he wished to buy and winning their warm regard, instead of merely permitting them to ingratiate themselves upon him. One man with whom he had been dealing had recently built himself a big home over in a bleak section of New Jersey. Hicks found that the man was itching to entertain somebody in this fine new home, but it was so far out that his New York friends were slow to come. So Hicks drew him into conversation about nice places to live, and the man naturally fell to talking about his new house in Jersey.

"Sounds mighty good," remarked Hicks. "Why don't you ever invite me over there? You know how I hate the confusion and bustle of New York."

"Come over to-night!" exclaimed the salesman with enthusiasm, slapping Hicks on the back.

And Hicks went. It paid him to go, not only because he could do business with the man on a much more advantageous basis thereafter but because of the real pleasure it gave his host. In this instance the obligation all went toward Hicks, even though the other man was doing the entertaining. He felt grateful to Hicks for giving him an opportunity to show off his new house, just as a child is pleased when anybody seems to show a genuine interest in his newest toy. Hicks was a man more familiar with the social graces than the salesman himself, and the visit flattered him.

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That's a Beautiful Graduation Announcement, Daughter—

and I notice it is made by QUAYLE, the same engravers and jewelers who made my own commencement announcement more than thirty years ago.

College, school and social leaders are usually particular to see that announcements or invitations for occasions of moment are engraved (on QUAYLE paper) by

QUAYLE & SON, Inc.
Steel Engravers & Jewelrymen
Albany, N. Y.

Better be sure that your invitation or announcement is exactly appropriate for the occasion by ordering it direct from QUAYLE.

The QUAYLE stamp has appeared on class day, graduation and wedding announcements, on graduation rings and class pins for some forty years.

QUAYLE quality GREEN GOLD is exclusive and extremely popular this year for Class Emblems of all kinds.

QUAYLE engraving and jewelry is sold only through QUAYLE salesmen direct to the user. Your money back, of course, if you are dissatisfied for any reason.

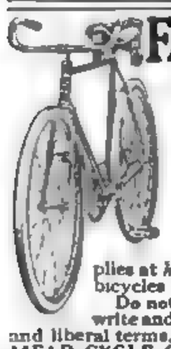
SHS 17

QUAYLE

The National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, Youngstown, Ohio

announces as ready for sale the Souvenir Gold Coins authorized by Act of Congress and passed unanimously in February 1916. The Coins are a beautiful design, containing on one side a fine portrait of President McKinley and on the reverse side a picture of the building.

Remit Three Dollars to The First National Bank of Youngstown, Ohio, and you will receive in return one of these coins by Registered mail.



FACTORY to RIDER

Saves you big money. Buy direct. Get a dependable bicycle and save money. RANGER BICYCLES in 44 styles, colors and sizes. Greatly improved; prices reduced. Other reliable models, $14.75 up. WE DELIVER FREE to you *on approval* and *30 days' trial* and riding test. Our big FREE catalog shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. A cyclopedia of information which every person should have. Write for it. TIRES, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at *half usual prices*. A few good second-hand bicycles taken in trade, $3 to $8 to clear. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you write and learn our *wonderful new offers*, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-55 CHICAGO

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge.

RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

A shift in buying and selling practices seems to be taking place slowly. Understand, I do not mean that there has been a complete change—a revolution or anything like that. But there is a difference. There is one class of buyers, however, who still expect to be carried about and fussed over with considerable éclat; and these are the buyers from the smaller towns, who are usually also the owners of the establishments for which they buy. They are a little behind the professional buyers from the big cities in finding out the advantage of entertaining the other fellow instead of letting the other fellow entertain them.

There is another vast advantage the professional buyer has over the small-town merchant who does his own buying: He is so much more concerned with various other details of his business that he gives little thought to whether or not he shall buy a certain lot of stuff until a smart salesman drops in on him.

Then what chance has he? He must match his wits against the salesman, who is a specialist at talking people into buying things, whether needed or not. The salesman has been practicing on his line of argument for weeks. There is scarcely a loophole of possible escape that he hasn't thought about scores of times in advance. The merchant, on the other hand, has to combat these selling arguments with such a line of defense as he can rig up on the spur of the moment. And this is not so easy as one might think. The chances are that the merchant will fall a victim to the salesman's cleverly worked-out conversation—and will overbuy.

I asked an old, experienced salesman once why so many retail enterprises sooner or later fail. Without a second of hesitation he declared:

"It's because they do not buy with sufficient care."

He went on to say that the smaller the town and the smaller the business, the more likely the storekeeper is to overbuy. Go into almost any small country store and you will find a large percentage of goods which are practically worthless—stuff that the proprietor couldn't sell in a hundred years, except at a loss. If you were to investigate, the chances are that you would find this percentage of useless stock growing smaller and smaller as you looked into bigger establishments, until in the case of a great department store there is practically no dead stuff on the shelves at all.

The trouble is that most of the business education has been along the line of selling. There are schools of salesmanship and talks on salesmanship and magazine articles about salesmanship, but right offhand I cannot think of ever having read a treatise on how to resist expert salesmanship.

The Tact of the Hat Clerk

A high-grade salesman was endeavoring one day to obtain an order from the head of one of the leading department stores in Pittsburgh. The two were warm personal friends, yet the salesman could not get his order. He finally gave up, somewhat in disgust, and the two got to talking of other matters.

"What," asked the salesman, "do you regard as the chief secret of your success?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Boggs, "it is being able to resist a man like you. Here we are, old friends; you're a gifted salesman and your goods are always the very best of their kind. It is always a strong temptation to buy from you. But I don't need anything from you at the present time. So I must say 'No.' Except for my ability to say 'No,' I should have been on the rocks long ago."

A once-successful publisher brought a great magazine to financial ruin a few years ago for that very reason. Every time he saw a clever manuscript he could not resist buying it. Before long he had thousands of dollars tied up in manuscripts stacked away in his safe. He could not have used them all in fifty years.

A big improvement has crept into the selling end of most retail businesses in the past few years. Men who sell goods from behind the counter are vastly more clever salesmen than one used to find. There are a good many obscure-looking men working behind counters who are so efficient in their quiet way that they can earn four thousand or five thousand dollars a year. They do it by selling rapidly.

A poor salesman, working on salary and commission behind a hat counter, for instance, would take so long to sell the average man a hat that his total commissions at the end of the year would be small. But to-day, if you go into a high-grade store to buy a hat or a suit of clothes, the chances are that the first hat or suit the salesman shows you will be the one you finally buy. There will not be any need to look much farther. The salesman, if he is a good one, will size you up and know just about what you want. If you have on a black felt hat he may assume that you want a change and will show you a hat of lighter color. If you have a full, round face he will not show you a hat with the kind of brim that would overemphasize the full-moon effect. And he will be careful not to insult you by showing you a hat much cheaper than the one you have been wearing.

"Let's see," says he, reaching out for the hat you have on; "what size do you wear?"

While you're telling him that you wear a seven-and-an-eighth, he is turning back the sweatband as if looking for the size; but in reality he is looking for a price mark and taking an inventory of the general quality of the hat.

If he showed you too cheap a hat you would not only feel somewhat insulted but would question his ability to find anything in his stock to satisfy you. It would be apparent that he was simply showing you hats at random. Offering you too expensive a hat would also be a mistake, as it would make you feel uncomfortable—as if you had got into a store out of your class. You would decide that they took no interest in the wants of the humbler customers. The smart salesman gives out the impression that the kind of hat you want is the very kind they make a specialty of—the kind they find most pleasure in selling.

Time and again I have gone into a store and bought the first hat the man showed me. I learned by experience that if I took time to look at others I should probably prefer the first one anyhow.

How Sales are Speeded Up

It used to be that buying a suit of clothes was an afternoon's job. First, it took a long time to find a suit that would fit. Then you discovered the suit which satisfied you in that respect was too high-priced or too loud in pattern. To get all the desirable qualities in one suit required a lot of looking and a lot of wearisome trying on. And, from the store viewpoint, it was costly—because it required more salespeople. To-day a good clothing salesman is supposed to have enough intuition to know at a glance just what the customer's wants are, and to know his stock so well that he can go at once and lay his hand on the very suit the customer will buy.

It is the same way with shoes. Instead of hauling out nineteen varieties of shoes and getting you all confused, the clerk guesses about what shape you want. Or perhaps you have told him what number in the window display most appealed to you. And, instead of asking you for your size, the clerk measures your foot.

In the case of a woman customer this is particularly wise, for a woman will often try to make herself think she wants a smaller shoe than she ought to have. Then her feet are uncomfortable and she nurses a feeling of malice toward the shoe store. The clerk knows that the size one's feet can be comfortable in will vary somewhat according to the width. So he goes quietly and picks out what the woman ought to have, while she is quite content in the assumption that he is picking out a much smaller size than he really is, and that her feet are dainty and *chic* to a wonderful degree.

It frequently happens that one can buy the same shoe at a lower price in one store than in another; but nearly always there will be a difference in the service, to offset somewhat the saving in the shoes. In other words, the tendency is that service and value in different stores will average up about alike. You go into a high-priced store and usually a clerk comes at once to wait on you, and stays faithfully with you until the ordeal is over and you have made up your mind which pair of shoes you will make your own. But you enter a store down the street, where you can buy the same shoes for, say, a dollar less, and the chances are that one clerk will be waiting on about six people, hopping from one to another like a Swiss bell ringer. He takes off one of the new customer's shoes at once—so that if the customer gets tired of waiting he won't leave. Then, as soon as he can

(Concluded on Page 71)

1 Minute after Midnight on New Year's Morn

Fifty Hazel Brown and Black Taxicabs Arrived at the Entrance of Hotel La Salle to Serve Its Patrons Exclusively.

FIFTY limousine cars in special design, richly upholstered and luxurious in every appointment, manned by trained and courteous chauffeurs, are now ready at your instant need. Here is a typical example of the refinements of service which await you at

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

This Taxicab service is maintained solely for the comfort and convenience of Hotel La Salle guests. The charges are among the lowest in Chicago. In every department of Hotel La Salle the highest standard prevails. No matter how many guests demand attention, eleven hundred trained employees give to each the closest personal service.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

ERNEST J. STEVENS, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor

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31 Extra Features
8 Styles of Bodies
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 100% Over-Strength

Every Part Now Twice as Strong as Need Be

John W. Bate, the great Efficiency Engineer, now announces for the first time double-strength in every Mitchell part

In the new Mitchells we are ready to announce the fulfillment of a three-year ambition.

Three years ago, after one year in Europe, John W. Bate returned to the Mitchell plant.

He said, "I have one more thing to accomplish. And I learned it from the foremost European engineers.

"We build cars too fast in America. We try to build them too cheap. We give too little thought to endurance.

"I want to build you a lifetime car. I want to give every part in the Mitchell at least 100 per cent over-strength."

Now It Is Done

Mr. Bate came back. Since then he has given the Mitchell car 15 hours a day. Far into the night, week after week for three years, he has worked on this problem of strength.

He has worn out fifty cars in making tests to prove the strength requirements. When he found the strength any part required, he doubled it in the car.

He took part by part and brought each to this standard. Then he found a way to test each part to prove that it met the standard.

In last year's Mitchell we claimed 50 per cent over-strength. This work was not then completed. This year we can claim for every part twice the needed strength. And our daily tests prove this claim.

One Example—Springs

Let us cite one example—the Bate cantilever springs. You know how often springs break on the ordinary car.

These Bate springs have now been used for 18 months in Mitchells. Not one leaf in one of them ever has broken.

We have machines in our factory for testing them. These machines apply road action hundreds of thousands of times. We have thus applied months of incessant vibration to one spring. And never one has broken.

Yet these long cantilever springs are the easiest-riding springs in the world. No Mitchell owner ever needs shock absorbers. Mitchell cars have no snubbers or rebound straps. They are utterly unnecessary.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.
Price, $1460 f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.
Price, $1150 f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

That is simply one part—one well-known weakness. Hundreds of parts have been given equal strength. Now over 440 parts of the Mitchell are built of toughened steel, drop-forged or steel-stamped. The parts which get the major strains are all of Chrome-Vanadium. Many parts on which safety depends are almost double-size.

175,000-Mile Tests

Two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles apiece. Seven of them have averaged over 175,000 miles each. That is over 30 years of rather active service.

So this new Mitchell, in all probability, is a lifetime car. With proper care, you should never wear it out. Troubles and repairs are as nearly eliminated as can be.

The Lifetime Car

In times past, men bought a new car every year or two. Models were constantly changing. So a car's endurance seemed of less importance. That is why European cars so excelled American.

Now most buyers in the Mitchell class buy their cars to keep. And John W. Bate has rebuilt every Mitchell part to meet these new requirements.

That is the sovereign advantage we offer in Mitchell cars. It is not so visible as other extra features. But we figure it means double life to your car, plus safety and economy. And we know it over-tops every other result of John W. Bate's efficiency.

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20% Extra Value
Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 24% Extra Luxury

Deeper Finish—Finer Upholstery—31 Extras

In this year's Mitchells, on exhibit at the Shows, we have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish and trimming, attaining the height of luxury.

These new Mitchells will also give you a new idea of beauty.

The lines of the car, in many artists' opinion, are the handsomest ever attained. But our added cost lies in scores of details which are too often skimped.

Last year's Mitchells were luxurious, you know. In every large city they were regarded as models of motor car elegance.

But this year we have added just 24 per cent to the cost of the finish, upholstery and trimming. So the Mitchells you see at the Shows this year will be superb examples of artistic detail.

Our New Body Plant Saves This 24 Per Cent

In the past few months we have equipped ourselves to build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. Our new body plant, with its lumber yards, covers 14 city blocks.

The Mitchell, we believe, is the only plant which builds all the bodies for a high-grade car. The saving we make pays for all this added luxury. Now we are building, under the Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of the Mitchell.

But the chief fact is this: We could not buy bodies at a possible price finished and appointed as ours are. Our requirements are too extreme. So this new Mitchell luxury was out of the question until our new body plant was completed.

Heat-Fixed Finish

We have built for one thing enormous ovens which hold many Mitchell bodies. Here our finish coats are fixed by heat. This adds immensely to the lustre. And it gives a finish which endures for years.

We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our leather to give you unusual upholstery. We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our cushion springs to give you better springs.

Those are a few of our conspicuous improvements. You will see scores of others. Every touch and detail reveals an added cost. Yet all this seeming extravagance, like all Mitchell extras, is paid for by factory savings.

31 Extras This Year

In this year's Mitchells you will find 31 extra features. That is, 31 attractions which practically all cars omit. Most of them are exclusive to the Mitchell.

Each is something that you want. They will cost us on this year's output not less than $4,000,000. Yet all of them come to you without extra price, because of our factory savings.

They include a power tire pump, Bate springs, a new-type control, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a ball-bearing steering gear, engine primer on instrument board. There are 31 extras like those.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	**4-Pass. Cabriolet**
Roadster	**Convertible Sedan**
Coupé	**Demountable Top**
Limousine	**Club Roadster**

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

All Due to Efficiency

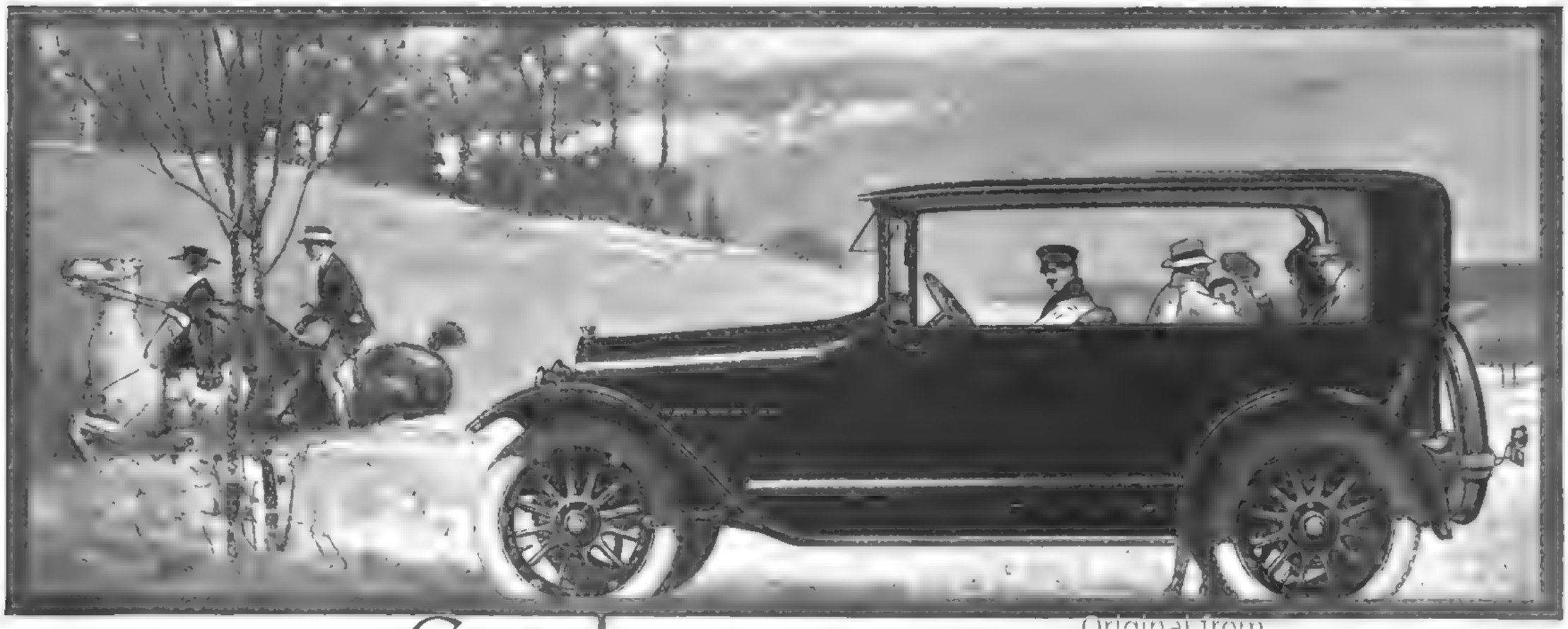
All of the Mitchell's unique attractions are paid for by factory efficiency. All this over-strength, all this added luxury, all these extra features. We owe them all to John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert.

This model plant, which is all of his building, cut our factory costs 50 per cent. Our new body plant, by Bate efficiency methods, pays for this added luxury.

No other smart car offers anywhere near the value you get in the Mitchell. You can prove that in an hour. And that fact is due entirely to the genius of John W. Bate.

See these new cars at our showrooms or at Shows. Pass your own judgment on them. Learn what the extras mean.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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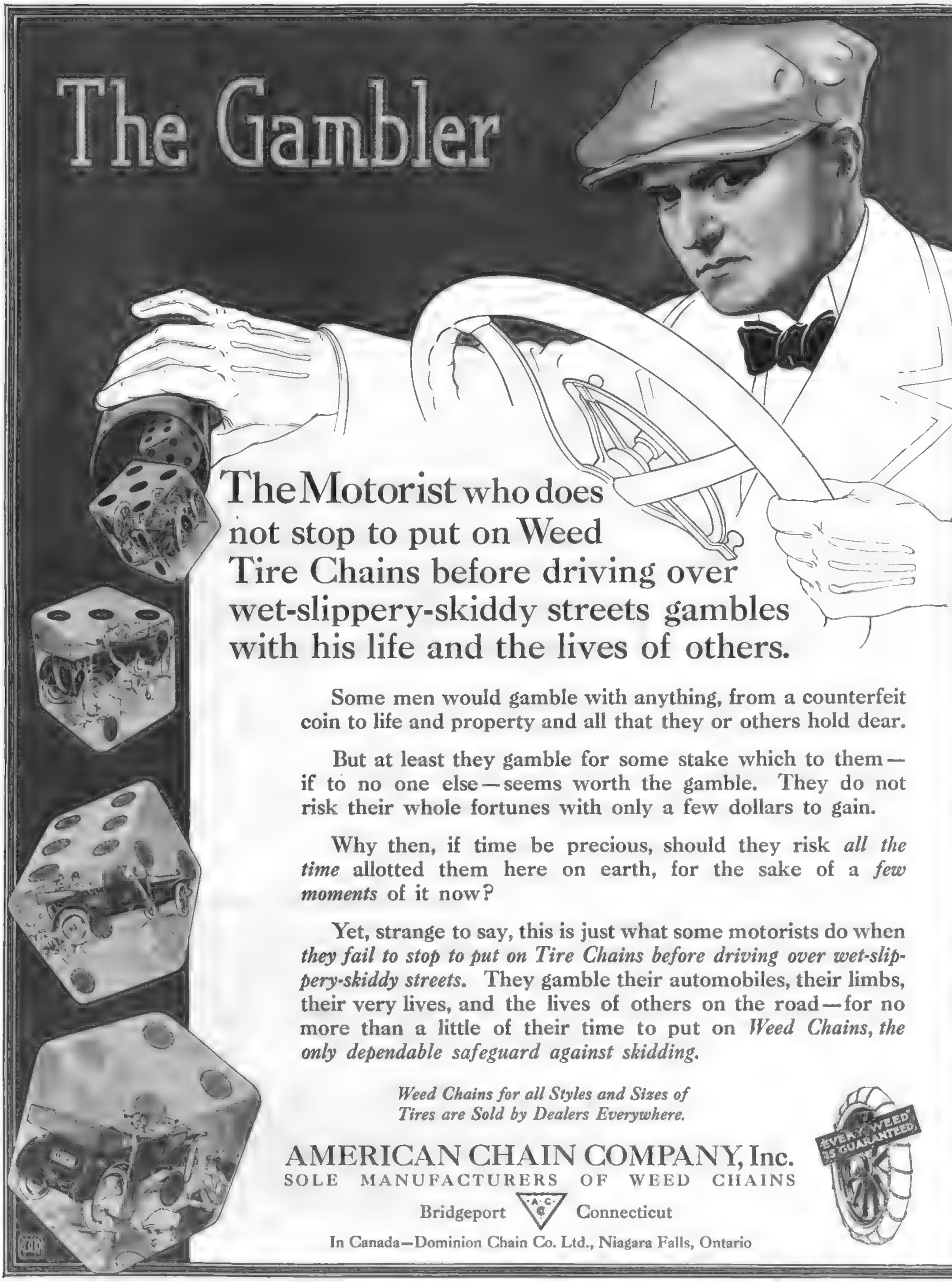
The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, should they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets.* They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives, and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on *Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding.*

Weed Chains for all Styles and Sizes of Tires are Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS
Bridgeport Connecticut
In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

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(Concluded from Page 67)

get round to it, he hands the customer a shoe, to keep him interested—a good deal like giving a restless child a toy with which to amuse himself.

This type of salesman is often a real artist in his line, and it is surprising how rapidly he can dispose of a whole benchful of buyers. He does it by giving each customer the shoes he wants with the least possible delay. If he had to yank down half the shoes on the shelf for each person, in the old-fashioned way, there would be chaos.

A smart salesman behind the underwear counter is quite likely not to ask a man what size he wears, but to pull a tape from his pocket and breezily take the measure of the customer's chest and waist. Then, keeping his own counsel, he fetches garments he thinks will meet the customer's requirements.

In the first place, not one customer in ten remembers his underwear size between purchases. If he thinks he wears a thirty-eight undershirt, when he really needs one of size forty, he will either be dissatisfied with the shirt—and the store—as long as he wears the garment, or he will try it on at home and then bring it back to exchange for something else—all of which means a certain amount of effort and annoyance and expense on the part of the seller.

On the other hand, if the customer does remember his size, and the salesman finds that it isn't in stock and offers him something else, the customer is certain something else won't do. Yet often another size would fit equally well. For instance, a man who has been wearing a closely-woven undershirt, size forty, can easily make out with a ribbed shirt of size thirty-eight. Or he may be right in between thirty-eight and forty, and one will do about as well as the other. So the smart clerk knows that frequently it is best to ask no questions and go right ahead in his own way.

However, there are still a great many salesmen who entertain ideas and tastes I should hesitate to adopt for my own use. It has always seemed to me that the world's worst salesmen are sought out and placed behind the shirt counters throughout this broad land.

For instance, it happens that I like to wear negligée shirts of a rather subdued, unobtrusive pattern, so that I may move among people of high or low degree without their being harassed by my shirt's acoustic properties. Yet, whenever I go into a haberdashery to buy shirts I am waited on by a young man who seems to have consecrated his soul to selling me something I do not want. He shows me a lot of shirts with color schemes that seem to have been designed to combine the attractiveness of a horse blanket and a bright new drug-store awning.

Haberdashers always seem not a little vexed when I fail to enthuse over shirts suitable only for minstrel parade and cakewalk wear. With a shirt on like that I should be haunted constantly by the fear that I might meet somebody I know. Frequently a spry young shirt salesman gives me a pitying glance, such as one bestows upon idiots and like people, opens up his vest, and proudly shows me that he himself is wearing one of the very patterns to which I have objected.

Once I went into an antique shop to look at a chair. The clerk was out for the moment and a colored porter kindly undertook to wait on me. The chair I had seen in the window proved to be not quite what I wanted, but the colored man was anxious to please his employer by making a sale. As a clinching argument why I should buy, he said to me in a confidential tone:

"I've got a chair about like that in my own parlor!"

The practice of mentioning a clerk's own preference or fondness for a given article is now considered, as they say in vaudeville, "old stuff." I know of one great department store which carefully instructs its saleswomen in the ready-to-wear departments that they must not, under any circumstances, say to a customer: "I like that on you," "That looks swell," or any such volunteer comments.

The fact that a certain type of salesgirl likes a garment might appeal to some customers as a good reason for not buying it.

This same store insists on just the right phraseology between a clerk and a customer—not only for the sake of courtesy but for greater efficiency. For instance, a clerk must not say to a customer: "Are you being waited on?" but, "Did you find what you wanted?" The latter form of inquiry has the advantage of applying to two different contingencies and the former to only one. It is drilled into clerks in this establishment that customers and possible customers in the store are the company's guests and must be treated as such. Those who look but do not spend must be made to feel that it is perfectly all right to do that very thing.

"We spend thousands of dollars every year in advertising," remarks the head of this concern. "These advertisements are invitations to the public to come in and see us—just as much so as engraved cards are invitations to a reception in one's own home. Having invited a person to see us we must make him feel at home when he comes."

Before the child-labor laws were in such general effect over the country, department stores used to take very young girls and train them gradually so that they absorbed the atmosphere of salesmanship by easy stages. To-day salesmanship is taught to inexperienced employees more by talks and class instruction. It often happens that a person who is not naturally a good salesman will be kept and encouraged because of some qualities which make a good foundation for the actual technic of selling.

A girl whose mental processes are a trifle slow—but who is especially tactful, has a courteous manner or limitless patience—may in time make a high-grade saleswoman.

A few stores of the better class aim not to employ any girl who has blondined her hair, because of a theory that, inasmuch as blondined hair is a faked article, a customer may unconsciously associate the idea of faking with the goods sold over the counter.

Be that as it may, no doubt there is a prejudice against blondined hair on the part of a lot of people, which might tend to detract from a blondined salesgirl's usefulness. I heard a store manager jokingly bewail the fact one day that his best salesgirl in the cloak department had peroxided her hair.

"I have a notion, after this," says he, "to hire nothing but brunettes."

One of the disheartening things, this same man told me, is that girls whose characters are perhaps not entirely above reproach often make the best saleswomen. They have a kind of *savoir-faire* and an insight into human nature that prove valuable.

The tendency in all lines of selling to-day is away from the so-called "trick stuff." It is dangerous to fool a customer into buying anything, no matter how meritorious the article may be. On the dining cars of a certain well-known railroad the menu cards always carry—or at least always used to carry—both at noon and in the evening, a line, stamped on in red ink: "Special Chicken Dinner To-day, $1.25." Then the dining-car conductor comes round and calls attention to this line, remarking casually:

"We have a special chicken dinner to-day. Very nice!"

Now the idea is to convey to the customer the impression that here is something out of the ordinary. The day before or the day after, or maybe any other day in the year, he might not have an opportunity like this to buy a special chicken dinner on the dining car at a flat rate. Yet that identical special chicken dinner is on the menu of that railroad twice a day—for both dinner and supper—every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays.

I know several persons who will never buy that special dinner, no matter how much of an inward craving they have for chicken, simply because they feel there is trickery in the method of selling it.

Similarly the public dislikes to have a store insist on any business method which is too obviously designed solely for the interest of the store rather than for the customer.

For example, I went one day to a candy and soda-water establishment, accompanied by a beautiful and estimable young woman, intending to buy a round of drinks. I found that none of the salespeople would accept my order as bona fide until I purchased a check representing the amount of my intended purchase. At that moment neither of us had fully determined just what we were going to drink. We were obliged to confer on this point, and then inquire for price quotations on the drinks we had selected; after which it was necessary to go to the cashier and pay twenty cents—I believe it was—for a check. Without this check, paid for in advance, we could not enter into the picture at all.

The whole thing suggested a distrust of its customers on the part of the store—as if there was a fear that, having quenched his thirst, a man would pull his hat on tight and make a quick dash for the door without paying for his drink or his ice cream. It is not my present intention to buy anything at that place in future, and I have found a number of kindred spirits who feel about it much the same as I do.

A big store advertised a special mid-summer fur sale for two weeks in August at greatly reduced prices. There was a set of mink furs for one hundred and twenty-four dollars, which ordinarily sold for one hundred and sixty-five dollars. The day after the sale had closed last summer a woman went to that store and sought to buy the mink fur set at the special-sale price. They told her she could have it only at the regular price of one hundred and sixty-five dollars. She explained that she had been out of town during the sale and did not feel that she ought to pay forty-one dollars additional only one day after.

The salesman admitted that it was tough luck, but was firm. She asked whether they wouldn't compromise and let her have the set for one hundred and fifty dollars. They would not. So she went away and the store lost the sale.

"But," explained the salesman, "she will do us a thousand dollars' worth of advertising by telling her friends of the incident. She knows now, and they will know, that our special sales are really great bargain offers, and on the level."

THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THE report of the examining board showed five of the new commissioner's pet applicants to be deficient in hearing. Ten more had failed in the eyesight test and, to make it worse, the real Adonis of the lot was charged with having a fallen arch. All had been rejected. And these were the athletic giants that John Ridgewood had personally selected as examples of what policemen really should be.

The new commissioner had been hit from behind, and he knew it. Not unexpectedly the blow had come from the mailed fist of the system—the traditional enemy to all change and progress in the department.

"All right," he said, as a clerk, carrying an armful of official papers, began to arrange them on the big table. "If they want a fight they are going to get it."

"Were you speaking to me, sir?" inquired the surprised office man.

"Not particularly," Ridgewood informed him, "but I'd just as soon you heard it as anybody else. . . . My boy, there is going to be a fight in this department, and your new commissioner is likely to be favorite in the betting."

"I'm not surprised, sir," replied the puzzled clerk noncommittally.

"Well, you may be," the official assured him, "when I tell you that I want an order issued—and issued to-day—shifting every man on the whole force—captains, lieutenants, sergeants and patrolmen. And let me tell you something else—every pair of bad eyes, every pair of flat feet and every fifty-inch stomach—everything that catches on the teeth of my fine-tooth comb—is going on the scrap heap. I'll give this examining board a real job. This is to be a model police force and I won't have a man, not even an inspector, that's not as sound as those picked men of mine the board turned down."

Thereupon the commissioner tore the report on his pet applicants into bits and smiled inwardly as he watched the dazed look on the clerk's heretofore expressionless face.

"An excellent idea, sir," commented the office man, wondering whether he should depart or wait to hear more. To hide his astonishment at such free talk on the part of a commissioner he resumed his arrangement of the letters and reports.

"Never mind being so particular," said Ridgewood. "I can find what I want." His gesture indicated that the clerk should go and, as the commissioner fully intended, spread abroad what he had said. In an hour, the commissioner knew, the town would be buzzing from end to end.

Even as a newspaper man Ridgewood had detested detail, and this morning, in particular, his ruffled feelings rebelled at the idea of wading through a stack of letters a foot high. Petulantly he knocked over the pile, as a child would a house of playing cards. One lone letter skidded over the edge of the table and fell to the floor. The commissioner picked it up and, in preoccupation, toyed with the envelope.

He was a youngish official—this Ridgewood—but his ruddy face, topped off with a brush of reddish hair, was not that of an innocent. As a successful reporter John Ridgewood had frequently tackled the great police system from the outside. Now he was about to hit it a real blow from the inside. The flash of his blue eyes reflected the spirit with which he drew the sword, and the almost forgotten letter was rumpled in his tightening fist. Mechanically he reached for a paper cutter and ripped the envelope open. Inside was a simple request from Capt. Patrick J. Mulvaney, asking that, in the big shift, Patrolman Dennis McCarty be retained at his post on Ft. Jefferson Avenue.

"Huh!" he grunted. "So they are on already, eh?"

Ridgewood read the note again and again and with each perusal an unpleasant smile deepened round the corners of his otherwise good-natured mouth. Luck seemed to have fallen his way. The system unwittingly had tipped its hand. If that letter like the rest had waited a few hours longer he would never have known of this advance knowledge of his plans. Mulvaney had written a day too soon.

Captain Mulvaney, Ridgewood recalled, was one of the officers on the examining board that had just rejected the commissioner's ideal applicants—one of the very men that he had planned to break at the outset of his administration. And the captain's innocent-appearing request now furnished the very chance that the commissioner had been looking for—an opening through which he might shove the probe and by vigorous work reach, perhaps, clear to the very heart.

Ridgewood was entirely too familiar with police workings to attribute any mere kindliness to Captain Mulvaney's request; but, even on the assumption that the captain was after petty graft, the commissioner was puzzled to know just what Mulvaney could expect to gain by keeping McCarty in a quiet, residential street. It was a bit puzzling also to note that the captain—so prompt in his pleas for McCarty—had asked no favors for himself.

Ridgewood pressed a button on his desk. Almost instantly the door leading to an adjoining office opened and William Scanlon, confidential secretary to more commissioners than he could remember, appeared. He was a typical secretary—this Scanlon—and a valuable one. The new commissioner had reason to know that for ten years no newspaper man had been able to wheedle the slightest bit of information from Scanlon that had not been O. K.'d by his superior. To him the secretary needed no better recommendation.

(Continued on Page 75)

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ANSWERING "Give Us A

From all sections of the country came the *urgent* demand—"Give us a *one-ton* GMC." Not that there was a scarcity of one-ton trucks—to the contrary. But buyers who had learned the value of GMC pulling power, dependability and low upkeep, naturally looked to TRUCK HEADQUARTERS for these qualities in a truck of one-ton capacity. Based on past experience they reasoned—if it's built by GMC it's right.

And the new one-ton GMC *is right* in every detail. It's a rugged, powerful truck—a *real* truck in every sense of the word;—sturdy, substantial, heat-treated frame; heavy axles; powerful, economical motor; worm drive;—a truck of full one-ton capacity, with a factor of safety to withstand the hardship a truck *must* endure to be profitable to its owner.

Like all GMC Trucks, it has those qualities of simplicity and accessibility which are the result of years of experience and co-operative effort of practical truck men.

It is, in our belief, the most practical one-ton truck ever built, from the standpoint of the owner, driver and caretaker.

It is built to operate successfully on either pneumatic or solid tires, and is adaptable to a multitude of uses—busses, ambulances, hearses, police patrols, light fire apparatus, etc.

The furniture dealer, the florist, the department store, the wholesaler, the expressman, the fruit grower, as well as scores of businesses requiring a truck of one-ton capacity, will find the new *one-ton* GMC the answer to every need.

GMC
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¾ Ton 1 Ton 1½ Ton

The New One Ton Completes The Line

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the One DEMAND Ton GMC"

And now the GMC line is complete. There are all needed sizes—from ¾ ton to 5 tons—the one vacant space has been filled. With the addition of the new one-ton truck, any business, industry or individual requiring motor-truck equipment, can come with confidence to TRUCK HEADQUARTERS for trucks of the proper size and type to meet their particular needs.

Words are not needed to tell of the all 'round performance of GMC Trucks. In cities and towns throughout the country, at wharves, docks, railroad platforms, on the busiest thoroughfare or the secluded mountain trail—wherever there are GMC Trucks, their performance furnishes convincing evidence of their worth and ability. The records of their service furnish a dependable guide in determining what GMC Trucks can do for you.

We are ready *at this time* to make deliveries on the new *One-Ton* and on all the other GMC models. If your business needs a motor truck of any size—or a fleet of several sizes—see the nearest GMC dealer or write to "TRUCK HEADQUARTERS".

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Of GMC Worm And Chain Drive Trucks

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No need to shiver and suffer with cold.

Many manufacturers now put our heaters in the cars they build.

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Remember this next car you buy—but don't wait till then.

The nearest dealer or garage man can easily equip the car you have with

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(Continued from Page 71)

"Billy," Ridgewood addressed the secretary, forgetting for the moment he was no longer a newspaper man, "I'm going after this Captain Mulvaney, and I'm going to get him and his gang if it is the last thing I do."

Scanlon smiled and stood waiting. Ten previous commissioners had said the same thing.

"Get me all the reports—all the dope—you have on him, will you?" Ridgewood added. Scanlon turned to follow instructions.

"Just a minute, Billy. What do you know about Patrolman McCarty—Dennis McCarty?"

"The old fellow up on Ft. Jefferson Avenue?"

"Yes, that McCarty. You may also get me a report on him for the past few years."

In a few minutes Scanlon returned with two large, bulging envelopes; the commissioner noted with surprise that both bore the name of Mulvaney. He looked up inquiringly.

"This is all we have on McCarty," said Scanlon, in answer to the look, laying before the commissioner a single sheet of typewritten paper. It bore nothing of unusual interest. The notations were deadly official.

"Well, then, tell me what you know about him?" requested Ridgewood.

"All I know about McCarty," said the secretary, "is that he is a widower with two children; has been on that post for ten years, and never come to headquarters. Every time there is a shift a request comes from somebody for his retention, and it always has been granted. The record there, you will see, shows that he has not made an arrest in years."

The new commissioner drummed on the table with a pencil.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"All that's official."

"Now you are getting to the point, Scanlon. Tell me what you know that isn't official! Mind you, I'm not asking any information on Mulvaney! I have that!"

"Well," Scanlon proceeded, "I know that old man McCarty's main job is to escort school children across the street, and I've heard that instead of arresting anybody he tells them to go home and have a night's rest."

"Does his method work?" asked Ridgewood, smiling.

"It has so far. I'll bet that old fellow has settled more arguments than any man on the force."

"What did he do years ago, before he got so old?" asked the commissioner. "Why wasn't he ever promoted?"

"They tell me that one time, while off duty, McCarty went into a downtown building where city explosives were stored and kept two policemen, asleep on the job, from being burned alive. He couldn't expect much promotion for that stunt," Scanlon went on, "because if the newspapers got the story it would have shown up the whole police force." At this the new commissioner smiled reminiscently. "The gang paid his expenses in the hospital for six weeks, but I honestly don't believe the old fellow ever did really recover."

Ridgewood averted his face so as not to betray a glint of understanding that had come into his eyes. He had struck oil. Even Scanlon himself was apparently inclined to work for the retention of the veteran.

"All right, Scanlon, that will do," he said sharply. "Have Captain Mulvaney report here as soon as possible! And, say," he added, "no matter what comes up don't let me forget this case of McCarty."

Mulvaney's station was far uptown, and it was after the luncheon hour when he rapped on the commissioner's door. In the meantime Ridgewood had lunched alone, that he might formulate his plan of campaign. As a starter he had decided to try the outspoken and domineering bluff.

Mulvaney was a big, good-natured, cunning Irishman. His very appearance seemed to give sufficient evidence that he had fed well on the smaller graft during his years on the force; but nobody had ever been able to catch him at it. In fact, there was no record of any serious charge having been filed against him. The books, on the other hand, recorded many acts of his physical courage against criminals of the dangerous type. Mulvaney was an officer of the old school—heart and soul a part of the protective system that so often had withstood the attacks of the reformers.

"Captain," said the commissioner, reaching for the crumpled letter, "I don't exactly understand this request of yours for keeping McCarty on his post, but I am going to grant it—for the present, at least."

"You'll be blessed for that, commissioner. Old McCarty is a good soul and I could tell ——"

"Moreover," added Ridgewood, ignoring the interrupted remark, "I am going to retain you in that precinct."

"I didn't ask that, commissioner," replied the surprised officer, "but you will certainly get the well wishes of myself and the wife."

The captain faced about to leave, but caught a glimpse of his name on the bulging envelopes on the commissioner's desk. He hesitated.

"Mulvaney," announced the new commissioner with startling abruptness, as he tapped the two envelopes, "I'm going to break you!"

The captain's amazed expression was not assumed.

"And what do you mean by that—breaking me?"

"I mean that there is a motive behind this McCarty request and I'm going to find out what it is. I am pretty well informed as to your petty grafting in the past. I also know that you are in the gang that has started in to tame me. I have not forgotten that you are on that examining board.

"You think you know a lot, but, believe me, you are not butting against one of those visionary officials who come in here with no real knowledge of cops—not this time."

For a second Mulvaney merely stared at Ridgewood, to whom as a reporter he had given many a good story.

"All I know, commissioner," he said, "is the things I need to know in the performance of my duty."

"Is that so?" said Ridgewood sarcastically. "Well, how did you know that I was going to order a shift in the department?"

"Why—er—why—er—all the new commissioners have done it in the past, sir. Naturally I figured that a man as bright as yourself would change the boys round."

"And you decided to beat me to it by tipping off the rest of the force?"

"I did nothing of the kind, sir, begging your pardon. I simply felt that it was coming, and there was a spot in my heart for Mac, and I thought—well, I figured I'd better write in time. You see, commissioner, old Mac is ——"

"I am not particularly concerned in old Mac," interrupted the commissioner; "you are the man I'm after."

"Well, sir, my record is an open book and it lies right there before you. There's no living man that's got anything on me!"

"But there may be something on you before I am through," Ridgewood assured him. "Let me tell you something, Mulvaney: I came into this department to straighten it up and I am too wise to expect any help. I have looked forward to this chance since I covered my first assignment in Mulberry Street."

"And I can say," said Mulvaney, "that no reporter was ever better liked."

"Never mind the blarney, Mulvaney!" said Ridgewood. "Don't try to fix things that way! And let me tell you something else: I know the workings of your police system, and I am going to get at the heart of it, and when I do something will rip."

The commissioner turned in his chair and, taking this as a cue, Mulvaney saluted and started for the door.

"Don't forget what I said, Mulvaney," was the commissioner's parting shot; "you can go out and pass the word that John Ridgewood is going to get at the heart of this system."

II

IT WAS just after the school hour and the old patrolman stood in the middle of the street, slowing up the cars and wagons that the crowds of laughing children might cross in safety. Two blocks away a small, inexpensive car, driven by a young man attired in motor coat and goggles, approached slowly. John Ridgewood handled the wheel with caution. All his life he had wanted to do just this kind of sleuthing—sleuthing for himself and not for facts that were to be published in a newspaper.

Still moving at a snail's pace, the commissioner saw the old officer walk to the curb and take a youngster with each hand. When the group passed the center of the street the commissioner decided it a good opportunity to make his first test. Speeding up the motor, he crossed the intersecting street at a speed of thirty miles an hour. Apparently the policeman did not see him. At any rate, he paid not the slightest heed.

"Mulvaney," Announced the New Commissioner, "I'm Going to Break You!"

A block away Ridgewood turned round and came back at the same speed, violently sounding his horn. McCarty did not even raise his hand, and paid no attention to the flying automobile until a group of boys on the curb called attention to it by wild waving of arms.

"Go on, ye devil!" the policeman shouted, after the car had shot by. "It's the likes of you that ——"

But that is all Ridgewood could hear. A half block away he slowed up and, at the next corner, deliberately turned his car so that there could be no chance of McCarty not seeing the license plates. Ridgewood made a complete circle, putting both his front and rear numbers in plain view. McCarty did not call him back and, after waiting a minute or two, the young man drove downtown.

The commissioner paid particular attention next morning to reports that came into the traffic department from uptown. In them he found no complaint from McCarty.

He made a memorandum of the incident, withholding his personal connection with it, and instructed Scanlon to see that the slip was turned over to Captain Mulvaney.

Still there was no report, no charge of neglect filed against McCarty. Twice Mulvaney had called at headquarters on what he said was important business; but as it did not concern the case in question, the commissioner sent out word to report to one of the deputies.

Two days later John Ridgewood noted with interest that McCarty was on the night shift, a change that came in the natural course of routine. He smiled at a suddenly conceived opportunity for killing two birds with one stone. He would prowl round Mulvaney's precinct at night, and, at the same time, observe McCarty on his beat. As yet he had failed to find any connection whatever between the captain and the old patrolman.

Leaving his club in upper Fifth Avenue he hailed a nighthawk taxicab and ordered the chauffeur to proceed uptown. First he decided he would stop at a saloon near the station house and pick up what stray bits of information he could about the captain. He was sure of not being recognized. His youngish, man-about-town appearance was not at all in keeping with what the people of that section would naturally expect in a commissioner of police. Walking to the bar he asked a man he judged to be the proprietor to join him in a drink. A pinochle game was being fought out at a near-by table, and on this the commissioner commented jokingly.

"By the way," Ridgewood inquired casually after a time, "this is Pat Mulvaney's district, isn't it?"

"It is," said the saloon man enthusiastically, "and a good man is that Mulvaney. Deserves more notice than he gets too. You don't happen to be a newspaper man?" he suddenly asked.

"Well—yes," replied the commissioner, "but you needn't mention it."

"I thought so when you first come in," declared the saloon man. "Say," and he looked round cautiously, "if I wasn't under promise I could give you something on this Mulvaney that would put you in right. You couldn't stick round until late, could you?"

"No," said Ridgewood, "but I can come back. I'm on something else right now."

"Well," said the saloonkeeper, "you drop in here later and I'll give you a story that will make 'em set up. I can't say anything right now, because some of 'em that's concerned may be settin' round." He glanced at the pinochle players.

"I guess Mulvaney looks after you saloon people pretty well," Ridgewood suggested, now that he had the saloon man in what he thought a confidential mood.

"Oh, he gives us no trouble—just sees that things are orderly."

"And you are not the kind of a fellow—I can see that—who would forget a man like that, especially on Sunday, since the closing law has gone into effect."

"Not us," declared the saloonkeeper emphatically; "why, only last week I got a side of real Irish bacon from a ship steward, and Mulvaney went so crazy about it that I gave him pretty near all of it."

Ridgewood, in view of his intention to return and get the newspaper information, deemed it inadvisable to continue his questioning.

It was plain that the saloonkeeper suspected nothing wrong, which was a good state to keep him in.

"Don't forget about coming back!" the new-found friend whispered to the commissioner as he was going to his taxicab. "It'll be well worth your while. Don't come to anybody but me! Name's Steve Wayburn."

"This is a queer twist," the commissioner meditated, when the saloon man had gone. "He is evidently a friend of Mulvaney's and yet, for some reason, he wants to turn him up!"

At the curb the taxi driver was up to his waist in the hood of the car, tapping and hammering. Getting nothing but mumbled, irritated answers, the commissioner waited until the chauffeur's head came out.

"What's the matter, driver?" he asked. "Can't you get her going?"

(Concluded on Page 79)

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The Toursedan

Motoring reaches the highest degree of luxury in the Cole-Springfield Toursedan. The car is about the handsomest thing on wheels. And it secures the comfort and convenience of passengers against all pranks of weather or roads. Yet the Toursedan is quickly and easily convertible into an open touring car. Price $2295.

We start 1917 with a production three times as great as that of last January.

The rapidly increasing demand for the Cole Eight would allow an even larger expansion.

But we prefer to grow with great care. It tends to a sounder stability.

We prefer to increase by logical and reasonable steps rather than by too spectacular strides. We consider the ultimate consumer *first*. Therefore we always take the utmost care to protect Cole Eight purchasers by painstaking, unhurried workmanship and the use of the best materials it is possible to obtain.

We are building for the future along the lines of established permanence.

Our long experience and our extensive facilities are devoted entirely to one fixed purpose,—to one chassis—America's foremost Eight. We aim to obtain and maintain the highest standard in the manufacture of fine motor cars.

This constant, diligent and persistent effort towards bettering the best has placed us in a very advanced position in the motor-car industry.

As a result, we start January shipping 200 per-cent more cars than at this period last year.

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United States Prices

Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan, . .	$2295
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé, . .	$2295
Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, . . .	$1695
Four Passenger Cole Eight Roadster, ...	$1695

Prices f. o. b. factory

Canadian Prices

Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan, ...	$3250
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé, ...	$3250
Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, ...	$2395
Four Passenger Cole Eight Roadster, ...	$2395

Prices f. o. b. factory, duty paid

Cole Motor Car Company,

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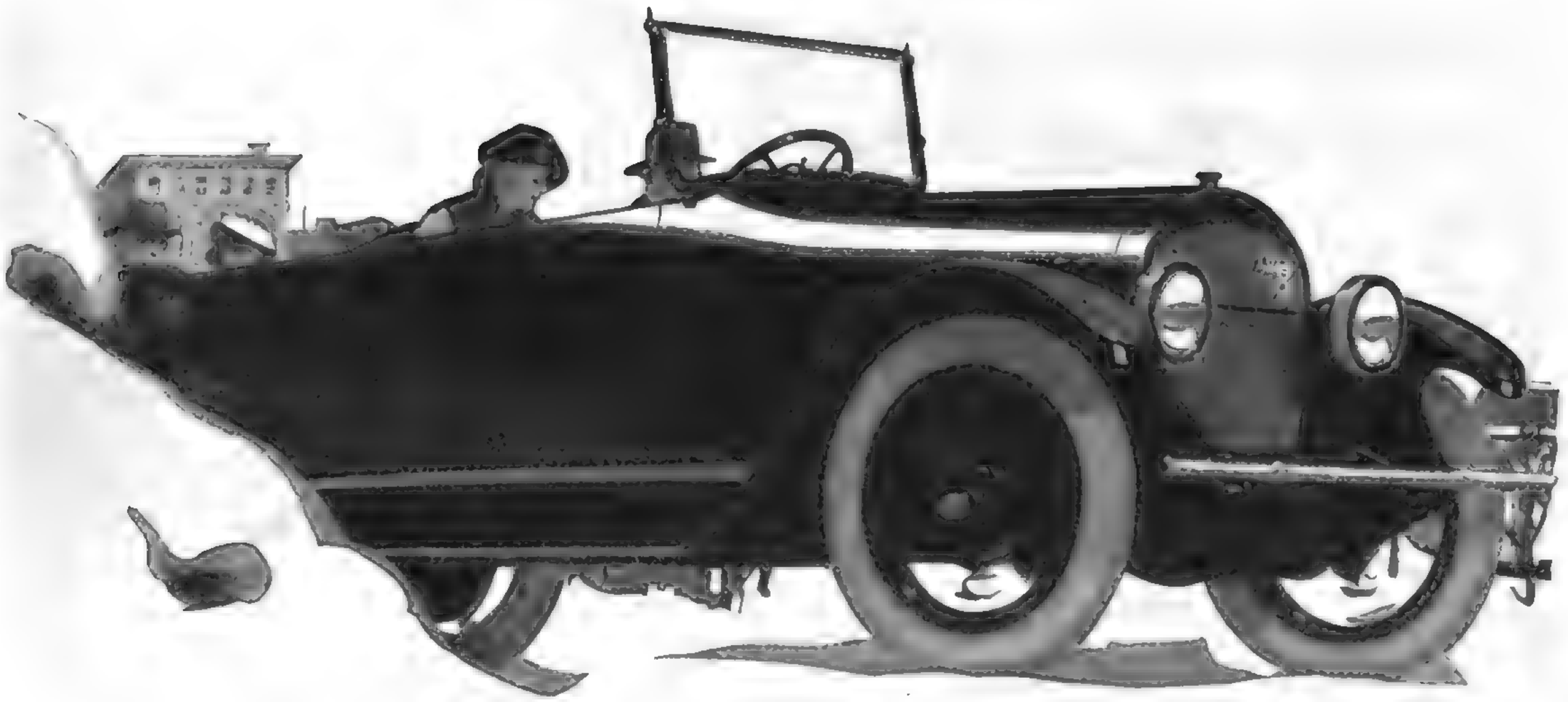

L-E-8

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We were the first manufacturers of eight cylinder cars to combine large size and tremendous power with light weight and economy of operation.

The famous chassis on which all Cole models are mounted is the largest, but relatively the lightest Eight built.

Last year we introduced the Springfield Type Body with such sweeping success that it was later adopted by the builder of practically every well-known car.

The Toursedan and Tourcoupé are essentially and unmistakably Cole, even to their names—as well as the details of construction.

These were the first permanent, all season cars—the first 8 cylinder automobile to offer equal comfort and convenience, both winter and summer, all in one and the same unit, at a single price.

In this as in many other important and fundamental advanced features the Cole leads.

A demonstration of any of our models will show you what the Cole Eight represents in modern motor-car construction and value. Ask the nearest Cole dealer.

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PRICE
$1
In Canada, $1.25

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BEHIND the Bethlehem Spark Plug is the most efficiently equipped spark-plug factory and organization in the world.

Into every Bethlehem Spark Plug goes the finest material that scientific methods can produce.

That material is formed, under the most exacting conditions, into the precise size, shape and synthetic balance which, through experimenting and service conclusions, have *proved* to be the best.

The steel of which the shell is built—the mica or porcelain cores—the brass mountings—the special alloy electrodes—each one of these has received special attention, each one has some firmly established merit of quality or construction to warrant its incorporation in the Bethlehem Plug.

The importance of the spark plug to the dependable, economic and efficient performance of your engine cannot be overestimated.

If you have been "getting along" with the ordinary spark plug, the Bethlehem with its sure-sparking, non-corroding, long-enduring Five-Point Construction, will be a revelation to you.

Secure a set today at your dealer's—prove to yourself what a *real* spark plug will do for *your* motoring.

THE SILVEX COMPANY
BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.
E. H. SCHWAB, President

If your dealer should happen to be out of Bethlehem Five-Point, write us giving make and model of car; we will forward you a set designed for your particular needs.

Guaranteed for the Life of Your Car

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(Concluded from Page 75)

"I don't know what's got into the old bus," the man answered sulkily. "I told the boss a week ago to turn her in and dig me up a better one."

"Maybe I can help," suggested Ridgewood, who was a pretty good amateur chauffeur.

Removing his coat, he joined the man; and together they worked, making test after test, until the commissioner discovered the porcelain cracked in one of the spark plugs. The driver found a fairly good one in his tool kit and, putting it in place of the bad one, they finally got the car under way, but only for a few blocks. The motor soon began skipping again and, with a couple of despairing coughs, the old machine came to a dead stop.

"Here," ordered Ridgewood, now thoroughly irritated, "let me get out! I haven't time to fool with you any longer!"

"All right, get out then," came the surly reply.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Ridgewood, reaching for his roll of bills.

"Four dollars and eighty cents!"

"Four dollars?" exclaimed Ridgewood. "Why, that's robbery! I won't pay it! How do you figure that out?"

"Three dollars for the ride and one-eighty for waiting."

"Why, you only waited half an hour outside the saloon."

"Well, what about the time we took in getting started?" the driver demanded.

"You don't mean to say that I am charged for the time I helped you fix the car, do you?"

"That's what I said, and it goes."

"You even charge for the time you keep me waiting?"

"I've got orders to charge for everything from the time I leave on a job, and there's no use arguing. They make me pay and I make you pay. Get that?"

"It's plain burglary," announced Ridgewood, putting his bills back in his pocket. "I won't pay it! Moreover, I have a good mind to arrest you for extortion."

"You'll pay this bill or take a punch in the jaw," declared the chauffeur, drawing back his fist.

"I'll ——" But the driver interrupted with a blow that grazed the commissioner's ear. Even the head of a police department is human, and John Ridgewood let fly a sudden wallop that struck the taxi driver squarely on the nose. In another moment they were rolling over and over in the street, fighting like cats and dogs.

A few passing pedestrians stopped to cheer, and one more law-abiding than the rest started off to find a policeman.

Ridgewood was rapidly getting the better of the rough-and-tumble fight, when a strong hand took violent hold of his collar and yanked him to his feet.

"You boys'll have to stop this rough-house! Stop it, and stop it quick; d'yer hear me?"

To Ridgewood's complete astonishment—for under present stress he had forgotten the original object of his quest—he found himself facing Dennis McCarty.

"Officer," shouted the commissioner, still trembling with the excitement and indignity of his struggle, "I demand the arrest of this man."

"Yes," added the driver, "and if you don't put that guy in jail I'll report you!"

"Now you cool off," admonished the old policeman, holding them apart. "Go home and get a good night's rest!"

"I insist that you arrest this man," reiterated the commissioner, "on the grounds of extortionate charges and assault."

"I ain't on to them charges," retorted the chauffeur, "but this guy is a deadbeat and I want him locked up!"

"Now listen, me b'ys," ordered the cop: "Yez wouldn't like for yer families to know ye'd been fighting, would yez? Both of yez go home now, and come round here to-morrow when you are cooled off!"

"Look here, officer, we aren't children," began Ridgewood. "If you don't——" He was interrupted by the appearance of the roundsman, on his midnight tour of inspection.

"What's all this about?" inquired the new arrival.

Ridgewood saw that he was not recognized.

"Officer," he said, addressing the roundsman, "I have demanded the arrest of this man for extortion and assault. And ——"

"Yes," the driver interrupted, "and I want my money and I want this guy in jail."

The roundsman looked at McCarty inquiringly.

"I'm just telling the b'ys to cool off and go home," the old man explained, "and when they are cooled off, they can talk it over and shake hands."

"And I am saying to you," chimed in Ridgewood, "that if this man is not arrested right now, I'll see that your case is reported to headquarters."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted the roundsman sharply. "This is McCarty's job and if you want to keep out of trouble you'd better do as he says."

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it," replied Ridgewood, "I now demand that you, as superior officer, make the arrest.

"Say, if I Wasn't Under
Promise I Could Give You Something on This Mulvaney That Would Put You In Right"

I am a citizen of this town and am fully informed as to my rights!"

The commissioner's form of speech convinced the roundsman that he was a man of education and perhaps one of importance. He shook his head in perplexity, as McCarty gradually withdrew from the discussion.

By this time John Ridgewood had calmed down and was in clear possession of his wits. After all, he concluded, there seemed to be some very definite reason for McCarty not making arrests; and realizing that he had accidently hit on a vulnerable point, he concluded to pound it for all it might be worth. Suddenly, too, he recalled Captain Mulvaney's connection with the case.

"Call up your captain and report this at once, or you'll be in wrong yourself," he told the roundsman. "There's either going to be an arrest here or a lot of trouble later."

"No use in calling up," the officer informed Ridgewood. "Mulvaney wouldn't stand for it; and, besides, he ain't there."

"Where could I find him? Quick?"

"I reckon you'd have to go clear to headquarters. He's just cleaned up a gang of mail-box thieves. I met him on my way out starting downtown with Steve Wayburn, the fellow that helped get the dope."

Ridgewood suddenly recalled the saloonkeeper's tip and promise of a story. For a second his mind was diverted from the case at issue. He hesitated.

"Well, there's no use in gabbing round here all night," went on the roundsman, preparing to be on his way. "I tell you right now that there is nothing doing. The only thing for you to do is keep your mouth shut and move along."

The insolence of this was a little too much for the dignity of a department head. Ridgewood flared up and lost his caution.

"Officer," he said, "I'm going to show you something that will persuade you to have McCarty send this man to the station house, even if he has to send me with him."

He reached for the lapel of his buttoned coat. The roundsman was quick to detect the movement.

His long experience made him scent something official. No policeman is immune from a fear of authority.

"And if you do show me," said the roundsman, "I'll tell you something that will change your mind." In the act of drawing the commissioner aside, the officer had caught a glimpse of some kind of gold badge beneath Ridgewood's coat. "And," he added, "you'll listen too—I don't give a damn who you are."

"Well, then, talk quick!"

"I don't know if you have any family," said the roundsman, "but I have and Mulvaney has and old man McCarty has."

"That doesn't interest me in the slightest," said the commissioner, glancing over his shoulder at McCarty and the taxi driver. "Listen, officer; we might as well have this out. McCarty has not made an arrest in ten years and I know it. Mulvaney is mixed up in it somewhere, and if you don't tell me the whole story in two minutes, McCarty will be off the force in two days—and you are likely to go with him."

"You know a lot, young man," agreed the roundsman, with sarcasm; "maybe you know, too, that if McCarty makes this arrest he will have to go into court."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Ridgewood impatiently. "Isn't that part of his job?"

"But you don't know that if old Mac goes before a magistrate he'll lose his job. Every new commissioner makes a holler about policemen not being able to pass the physical examination, and this newest one, they tell me, is a worse crank about it than all the others put together."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Ridgewood, involuntarily reaching for his coat lapel. "What's that got to do with Mulvaney and McCarty and no arrests?"

"Young man," answered the roundsman, "McCarty hasn't heard a sound since he went into the big fire after them two cops—maybe you've heard about that?—and Mulvaney's brother was one of them cops! Now show me your badge!"

"Now You Cool Off," Admonished the Old Policeman. "Go Home and Get a Good Night's Rest!"

His Regular Position

UP IN Vermont years ago there was a prominent citizen who cut quite a swath in state affairs, but who was believed to be quite extensively henpecked in the privacy of his domestic life. After figuring for many years as a factor in the Republican organization, he came out finally as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination and made an active canvass.

But the powers that were decided on another man for the head of the ticket. As a sop to our hero they bestowed the nomination for lieutenant governor upon him. From the convention hall a committee went to his headquarters to break the news to him, and to urge upon him the advisability of accepting second honor, since he could not have first.

The old gentleman took the tidings very calmly.

"Gentlemen," he said, when their spokesman had concluded, "I had expected something else; but I owe a duty to my party and I will consent to become your lieutenant governor. It is a post for which I deem myself to be peculiarly fitted by long experience. I have been holding down that job at home for thirty-five years!"

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LYNITE

Releasing the Engine's Power

Long enchained by useless dead weight, the modern automobile engine has at last been set free by Lynite Pistons.

Replacing cast-iron, Lynite has worked a transformation in motor-car performance through reduction in piston weight, setting a new standard of engine power and flexibility.

Nerve-racking vibration has given way to smoothness and quietness. "Pick-up" has been quickened, greater heights of power reached and responsiveness to the accelerator markedly increased.

With Lynite Pistons in the cylinders, the whole car seems to take on new life—to be eager to get away in a flash and put the road swiftly behind it, regardless of hills. And this highly improved performance is accomplished without increased effort.

The explanation is not far to seek nor hard to understand.

With its remarkable light weight, the new Lynite piston alloy also has the required hardness and uniform close-grained texture lacking in earlier aluminum alloys, and impossible to obtain unless the Lynite process is used.

Lynite Pistons resist the great heat generated in high-speed engines. Owing to their low factor of expansion, their use makes small clearances possible.

Lynite weighs only about one-third as much as cast-iron, and this saving in piston weight—sometimes as much as six or seven pounds to the engine—has an astonishing effect upon engine-flexibility.

Seven pounds may seem a very small burden—yet you can see how it handicaps your motor when you remember the speed at which the engine works.

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PISTONS

Breaking the Chain of Iron

Up and down the pistons rush—faster, faster, faster—till each makes a full stroke in one three-thousandth of a minute. One hundred times a second the useless weight of cast-iron has to be stopped dead, started again in the opposite direction and raised to full speed in the space of a few inches.

The energy required for these countless stops and starts is virtually wasted—it has no part in moving the car.

The pressure of heavy cast-iron pistons against cylinder walls still further slows up the engine.

Therefore, every ounce stripped from the pistons without sacrifice of strength and other necessary qualities obviously means better engine performance.

Lynite Pistons have been severely tested not only in the laboratory but in thousands of cars on race courses, city streets and mountain roads.

The most recent striking demonstration of their superiority was the winning by Louis Chevrolet, on December 2, at Uniontown, Pa., of the $3000 Universal Trophy. With a motor in which not only the pistons but the cylinder castings were of Lynite, and with Lynite at many other places in the car, Chevrolet won out over fourteen other drivers.

Lynite Pistons have been adopted as standard by the following manufacturers

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY	THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO.	PREMIER MOTOR CORPORATION
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY	MERCER AUTOMOBILE CO.	SCRIPPS-BOOTH COMPANY
COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY	NORDYKE AND MARMON CO.	SINGER MOTOR CO., INC.
JAS. CUNNINGHAM, SON & CO.	OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY	STERLING MOTOR COMPANY
CURTISS AËROPLANE & MOTOR CORPORATION	OLDS MOTOR WORKS	THE WHITE COMPANY
	PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.	WISCONSIN MOTOR MFG. CO.

The Aluminum Castings Company
CLEVELAND

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

Peerless
"All that the name implies"

Peerless Eight

Two Separate Power Ranges Give The Peerless a "Dual Personality"

No real lover of the motor car can sit at the wheel of the Peerless Eight for the first time without enjoying a new thrill of delight in its unequalled range of performance.

It presents those contrasts in performance which heretofore have been possible only in totally different types of cars. It is a car of class and distinction in *every* sense.

A "Loafing" Range For Ordinary Driving

In its "loafing" range it exhibits all the admirable traits you would expect in an eighty horsepower eight of real class.

Quietly, and without apparent effort, it performs in high gear, with velvet smoothness, at any speed from almost imperceptible motion to the fastest clip permissible in town driving.

And you have a pick-up which leaves you nothing to fear from any contender in a fast get-away.

And through all its varied performance in its "loafing" range, it is automatically operating on half fuel rations—in fact it uses fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six—even many a four.

A "Sporting" Range For Brute Power and Speed

You have only to open the throttle wider to call upon its "sporting" range.

But instead of the usual response you change the whole character of your car.

You automatically open her double poppets and give her full fuel rations.

You have exchanged the soft purr of your motor for a deep growl of brute power—you have all ordinary contenders at your mercy and with nothing to fear from even the few cars that rightly claim the distinction of real class.

The Peerless dealer will gladly demonstrate this contrasting performance which gives the Peerless Eight the characteristics of totally different types of cars.

Prices: *On orders accepted by the Factory for shipment, until February 28th, 1917, Roadster, $1890; Touring, $1890; Sedan, $2750; Limousine, $3260.*
On orders accepted by the Factory for shipment, after February 28th, 1917, Roadster, $1980; Touring, $1980; Sedan, $2840; Limousine, $3350.
All prices f. o. b. Cleveland and subject to change without notice.

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

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THE WRONG ROAD

(Concluded from Page 20)

"Consider it done."

"You start in five hours for the mountains."

"What! And miss the battle?"

"Miss nothing! You are going after ammunition. Dario Pez is not such a fool as to put all his eggs into one basket, Don Francisco. No; we still have enough sound cartridges cached to drive this scum from the face of the earth. So hurry!"

It did not take me three winks to get the pack train of mules ready for him. That was one thing Dario Pez taught his followers—quick obedience. He taught them, sir, by fear of punishment.

When I reported for orders Dario Pez was seated at the table where he worked, with his secretary; and in front of him was this Juan, with a soldier on each side of him, and an officer in charge.

"Beast of the worst kind!" Dario Pez was saying, and the cords of his neck stood out. "Thou hast betrayed thine own brother. Thou hast stung the hand that raised thee up. For money thou hast sent brave comrades helplessly to death. Better for thee, *hombre*, had thou never been born. But the woeful fact of thy existence shall be remedied, for thou art going to die."

On hearing this Juan began to shake, sir, and his knees would scarcely sustain him. He begged for mercy. Yes; the bold young fellow, who went about in diamonds like a fine gentleman and captivated all the girls, was at heart a miserable coward. He wept; he swore that he had been deceived and imposed upon; he promised to make restitution. In his fear he cast caution to the winds and revealed the secret of a fortune he had stolen. It was in an El Paso bank, sir, whither he had dispatched it for safekeeping.

Instead of appeasing Dario Pez, the confession drove him mad with rage. His temper was always terrible, sir; but never had I seen anything to approach the cold fury that seized him now. He leaned forward, with his hands on the table, and glared at his brother, and I read the death sentence in his eyes.

"So!" he said huskily. "And bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh! Major Orteja, a firing squad of five. And at once!"

That was all he said in answer. This Juan made a last effort: He threw himself on his knees and, crawling in this fashion toward the table, despite the efforts of the guard to hold him, tried to seize the general's hand to mumble it. Dario Pez snatched it away and dealt a blow that sent him sprawling across the room.

"What!" he bellowed, quivering all over. "Thou wouldst shame the mother that bore us both? Take him away! Take him away, major, before I slay him with my own hand and live to regret it."

Thereupon the guard picked up the prisoner and marched him out, Juan begging and beseeching to be heard. It was awful to witness, sir. The sight of a man unmanned sickens the soul and makes one ashamed.

No sooner had his cries died away in the distance than I strode up to the table and saluted.

"Well, Don Francisco? Ready?"

"Yes, *mi general*. But kindly send somebody else in charge of the expedition."

"Why so? What is this? Insubordination?"

"No, general. But I am going to die beside your unfortunate brother."

For a moment he gaped at me, and then his expression hardened.

"Very well, Don Francisco. If you wish to share the fate of a traitor, that is your affair. We will try to spare the needful bullets. Or would you prefer hanging?"

I did not like his tone, sir. Of course I did not seriously believe that he would permit me to be executed for my devotion to his interests, but his temper was so uncertain that such might easily happen. Assuredly Dario Pez would repent immediately afterward and mourn his loyal friend; but that would not bring me back to earth, sir, and I had no desire whatever to leave it.

"Answer me! Would you prefer hanging?"

"No, general. I do not wish to die. But, rather than see you commit a terrible mistake and give your enemies a weapon against you, I would share the fate of this pitiful boy."

"Silence!" he shouted furiously. "Another word like that and I'll give you a pill of my making. Listen to me, Don Francisco—a soldier's first duty is to obey. No excuse relieves him from it. He must execute orders. Were I to command you to go out and shoot your own father, it would be your solemn duty to do so. Would it not, Don Francisco?"

"Yes, general," I answered, my father being comfortably in Paradise; "but that would harm only me and mine. When you attempt to do something that will damage your own cause irretrievably, then I must protest, even though a protest means my death warrant."

"Enough!" exclaimed Dario Pez, banging his clenched fist on the arm of the chair. "Who'll dispute me next? I have said he must die, and he dies. Get out of my presence!"

I saluted and went out. When Dario Pez was in that mood it was as useless to reason with him as with a bleeding bull. Therefore I walked briskly from the house and started to run across the garden. I knew that he must see me from the window.

"Hey! Where're you going so fast, Don Francisco?" he called.

"To die with Juan, Excellency."

And, without slackening my speed, I sped from the garden in pursuit of the firing squad, which was marching up the street, followed by a large crowd.

I did not succeed in overtaking them until they stopped at the ruins of a house on the outskirts of the city. This was the place of execution.

"Wait!" I shouted with all my might. "Wait!"

As I burst through the people, Juan was struggling with a soldier and crying out that he did not desire to have his eyes bandaged, but that he wished to direct the firing squad himself. It was, in my opinion, merely an excuse to gain time, sir. He had not the courage to look into leveled guns, with their cold, cruel mouths.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Major Orteja when I sprang to the prisoner's side.

"I have come to die with him."

"Fine!" said this scoundrel, who seemed very cheerful over the whole proceeding. "Who gets your job?"

By goodness, I took a dislike to Orteja right there! Never since then have I trusted the fellow or favored him with my friendship. But as we thus confronted each other the crowd split apart again, as though a shell had cleaved through its middle, and here came Dario Pez, hot and out of breath.

"What foolishness is this?" he sputtered, and I heard Juan give a little whimper of joy.

He thought the interruption meant respite for himself, sir; and so did I. But we were mistaken; we did not yet know Dario Pez.

"Tie this fool up," he commanded—referring to me, I regret to say, sir—"and give him a sound beating. Now proceed with the execution, major. I myself will superintend it."

Two soldiers held me while the major stood the prisoner up against the wall and blindfolded him in spite of his opposition. That done, Orteja stepped back and lined up his men.

"*Preparen armas!*"

You could have heard a pin drop as the rifles were leveled. I held my breath. Dario Pez was stern and composed.

"*Sobre el reo apunten!*" cried the major; and then a wild scream made me jump, and I saw the rifles waver.

Orteja, he held his sword half raised and glanced uncertainly round him. And as he thus hesitated the front ranks of the crowd split apart once more and a woman rushed into the open space and straight toward this Juan Pez. It was the general's mother.

"Put up your guns!" he bellowed in a terrible voice, and the squad came to attention.

Dario Pez strode forward and tried to remove the mother's arms from round Juan's neck. But, by goodness, sir, the crowd hissed, and the women in the rear shrieked at him to leave her alone, murderer that he was.

"*Madre mia!*" he begged. "Come away! You are wasting the love of an excellent heart on a traitor. Go back! This execution must take place."

But she only clung the tighter. She knew what this Juan had done—but what did that matter? It did not count a grain, sir, with the woman who bore him. She locked her arms round his neck and would not move.

"If you kill him then I shall die, too, Dario. Or, listen—I am old and useless, and have not long to live. See—set me in his place!"

Dario Pez, sir, groaned and beat his breast.

"*Madre mia! Madre mia!*" he cried in a suffocated voice. "Come away! He is not worthy of your love. What nonsense is this? Die for him! You gave him life once. You cannot give it twice."

"Then you must pardon him, Dario," she cried; and the crowd, they huzzaed like anything, sir.

Dario Pez looked at her a while and then at the people assembled, and then at this Juan.

"I believe now," he said grimly, "that there is not a rogue on earth without luck. Take him away; but break his sword."

We had triumphed. There would be no execution. We were feeling mighty jubilant, sir. But it did not last long; for, as his mother stood fondling his hand, and the rest of us just stood there grinning at Juan, and the thoughtless crowd shouted "*vivas*," Dario Pez turned and said:

"But I am not through with you yet, *hombre*. Bring him back to my headquarters in an hour."

And with that, sir, he walked off, the assembled people making way for him and yelling approval of his clemency.

What would he do next? I was in the room when this Juan was led up on the carpet, sir, and I heard all that passed. Dario Pez sat at his table and all the Staff were gathered there by special summons. The general was curiously calm.

"My orders," he began, when silence had been obtained, "are that this prisoner be given his life, though it is rightfully forfeited by his baseness. I do this in response to the pleadings of one of my most loyal officers and in token of the great love his mother bears him.

"But to thee, Juan Pez, I say this: Poor and in rags thou camest to me. Poor and in rags thou shalt go. Major Orteja, escort him to the city limits and set him on the road to Baca, according to your orders. And now to work, gentlemen. Take the fellow away!"

They led him out and we went to work. In about an hour a lady was announced.

"Show her in," said Dario Pez at once. "Don Francisco, listen well to what is about to be said. You will learn human nature, *muchachito*, and it may be useful to you in the matter of women. They tell me you need it."

Before I could reply, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi entered, being announced by the secretary with a fine bow and flourish of words. She came proudly in, sir, all smiles and good humor; and she was dressed in her richest dress.

"Ah, Excellency, it is good of you to send for me!" she said gayly.

"That is as it may be," answered Dario Pez. "Welcome to my poor house, señorita. It is yours. Don Francisco, bring the lady a chair. Have you no manners?"

As for him, he sat there without stirring, sir; and I fetched the Señorita Teresa a nice chair. And then Dario Pez began to talk to her. He spoke gently, sir, with a curious singsong that he always affected when he wanted to be polite to the ladies; but, by goodness, what he said hurt her like a whip.

"And so," he ended, "Juanito has gone. He will be at Baca to-morrow. Love speeds on nimble feet. Doubtless Love will be waiting for him there, with clothes and food and comfort for his wretchedness."

To this, sir, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi said nothing. First she turned red, then white; and she glanced all about her—at me and the general and the windows—as though she found difficulty in getting her breath. And all the while her toe kept tracing a pattern on the floor.

"And he has gone for—he will never return? Never?"

"Never!"

The young lady drew a deep breath.

"He is, then—no—longer agent for Your Excellency? He does not enjoy your favor?"

"He is Juan Pez, of Baca, seller of goats' milk."

"I—you—thank you, general. I must be going. My parents will be anxious if—do not put yourself out, general ——"

"Good!" cried Dario Pez heartily. "I knew Love would find a way. You will be there waiting for him, will you not, señorita?"

But the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi had fled. And Dario Pez, sir, was laughing.

"Oh, *muchachito*," he said to me, "learn human nature! Learn it and the whole round world is yours. Come! We will go find Lucita. Our little visitor is with her and we will test the truth of Juan's denial."

Well, sir, we found Lucita and the nice young girl from La Ascencion in rocking-chairs near the fountain, and they were busily engaged in sewing. Dario Pez sat down close to the nice young girl, and began to speak with her precisely as he had done with the Señorita Teresa; but now he talked very gravely, sir, and did not employ the singsong.

"And doubtless Love will be waiting for him there," he ended, "with clothes and ——"

"Oh, general," cried the girl, seizing his hand and kissing it, "how can I ever show my gratitude? I will start now—at once. Perhaps I can overtake him."

"No, no," he replied; "you must not do that. My orders are that he shall go hungry and in rags to Baca, and to Baca he goes. But you may make a detour and arrive there before him. Hey, Lucita! Wilt thou instruct this child and give her what she needs?"

Lucita gladly agreed, sir.

"A heart of gold, Don Francisco," said Dario Pez. "The most priceless treasure life can offer. I knew Juan was lying. He does not deserve such good fortune. And now to business. You start immediately for the mountains."

Sir, I did so. But about three hours out I gave my officer his instructions and branched off the trail. It was in my mind to ascertain how this Juan Pez fared and then overtake the pack train by hard riding.

It was almost nightfall when I sighted him on the white road that crosses the big mesa, and approaching him was a line of burros, loaded with firewood for the city. A ragged rascal, armed with a stout staff, was driving them. When he met the burros in the road, this Juan did not give an inch from the middle, which created some confusion. The driver came running from the rear to ascertain the trouble.

"What, you big rascal!" he was shouting as I came up. "You would hog the road from me, would you? Take that, and that!"

I turned to look at the brother of Dario Pez. He was sitting on the ground, nursing his shoulder where the driver had struck him, and he was whining like a child who has been punished. But it was his appearance that amazed me most, sir.

By goodness, he was a fearsome sight! They had placed upon him the filthiest beggar's rags that could be found in the city, giving the beggar one of Juan's fine suits in exchange.

But that was not the worst. The upper portion of his body was entirely nude, and on his back they had printed, in large letters that would not rub out: "This is Judas."

"Don Francisco!" he cried at sight of me, ceasing his lamentations. "Oh, good! You have come to help me? You are a real friend, Don Francisco. Give me something to eat. I am famished. And then, your coat. It is very little to ask from a comrade, Don Francisco."

"Aye; but more than I may give, Juan. I can give you nothing."

"Then why did you come? Why did you follow me?"

"I wanted to see you," I replied; and, sir, try as I would, some of the secret joy his situation afforded me crept into my face.

On hearing my words this Juan jumped to his feet and started to run along the road. I watched him go. Presently he came to a point where the road forked. He hesitated an instant, then turned to the left.

"Hey!" I shouted at him. "That doesn't go to Baca. You're on the wrong road."

"The wrong road!" he wailed, bursting into tears. "Always and always the wrong road!"

After a while he rose and went stumbling forward, talking to himself and making many pauses to rest his feet. And so I left him, sir, whimpering along the road to Baca.

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If This Were Our Only Chance to Tell You

If we had just this one chance to talk to *you*—If this were the one Timken-Detroit advertisement *you* would ever read—What message would we give you?

We could not tell you the whole story of motor-car axle importance; but we should certainly emphasize seven facts that every motor-car owner should know and remember:—

1 ***Human safety comes first*** in motor-car construction, and in respect to safety, the axles are beyond question the most important parts of the car.

2 ***A motor-car axle must be better than "good enough."*** It must exceed the stated requirements of the car builder in capacity to carry loads, transmit power, and stand up to the shocks and stresses of travel.

3 ***The axles must fit the car, and the car must fit the axles.*** The axle builder must see to it that his axles are of ample size and capacity to do the work required of them and that they are properly *engineered and built into* the car. The car builder should see to it that no radical increases in weight or horsepower are made after the type and size of the axles have been decided upon. For if radical changes are made it may jeopardize the owner's safety and satisfaction. In other words, axle builder and car builder must work together for a common principle.

4 ***The axle builder must be able to anticipate the future.*** He should not wait for new conditions or for his customers to demand new types and improvements in construction. He should be continually striving for something better than the best he can do today—and be the first to urge its adoption. He should make constant progress toward better design and quality.

5 ***The car owner must have assurance that the axle builder will continue in business.*** Thus, he knows that every part and piece of his axles can be furnished for replacement if the need ever arises. And that assurance can be given only by an old, established and successful organization.

6 ***Building motor-car axles is a task for a specialist;*** for to meet the requirements already mentioned will take all the experience, engineering ability, manufacturing equipment and financial resources of an entire organization, who will give it their exclusive attention. Thus, the axle builder, with his many customers, acts as clearing house for the combined experience of the whole industry.

7 ***Continued use is the test of axle-building leadership.*** It is years of continued use by many of the ablest and most successful of motor-car builders, it is the *high average of satisfactory performance in hundreds of thousands of cars,* that finally tests the soundness of the axle builder's principles and practice.

In all this we have not mentioned Timken-Detroit Axles by name. If this were our one chance to talk to you, we should devote it wholly to explaining what kind of axles we honestly believe you should have, whether made by us or by any other axle builder who can qualify under *all* of the foregoing principles.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

TIMKEN DETROIT AXLES

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For the Points of Severest Service 160 Agree

Actual use of Timken Bearings at the points of hardest service is conclusive evidence of their superiority for use at any point in your car.

The following builders willingly pay more for Timken Bearings because they *know* they will stand up:

GASOLINE PLEASURE CARS

Anger Engineering Co.
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co. (Owen Magnetic)
Brewster and Co.
Buick Motor Co.

Cadillac Motor Car Co.
Case T. M. Co., Inc., J. I.
Chalmers Motor Co.
City of Chicago
Columbia Taxicab Co.
Crawford Automobile Co.
Cunningham, Son & Co., James

Daniels Motor Car Co.
Detroiter Motor Car Co.
Dodge Brothers
Dorris Motor Car Co.
Duesenberg Motor Co.

Fleetwood Chassis Co.

Hudson Motor Car Co.
Hupp Motor Car Co.

Jordan Motor Car Co.

Kissel Motor Car Co.

Liberty Motor Car Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
Lozier Co., H. A.
Luverne Auto Co.

Mather Casket Co., S. W.
McFarlan Motor Co.
Meteor Motor Car Co.
Moline Automobile Co.
Moon Motor Car Co.
Murray Motor Car Co.

Netherlands Automobile and Aëroplane Mfg. Co.
Nordyke & Marmon Co.

Olds Motor Works

Packard Motor Car Co.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Premier Motor Corporation

Quaker City Cab Co.

Reo Motor Car Co.
Riddle Coach & Hearse Co.

Saginaw Motor Car Co.
Saxon Motor Corporation
Simplex Automobile Co. (Crane Model Simplex No. 5)
Singer Motor Co., Inc.
Standard Steel Car Co.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.
Studebaker Corporation
Stutz Motor Car Co.

Thomas Motor Car Co., E. R.

Velie Motor Vehicle Co.

Waldon W. Shaw Livery Co.
Wayne Works
Wescott Motor Car Co.
Willys-Overland Co.
Winton Co.

Yellow Cab Co., The

ELECTRIC PLEASURE CARS

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co.
Walker Vehicle Co.
Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

ELECTRIC, INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL CARS

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co.

Baker, R. & L. Co.
Buda Co.

Commercial Truck Co. of America

Elwell Parker Co.

General Vehicle Co.

Hunt Co., C. W.

Lansing Co.

Orenstein-Arthur, Kopple Co.

Penna. R. R. Co.

Walker Vehicle Co.
Ward Motor Vehicle Co.
Way-Cleanse Co.

GASOLINE COMMERCIAL CARS

Abbot & Downing
Acason Motor Truck Co.
Ahrens-Fox Fire Engine Co.
American-LaFrance Fire Engine Co., Inc.
Armleder Co., The O.
Atterbury Motor Car Co.
Autocar Co.
Available Truck Co.

Bessemer Motor Truck Co.
Blair Motor Truck Co.
Bourne Magnetic Truck Co.
Bowling Green Motor Truck Co.
Brockway Motor Truck Co.

Cadillac Auto Truck Co.
Chase Motor Truck Co.
Chester County Motor Co.
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co.
Corbett Automobile Co.
Crawford Automobile Co.
Croce Automobile Co.
Cross Front Drive Tractor Co., C. J.
Cunningham, Son & Co., James

Dart Motor Truck Co.
DeKalb Wagon Co.
Denby Motor Truck Co.
Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Co.
Diamond T Motor Car Co.
Dorris Motor Car Co.
Drednot Motor Truck Co. of Can., Ltd.

Ever Ready Mfg. Co.

Federal Motor Truck Co.
Fifth Ave. Coach Co.
Fitzhenry-Guptill Co.
Forschler Wagon & Mfg. Co., Philip

Gabriel Carriage & Wagon Co., W. H.
General Motors Truck Co.
Garford Motor Truck Co., The
Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Inc.
Henderson Bros.
Hendrickson Motor Truck Co.
Hupp Motor Car Co.

International Harvester Corp.
International Motor Co. (Mack)

Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co
Kissel Motor Car Co.
Kleiber & Co., Inc.
Klemm, E. R.
Knox Motors Associates
Krebs Commercial Car Co.

Lansden, J. M.
Lewis-Hall Iron Works
Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co.
Locomobile Co. of America

"Maccar" Truck Co.
Maremont Mfg. Co.
Martin Carriage Works
Michigan Auto Trailer Co.
Menominee Motor Truck Co.
Mogul Motor Truck Co
Moreland Motor Truck Co.

Nash Motors Co.
National Steel Car Co., Ltd.
Nelson & LeMoon
New England Truck Co.
Niles Car & Mfg. Co.

Packard Motor Car Co.
Palladium Autocars, Ltd.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.

Rainier Motor Corp.
Reo Motor Truck Co.
Robinson Motor Truck Co.
Rowe Motor Mfg. Co.

Sandow Motor Truck Co.
Sanford Motor Truck Co.
Schacht Motor Truck Co., The G. A.
Seagrave Co.
Selden Motor Vehicle Co.
Service Motor Truck Co.
Signal Motor Truck Co.
Standard Motor Truck Co.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.
Standard Oil Co.
Stegeman Motor Car Co.
Studebaker Corporation

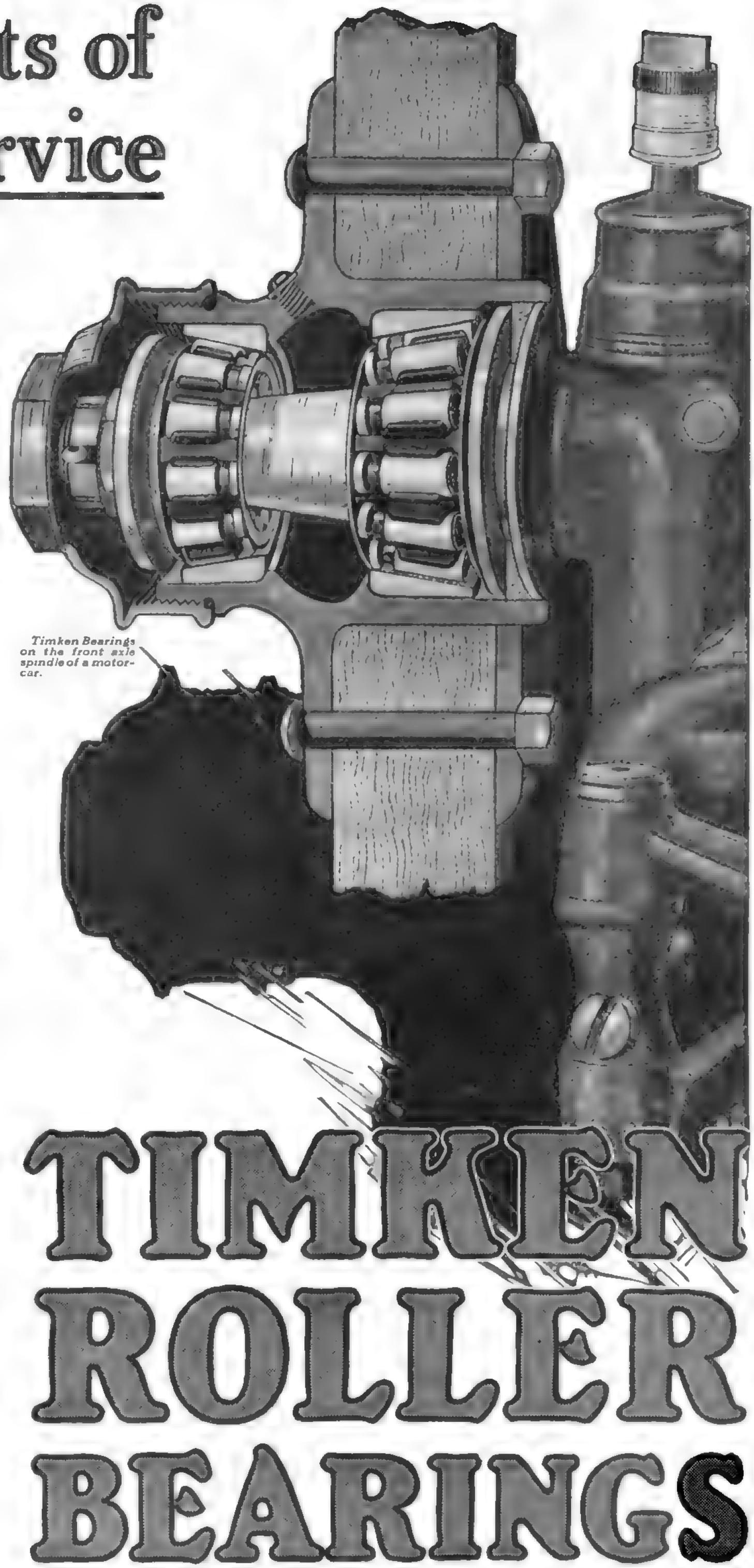
Tait Bros.
Tiffin Wagon Co., The
Thomas Auto Truck Co.
Towar Truck Co.
Trafford Engineering Co.
Transport Tractor Co.

United States Motor Truck Co.
Universal Service Co.

Velie Engineering Co.
Viall Motor Car Co.

Walter Motor Truck Co.
Watson Wagon Co.
Witt-Will Co., Inc.

NOTE—The number of names in the above list is larger than 160, because certain manufacturers are listed twice, both as makers of pleasure cars and trucks.



Timken Bearings on the front axle spindle of a motor-car.

TIMKEN ROLLER BEARINGS

TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

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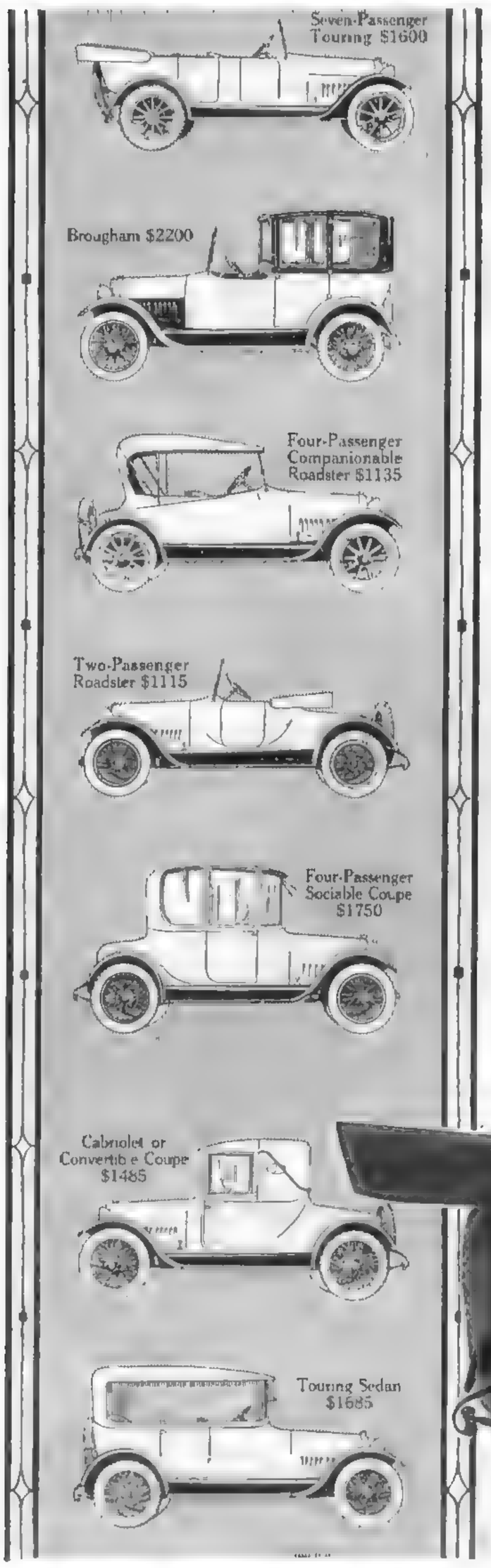
What The Velie Shows At The Shows



A Study in Comparisons

You have an exceptional opportunity to compare Velie values at the shows.

Your comparison may be complete; whether you are a part of a large family, or alone in the world, some one model is exactly suited to your needs.

Compare the New 1917 Velie Six by highest standards you know.

Judge by quality only. What better can you find at any price than the powerful Velie-Continental motor—Timken axles front and rear—long, underslung springs—multiple dry disc clutch—Remy automatic ignition—enclosed wiring—vacuum feed—push-button starter—everything in and on?

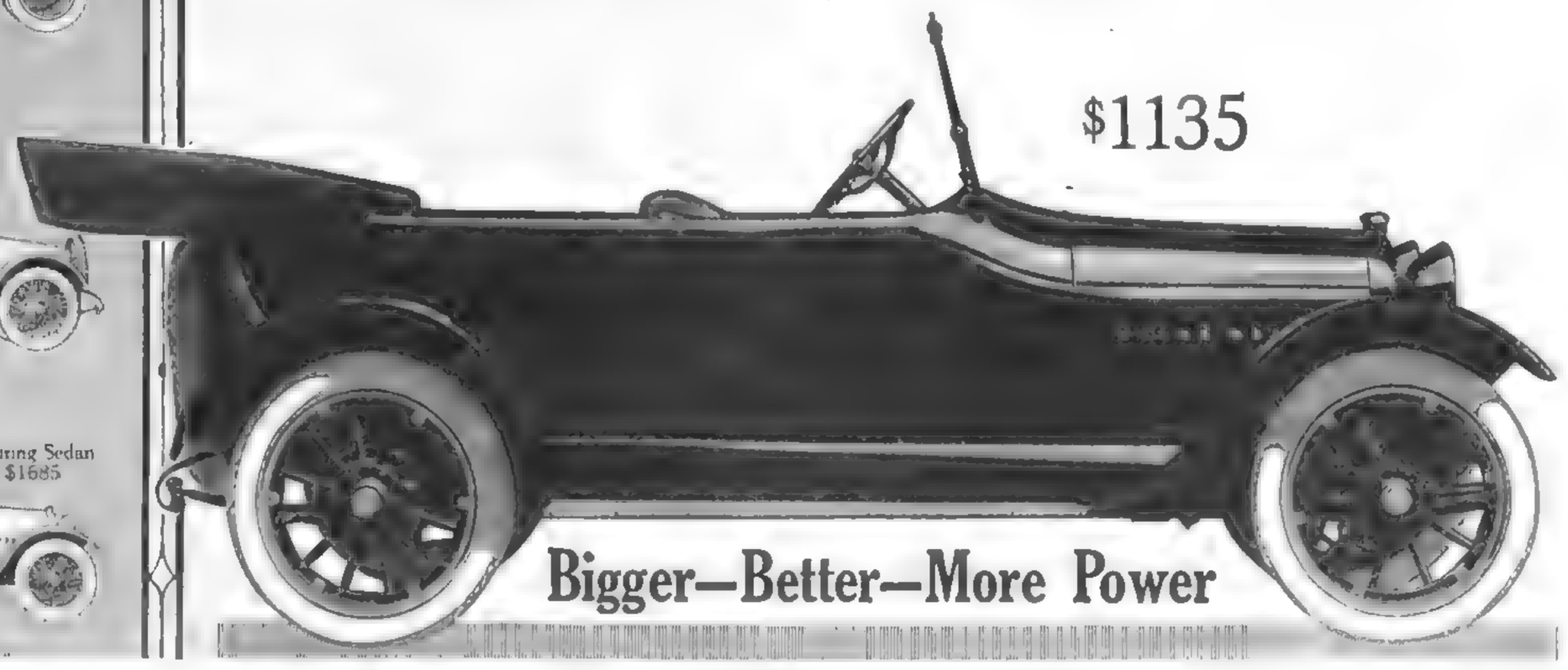
What could be finer than the Velie's graceful new streamline body—longer—roomier—with genuine deep-tufted leather and real curled-hair upholstery—Velie permanent mirror finish—with Snap and Style and Smartness up to the last minute?

Such features are found only in a car built up to a long-maintained standard, and not down to a price. Built by an organization of the Velie's exceptional facilities—with half a century of manufacturing experience—and a mile of Velie factory—facts worth considering.

Velie cars may be seen on the main floors of the New York and Chicago Shows, or on your dealer's floor any day. See these cars—ride in them, and you'll agree comparison proves Velie values.

Catalog on Request

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
125 VELIE PLACE, MOLINE, ILLINOIS



Bigger—Better—More Power

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PEOPLE AND PENNIES

Links in the Drug-Store Chain—By John Mappelbeck

ALMOST the first day I worked in a drug store, as a boy just from school, the human interest of the business took hold of me. An old lady brought in a prescription yellow with age. Among other ingredients it called for five bumblebees. Even now the druggist is asked for many remedies of bygone generations, such as goose grease and skunk oil. In neighborhoods where foreigners live there is a demand for patent medicines so old that their wrappers and direction circulars give one a fascinating glimpse into the drug stores of past centuries. Bumblebees are an old-folks remedy for rheumatism.

Well, my boss was a conscientious man and a true pharmacist, with his heart in the compounding end of the business. If a prescription called for bumblebees he would put them in, if they could be obtained. We had no bumblebees in stock, so I was sent out to gather them. My knowledge of entomology was rather limited, for I was a town boy, and at the end of an all-afternoon hunt I came back with only a single specimen. Next morning the boss sent me farther into the country, and a florist allowed me to go into his greenhouses, where bees were humming. Up in one corner of the place I saw a little mud nest, with what looked like bees flying in and out. I got a pole and knocked it down, and learned the difference between bees and wasps by getting fearfully stung. By night, however, I had two more genuine bumblebees, and when I returned to the store, with a badly swollen face, the boss said these would do, for he could reduce the other ingredients in proportion, use the three bees, and make up the old lady's prescription three-fifths the quantity.

She was quite pleased when he explained it.

"You are an honest man," was her comment. "The last druggist who filled that prescription put in blowflies!"

I stayed two years with that employer and studied pharmacy under his guidance, to such good purpose that in another year I might have taken my examination and got a certificate. He was the typical druggist of his generation, a dispenser of medicine, absorbed in the technicalities, with no ability at all as a merchant. He made a customer feel that he was doing a favor in coming from behind the prescription desk to wait on him. His stock of sundries was a lot of shopworn stuff that had been on hand for years, purchased originally without any understanding of the needs of people. The boss didn't know people, in fact, and didn't like them, and had no more idea what was going on in his line than has many a small druggist to-day.

Early Cut-Rate Stores

It was fortunate for me that I quit before he made me a pharmacist too. For that might have killed my interest in people, which has been my best possession. Too much knowledge of the technicalities often blinds a man to the human possibilities. We differed over a technicality. I had become such a skillful bottle washer and handy man that he did not want to lose my services in that line by promoting me. So I left and found a new job in a bigger store downtown, and there soon saw opportunities for applying what I had learned of human nature; and I became so interested that I never studied pharmacy again.

I honestly believe that the drug business is the most human business that there is. Just think of the range of merchandise in an up-to-date drug store! There are supposed to be ninety thousand items in our trade—more than in any other line. The variety of things in even a small drug stock is so great that a man may wait on customers all day, and yet never have a call for the same article twice. Even if it is the same article, there will be some variation in its use. People go to the druggist for advice to a far greater extent than in any other line of trade, and they come in emergencies and trouble, so that there is every opportunity to know and help them.

Where all these articles come from, and what they are used for, and how they are used, and the people who buy them and want information about them, make an absorbing study—if your heart is in it—which gives constant suggestions for improving methods and stock. My heart has been in that sort of thing for thirty years. To-day I own an interest in a chain of two dozen retail drug stores, extending over several states, recognized as among the most successful mercantile enterprises in the country. It has all been built up from one store, and I had a share in the building. Our success has been based chiefly on a knowledge of human nature. We have studied people, learned what they wanted—often before they knew what it was themselves—gave it to them quicker and better than the other fellow, and if possible cheaper, kept an eye on to-morrow to see how times would change, and were ready to change our methods with them. Most of the things we have done can be done by other merchants, even the small ones—indeed, some of the small fellows have advantages over us nowadays, as I will show presently.

The Nine-o'Clock Trade

My new job was with the big cut-rate drug establishment downtown, a concern that had been opened up by people who came from some other city. My old boss hated, ridiculed and feared this cut-rate concern, and undoubtedly would have stigmatized it as a trust, had the word gained currency then. Those were the early price-cutting days. My new employers had measured the natural limitations of the drug business, as conducted by men like my old boss, and had set out to make bigger profits by increasing volume. Instead of a modest turnover of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year, gross, with a net profit of from ten to twelve per cent, they cut their margin of profit to five or six per cent and went after a hundred-thousand-dollar turnover. Prices were reduced on everything, goods piled to the ceiling, the store plastered with glaring signs, and special sales advertised. The business was run like a circus. Such methods were a novelty then and drew unheard-of patronage. That was the thing to do at that time.

To-day some concerns are still chasing volume with cut rates, in the same spectacular way, believing that the method is as potent as ever, and hundreds of small druggists still hate and fear the price-cutting establishments and regard them as oppressors, and feebly try to imitate their special sales. But we are now doing something entirely different, and in my opinion the days of price-cutting success are over, and the fellow who blindly chases volume is chasing the wrong thing.

We make one division of customers in our stores that throws light on present-day tendencies—nine-o'clock and two-o'clock customers. The nine-o'clock customer comes early, in response to bargain advertising. She has her mind firmly fixed on two or three articles that we are selling that day at cut prices, and will seldom buy anything else, because she wants to get away to some other store and take advantage of other bargains. It is not worth while to try building trade upon her, for she will not center her patronage in one store, and really has little patronage to give. If you advertise aggressively it is possible to clear off quite a volume of cut-price goods to nine-o'clock customers, and some merchants still imagine that this volume represents desirable business. But it cheapens the store, and the following that you might attract would melt away like frost before the sun if bargain tactics were abandoned.

The two-o'clock customer, on the other hand, drifts in placidly after lunch. She doesn't waste her time trying to save a few coppers. She is a liberal spender, seeks advice as well as goods, is open to suggestion, interested in new things, demands service, and when her confidence has been won is loyal to the store. So you can build on her endlessly.

From the customer's standpoint, the bargain is based on a wrong philosophy of buying. Regarding her as the purchasing agent for a family, the customer is matching pennies against her own time, convenience and energy, in return for goods that are seldom worth more than she pays for them. She is pitting her knowledge of merchandise against that of somebody who understands it far better than she does. That the bargain philosophy is wrong for the merchant, too, I can easily demonstrate by figures.

We saw through this bargain fallacy as soon as we began studying the important item of money received from the average customer. This record is kept in every store by the cash register, to which any merchant has recourse. Our average sale was thirty cents when we looked into this phase of the business. To-day we have reached forty-eight cents, building a penny at a time, and I doubt if any other drug store in the country has as high an average. From personal investigations I believe that the general average is not more than thirty cents. Now the merchant who attracts a big crowd of nine-o'clock customers by advertising and cut prices can dispose of an enormous stack of goods. But if he will study the amount spent by the average customer he will probably find it below twenty cents, and his effort in chasing volume has brought him neither profit nor lasting trade.

Now in our chain of stores we sell to fully ten million persons yearly. Suppose we sell each customer only a cent's worth more than last year's average! That is an additional revenue of one hundred thousand dollars. There has been practically no overhead expense in selling this increase, so we can clear from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars net profit on it. If it were sold to additional customers then overhead expenses, of course, would reduce the percentage of profit. We keep track of the number of separate items sold to each customer, another very important factor. When we started it was just one item. To-day we sell one and a half items to each customer, and the average is steadily being pushed up.

To increase sales per customer, both in amount and items, we have what we call our running-mate system, which is true salesmanship. Every article in a drug store will sell something else if you give it a chance. Our entire stock is classified so that one thing sells another. A woman buys a toothbrush. This suggests dentifrice or dental floss, which are running mates, and to make it easier for clerks to remember and offer such articles together we place them side by side in show cases and on shelves. The clerk who sells a toothbrush is expected to sell some running mate, such as a dentifrice. Sales slips are checked up, and the record of each clerk tabulated. If a third article, such as dental floss, is sold, we give a special credit to the clerk.

Selling Toilet Articles

Name any article in a drug store, and I can instantly name several natural running mates. Hair brushes suggest combs, complexion powder necessitates chamois, an eyecup should go with an eye lotion, and so on. This system can be applied to any retail business. In our own stock we have reduced it to about a dozen broad groups, taking in the whole store. One group includes everything for the hands and feet, another group the things for teeth and mouth, another the hair and scalp, and so on—complexion goods and perfumery, soap and sponges and articles for bodily comfort, shaving supplies, infant and invalid foods, surgical and rubber goods, handy remedies such as digestive tablets, drugs and medicines proper, and the prescription department.

Medicines were the backbone of the drug store a generation ago. The pharmacist made a living as a compounder of prescriptions, with patent medicines next in importance, and a limited stock of toilet conveniences last. But now all this is changed. The keynote of the present-day drug store is bodily comfort and personal pride, and the goods and selling methods are all changed accordingly.

Take the safety razor as an illustration. When men were shaved in barber shops sales of shaving soap, massage cream, and like preparations, were moderate. When men began shaving themselves there was a great demand for new goods from men who paid more attention to personal appearance. Toilet preparations for women have also become a necessity. We sell thousands of orange-wood sticks for manicure purposes, and the sale of a stick creates a demand for emery board, pumice stone, nail polish and a dozen other things for the hands. This demand extends to all classes of people. If wages are advanced twenty-five cents a day by the street-car company in one of the cities where we have a store, we can count absolutely on getting our share of that increase, for the conductor will buy a safety razor and spend more time on personal appearance, and the motorman's wife will feel that now she can afford a fancy toilet soap. The public has changed the drug store to such a degree in these matters that the pharmacist, trying to build business on the old basis, is not likely to get anywhere. And the druggist has changed the public.

Selling from behind the counter is based on an understanding of people. Knowledge of people is picked up by an interest in them, a study of their tastes, whims and individualities. We try to get our clerks interested in people. Any observing man or woman behind the drug-store counter, with the right point of view toward his fellow man, will find each day's experience full of enjoyment.

For instance, women usually shop in pairs, and the clerk who does not understand that he must sell to the other woman will have a hard time of it. The other woman is the friend of the one who buys and has come along as an adviser. If you do not sell to her she will find fault with goods, ask to see something else, and maybe wind up by declaring that they had better look elsewhere. But if you take her into the sale from the first, accord her a position as an authority, and simply ask her to agree with you, she will do it, nine times in ten, and everything will move along pleasantly.

Suiting Blondes and Brunettes

Then that elusive, electric something that makes one woman want what another woman wants is very helpful in selling when you understand and manage it. Many a woman has been at sea in choosing a hat until she saw a particular confection on another woman—a prospective purchaser. That is what she must have, and she will move heaven and earth to get it—and usually does! Not long ago a clerk in one of our stores was showing a woman a handsome toilet set. Another woman blew up like a whirlwind and bought it under the first one's nose, practically without examining it. The clerk on duty is one of our best salesmen. He called an assistant, ostensibly to wrap the goods, but whispered instructions to show the set piece by piece to the customer, so she would be satisfied with her snap purchase. Then, turning to the first woman, he said, "I'm glad you let her have that, because I've got something much finer for you." And then he sold her a set just about like the one she had lost! The salesman does not attempt to explain the psychology of such women; he simply reckons with human nature as it comes to him over the counter.

Blondes differ from brunettes. They like light odors in perfumes—for example, the lilies and violets—whereas brunettes prefer heavy odors, such as rose and lilac. Perfume sells many of the toilet articles bought by women. Complexion powder is made out of materials costing about twenty-five cents a pound, but it retails for from fifty cents to two dollars and a half a box, chiefly on account of the odor. It is a striking fact that each of the famous perfumers has built up his business on a single popular odor, and that he has never been able to make a second odor so popular. When the French perfumer concocts a new odor, he sends small lots to be tried out by the women of New York, London, Petrograd, Rome, Buenos Aires. To the extent

(Concluded on Page 91)

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Stewart

The World's Largest and Leading Producer Of Fine Motor Car Accessories

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal Price $3.50

Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal Price $8

Stewart Tire Pump Price $12

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug Price $1

Stewart Vacuum System Price $10

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A Tip

JUDGE the accessories on the car you buy by the factory back of them. Analyze its methods of manufacture—its reputation—the service it gives.

THAT'S the safest way to determine the value of a car's equipment. Do that—and you will understand, better than ever, why Stewart Products occupy the commanding position they hold in the automobile industry.

STEWART Products are built by the largest automobile accessory manufacturer in the world. Stewart factories are the biggest—Stewart methods the most advanced—Stewart workmanship the most expert.

STEWART Products are backed by a service that extends into every important motoring center. You get honest advice and expert, courteous attention at any Stewart Service Station. That is the best possible guarantee of satisfaction. No other article you can buy for your person, your home or your car has such a broad, comprehensive service behind it.

INSIST upon being protected by Stewart mechanical excellence, Stewart workmanship, and Stewart service. Stewart Products are overwhelmingly favored. Practically all experienced motorists demand them. For instance:

The Stewart Speedometer:
Costs more—but *over 95% of all American automobile manufacturers willingly pay the extra cost.* It is the best designed—best built—most satisfactory. No other accessory so universally adopted. We shall build 1,500,000 in 1917. Have no other Speedometer on your car.

Stewart Vacuum System:
Used by over 70% of all car manufacturers as standard equipment. Has replaced pressure and gravity systems in nearly every instance. Less than 30% of all car manufacturers still use these other systems. Within a very short time we believe practically all car manufacturers will use the established Stewart Vacuum System. It is *the* system that insures an even, positive flow of gasoline under all conditions. See that it comes on your car. Or, bring your old car up-to-date by installing it. Price $10.

Stewart Tire Pump:
Saves you the hard, back-breaking work of pumping by hand. Keeps tires properly inflated—stops 90% of all tire troubles, adds much to tire mileage. Regular equipment on many cars, quickly mounted on any car. Don't be without it. Price $12.

Stewart Warning Signals:
None better built—none so popular—none so generally used. Thousands built daily. Either motor driven or hand operated. Never fail—absolutely dependable. Be sure your signal is a Stewart. Motor Driven, $6—Hand Operated, $3.50.

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug:
Four sparking points instead of one or two. Absolutely sure fire. Core of Petriflint—heat proof—fracture proof—oil proof. Fits any motor. Adds economy, power and flexibility. Try a set of V-Rays next time you replace your plugs. Price $1.

Special Stewart Speedometer for Fords:
Most popular Ford accessory built. Hundreds of thousands now in use. Perfect in construction and workmanship. Price $10—or mounted in handsome enameled steel cowl board—$11.25. Get one if you own a Ford. Can be installed by anyone in a few minutes.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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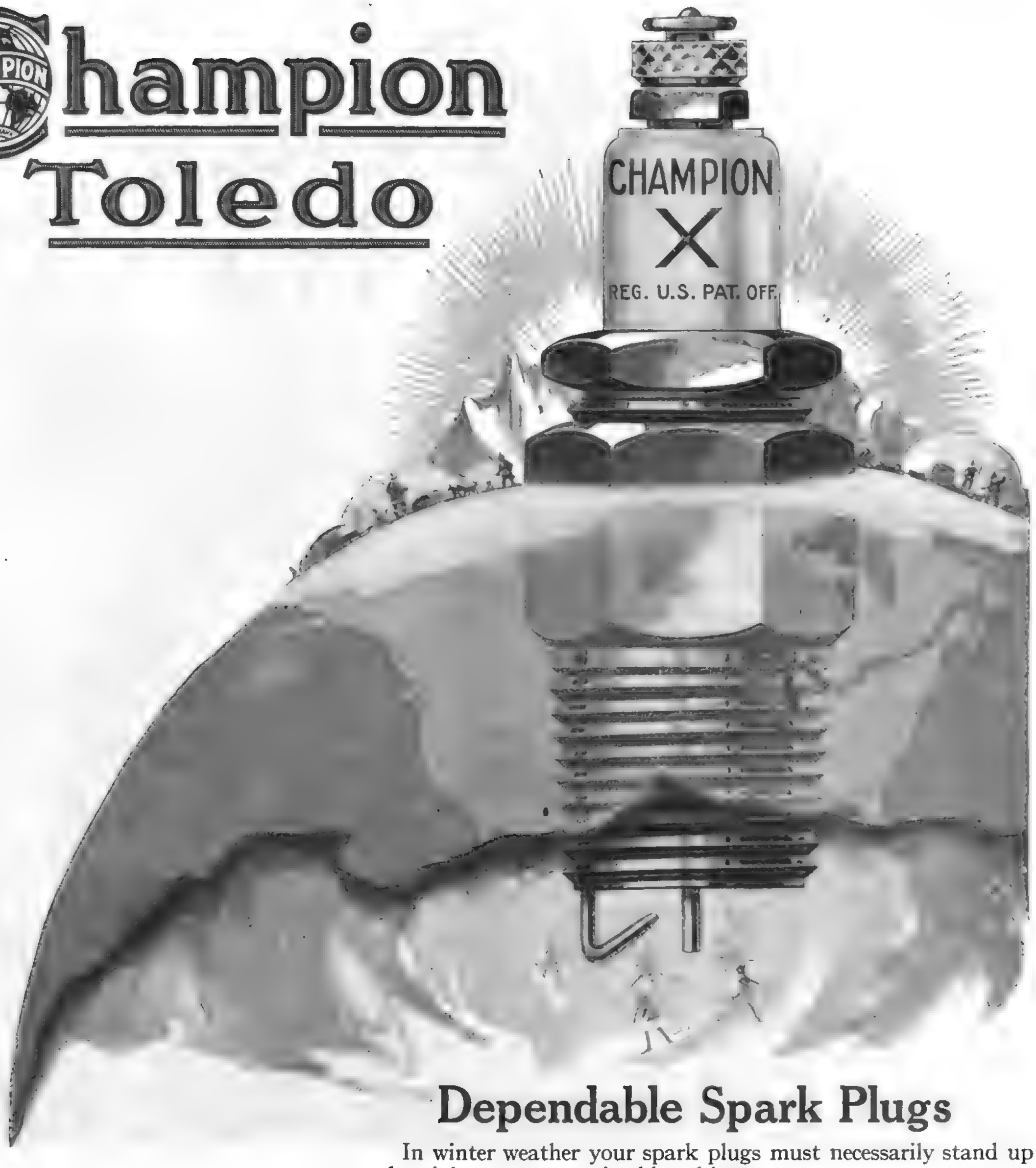
Champion Toledo



Dependable Spark Plugs

In winter weather your spark plugs must necessarily stand up under violent extremes of cold and heat.

The porcelain insulators are subjected to most severe strains.

Champion porcelains are a quality product, scientifically constructed and tested, and cushioned against the force of the explosions in your cylinders by specially designed and patented asbestos lined copper gaskets.

Their dependability is proverbial.

Champion spark plugs are unqualifiedly guaranteed and sold by supply dealers and garage men everywhere.

The name "Champion" is on the porcelain of every genuine Champion-Toledo Plug.

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio

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(Concluded from Page 87)

that a novelty pleases women in one capital it will please in all, and will sell about the same in Paris and in Rio.

The man behind the drug counter caters to the four ages of woman. First his customer comes to him as a schoolgirl patron of the soda fountain. A little later he sells her toilet waters and complexion powders, and after that more elaborate toilet preparations, eyebrow pencils and beauty spots. Last of all, a matron, she comes for baby foods and household necessities. At this stage beauty spots are apt no longer to interest her.

Men have just as many peculiarities, and to know their idiosyncrasies is useful in selling. Take those who come for medicine. One customer likes the remedy that cured grandfather, and will try nothing new, while another seeks novelty always. There is the customer who takes medicine regularly because he is afraid of germs and sickness and believes he must ward them off. Another is open to suggestion and can be persuaded that he has almost any symptom. There is the Sunday-morning procession of those who were out too late with John Barleycorn the night before. There is a corresponding class who overeat and who come for digestive tablets the next day.

Pushing Specialties

Even in an article like chewing gum the attentive clerk can soon learn to distinguish the distinct temperaments of the purchasers and be guided accordingly in his sales work. One chews gum because he is of a restless nature. Another chews it for poise—it gives him something to do and puts him at ease with people. Others chew it for the digestive effect, for the sweetness or the flavor. People are very fickle about chewing gum, and will take kindly to suggestions. It is an excellent article with which to learn how to manage customers.

It is the business of the salesmen to gauge the customers and to serve them according to their temperaments, to sell them more goods than they ask for, and at the same time not to overload them. On a Saturday afternoon, by staging a prize contest in all our stores, paying a bonus of fifty dollars to the store that sells the largest quantity of a given article like talcum powder, say, we have often disposed of a thousand dollars' worth of goods; otherwise there would have been no extra turnover. Such a sale must be well staged, however, with the powder in a new odor or in convenient container, and window and counter displays must be effective. In many lines of goods we are scrupulous about having the customer decide how much he wants, even though we try to sell him more. If he asks for an antiseptic mouth wash in the small size, for instance, we show him the large size with the small, explain the difference in price and wait for his decision.

We still do considerable cut-price trade, but the building up of a large volume of profitable business rests on several other things besides bargains. One item is careful stock keeping—having everything for which there is a call. The percentage of sales lost by being short of stock is very large and increases overhead expense on everything sold. The smallest retailer can always be well stocked. Another item that makes for success is knowing what sells and what doesn't. For instance, if we arrange a display of nail brushes on a counter near the door, we slip under the pile a ticket telling the number put there in the morning. A count and comparison at night show whether that display was justified.

We spend a good deal of money on our windows, because they bring in what we call involuntary customers. Voluntary customers are those who were coming in anyway. Involuntary customers are those who were passing the store but, seeing something desirable in the window, stopped to buy. Thus is created a profitable extra business that reduces overhead expenses.

Prices are not the only means of distancing competition. During the past few years we have built up an enormous business in ivory-white toilet goods—hair brushes, mirrors, and the like, with backs of heavy composition that can be washed and engraved like ivory. The demand for this stuff we discerned when the trade was light. Wooden-back goods were the staple then. They had certain defects. They went to pieces when washed, were unclean and lacked daintiness. The public was ready for something better. We took up ivory-white, and made it a fashion and an attraction; and now it is a staple product with us, year in and year out. The average small retailer might not have had the demand or the capital to develop such a specialty, as we had; but, supplied with both market and capital, he would need, moreover, the capacity for looking ahead and sensing future business.

Go into the ordinary drug store to-day and ask for toilet goods, and you will probably be shown the old wooden-back kind, in funereal ebony, quite unsuited to a woman's toilet table—proof that the average retailer does not see the tendencies of trade, even after they have changed.

Another indication that bargain prices are not the backbone of successful retailing was our prescription department. In the cut-rate days we did all our compounding for a very small percentage of profit over the actual cost of the best ingredients, and we fancied that low prices would bring patronage. Not so! Our prescription business never grew until we discovered that the more people pay for medicines—within a reasonable price—the more confidence they have in them. Then we raised our prices. People want service nowadays, and they are not only willing to pay for it but judge service largely by prices.

The other day a customer came into one of our stores and laid down a prescription and a lot of price tickets.

"For several years," he said, "I've been having this medicine put up here, and you've charged me sixty-five cents for fifty tablets. To-day I learned that you sell one hundred such tablets for fifty cents. Here are the price tickets to show how much I've spent with you. Do you call that fair?"

"Those tablets at fifty cents a hundred are shelf goods," explained our manager. "When you have this medicine specially compounded we put our skill and knowledge against a machine-made product. One ingredient comes from South America, another from the Chicago stockyards, a third from Switzerland, a fourth from Formosa, and a fifth is made from the bones of animals. We gather all these things and keep them on hand, though some may be called for only two or three times a year. You can take your choice of the compounded or the shelf goods, but the way you've been buying in the past has given you the best service we know how to render."

The customer left his prescription to be filled again!

In each of our stores we do a year's business averaging close to a quarter-million dollars gross. That is a sum almost unthinkable to the druggist of a generation ago, and not every druggist of to-day can figure on such a turnover even in his imagination—he wouldn't know what the items were, or where to begin laying in stock, or how to take care of the people. He knows that we reach these totals, but he believes that we do it by price cutting, or by larger capital, or by superior purchasing power, or by some other apparent advantage. But we do it mostly by simple methods that he himself might adopt.

Bonuses for Managers

Suppose, for example, that he considered himself one of our store managers and ran his own place next month with the ambition of reducing controllable expense as much as possible. We pay our managers part of all they can save on controllable expense over fifteen per cent. Some store expenses are fixed—rent, taxes, advertising, insurance. But items like light, salaries and breakage can be controlled. Our managers save on these items, not by cutting clerks' salaries or skimping on electric light, but by improving their window and counter displays, pushing goods, helping clerks sell, and watching breakage and loss.

The average small retailer could do this. He could do most of the things we do. We have advantages over him in applying our methods and economies to a greater volume of business, and in offering better positions to high-class salespeople and managers. But he has advantages over us in a lower cost of doing business. Our costs are fully twenty-five per cent, and in some of the department stores it is more. The small retailer's costs run from nineteen to twenty per cent—he pays less rent, keeps open longer hours, and does more of the work himself. Success in retail lines to-day is not a matter of size but of intelligence, and the small man's intelligence will return just as good profits as the big chain-store manager's intelligence.

GUIDES WANTED—By Enos A. Mills

LAST summer a number of mountain climbers assembled in front of an inn in one of the National Parks. They were making ready to climb a fourteen-thousand-foot peak. The first stage of the ascent would be on horseback.

The last to mount was a young college fellow. He roused the contempt of his pony by mounting on the Indian side. He pulled the reins too tightly and threw the party into confusion by causing his horse to back rapidly, first in one direction, then in another. A young woman dashed to his rescue and loosened the reins. This young woman was the guide of the party and she understood her business.

She had the young collegian dismount and then showed him how to mount properly. Taking the reins in her left hand and catching the saddle horn in her right, she reached the left stirrup with her left foot and swung quickly and lightly into the saddle, explaining as she did so that in mounting one should always clasp the horn with the right hand, and never the roll or back part of the saddle, as this would necessitate letting go as one swung into place.

What Guides Should Know

Women guides are something new, but their number is bound to increase. They are likely to set a new and higher standard for the men to follow. This guide was an athlete, a graduate of Wellesley, and had been an outdoor girl all her life. She had a good acquaintance with birds, flowers and trees; could ride, row and swim; give first aid; build and extinguish a camp fire, and cook. She possessed a knowledge of natural history and the ability to impart it. This is an essential qualification. No longer can one be a guide unless one is able to tell others the story of Nature.

A demand exists for intelligent guides in the National Parks. There are sixteen of these and more than thirty National Monuments, all possessing a variety of scenic attractions; bears and birds; vast cañons; towering and icy peaks; glaciers; splendid forests; peaceful lakes and eager streams. Other like reservations will be added early to this list. Each of these is scenic—a magnificent hanging wild garden and, also, a wild-life reservation. All are managed for public recreation and education. People in rapidly increasing numbers want a guide who can tell them of the plant and animal life. Already the demand for such guides exceeds the supply. Thousands will be needed before an equal number of competent ones are likely to develop.

Soldiers are no longer to be used to guard National Parks; but in their place are to be civilians who will be called Park Rangers. A Park Ranger and a guide need similar qualifications and equipment.

Good guides now command from five to fifteen dollars a day. I know of one who has received twenty-five dollars a day. He is, of course, equipped with character, knowledge, tact and years of experience.

To be a real guide one needs to train as for lifework. Many young men have learned the way to the top of a peak or to the bottom of a cañon; then guided for one or two years. But they knew little of natural history, and were ready to drop out to try some other work the instant it appeared attractive or offered even a slight increase of salary.

Swiss guides are justly famed for their courage and climbing skill; also for their faithfulness and willingness to do the hard work necessary for success in their profession. As young men they were thoroughly trained for the lifework before them. But, though they fit well into their work, with rare exceptions they do not possess general outdoor information; hence do not attain the ideal of the American who excels in this occupation.

The days of wild and woolly gun-carrying guides are over. Facts about Nature are more romantic than any of the fiction that may be faked concerning it. These parks are for people who wish to hunt with a camera and to seek for animal character—not for hides and horns.

Since everyone who goes into a National Park wants information concerning the objects of interest, each guide should be able to tell concisely the part and place of the glaciers; the life history of the sequoia trees; the pioneering aspen and lodgepole pines; and to describe the grizzly bear, his habits and his neighbors. He should know how to write the biography of a lake; to tell the story of the gentian and of the numerous alpine flowers. He should know intimately the lives of the ouzel, the ptarmigan, the solitaire and the eagle. The guide of to-day needs to be an educator—an instructor.

He needs to have a wide range of information and to be capable of imparting this both directly and indirectly. Knowing the way is now a minor guiding necessity. Mental development and character are the essentials.

A guide, then, should have a fund of interesting information. One day, while some climbers were resting, the guide, a man who was thus equipped, simply called attention to the abundance of paintbrush—variously called the painted cup and Indian paintbrush—which was growing near by. He said that this plant is a parasite, and that in most cases, by digging down, you will find the roots of one specimen clasped over the roots of others. Of course its parasitic habits had given in part the form to its leaves and bracts. Many of the flowers, trees, birds and animals out-of-doors have interesting habits—interesting stories. Facts concerning the character of these are just what mountain visitors like to hear.

The regularity of distribution of plant and animal life, when called to their attention, interests most people. On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, at a certain level, you will find cedar trees that are not found a thousand feet farther up the slopes; in the middle slopes are tree and flower growths unknown in the foothills; and still farther up, at the limits of tree growth, are trees not seen in the lower slopes. In the cañons that trend east and west the northern walls commonly are covered with spruces, the southern walls with pines; and on the ridges of east-and-west trend the northern slopes carry a spruce growth or a growth of other moisture-loving, cold-enduring trees, while the southern slopes carry trees that need less moisture and require more warmth. Each of these tree species has its peculiar insect enemies and its bird and animal neighbors. Then, too, each individual, pair or flock claims a small bit of territory and commonly lives closely within this; likewise insisting on neighbors' keeping within their own reservation.

Chances to Win Success

As much skill and application, and as much experience, too, will be required henceforth for making an honorable and successful guide as are needed to make one famous as a lawyer, a doctor or an editor. But a guide has opportunities for winning success much more quickly than the others.

The requirements of the guide are many. He is intimately associated with people. One day's companionship in the wilds often better acquaints people with one another than years of ordinary association. With hard work a guide should rise to distinction within a few years. In this time a thousand children, through his guidance, should have acquired a permanent interest in facts and fairies. In this time, too, he

(Concluded on Page 95)

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STARTING — LIGHTING

Remy Asks Only For Your Thoughts

THE purpose of this publicity is to attract your attention to the fine performance of Remy products wherever they are used.

All that we ask is that you will make a mental note of that fine performance whenever it comes under your observation.

If you will do that much, you are certain to form a favorable opinion of Remy.

If you, and many million other Americans, form that good opinion, more of the foremost manufacturers of motor cars, motor trucks, motorcycles and tractors will feel the pressure of your good opinion in due time.

That is all that we seek to accomplish.

Primarily, we deal almost exclusively with the manufacturer. Actually, we deal with you.

Your approval of Remy products is necessary to our permanent existence—it will be felt by the motorcar maker.

We are confident enough of our own product to feel that there is no motor car so fine but that Remy will confer added prestige upon it.

We ask you to remember Remy.

We ask you to check Remy performance in starting, lighting and ignition.

Remy will reap its reward if you will think pleasant and approving thoughts about it, and occasionally express those thoughts to others.

Remy Keeps the Battery Charged In Winter

THE perplexing problem of battery charging, encountered in both winter and summer, with slow, average, and fast car driving, has been solved by the Remy Electric Company through an improvement covered by basic patents.

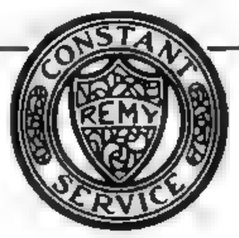
This improvement is a *thermostatic control* of the generator output. It will be incorporated in all Remy generators in due time.

In winter more electricity is required for starting and lighting than in summer.

This thermostatic control enables the Remy Company to provide car manufacturers with large-capacity generators for producing current at a high rate just when it is most needed.

At the proper moment, in both winter and summer, it reduces the high-charge rate to a safe but ample value, thus positively protecting the battery at all times.

This control is an integral part of the generator. It is entirely automatic. It never requires attention or adjustment.



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Remy Was Ready When Motor Cars Came

THE name of Remy ranked high in the electrical world, back beyond the earliest days of the automobile industry.

With the advent of that industry, Remy was almost overwhelmed by a flood of prosperity.

Six years ago, it rose to an appreciation of the fact that in automobiles, as in all else, the true test is integrity, not volume.

Ever since, under the direction of new interests, the Remy business has steadfastly adhered to an ideal which subordinates everything else to the prime question of quality.

Remy experience began in 1899, with ignition devices for gas engines.

Without knowing it, Remy engineers were then solving electrical problems in advance for motor-car manufacturers.

They were ready to apply their solutions as soon as the automobile appeared.

They became, actually, automobile-electrical engineers—a combination unique even in this day.

Remy devices—Starting, Lighting, Ignition Distributor Systems and Magnetos—are applicable, singly or in combination, to motor cars, motor trucks, motorcycles and tractors. They are standard equipment on 32 makes of motor vehicles of all types.

Remy Electric Company
Sales and Engineering Offices, Detroit, Mich.
Factories and General Offices, Anderson, Ind.

Remy Expert Service Wherever You Are

CO-OPERATION with Remy users is the reason for the numerous Remy Branches and Service Stations throughout the country.

Remy's active interest continues beyond the sale to the manufacturer. It extends to the performance of its products in the service of the user.

At each Branch and Service Station are expert mechanics in the direct employ of the Remy Electric Company. They have been given a thorough working knowledge of all Remy products in the training school at the plant.

In addition, each Branch and Service Station has an equipment of special tools and testing apparatus built at the Remy factories.

The application of electricity to automobiles is a specialty. The important work of imparting to owners the special information that is necessary, and of rendering proper care, is carried out on a broad scale by Remy Branches and Service Stations.

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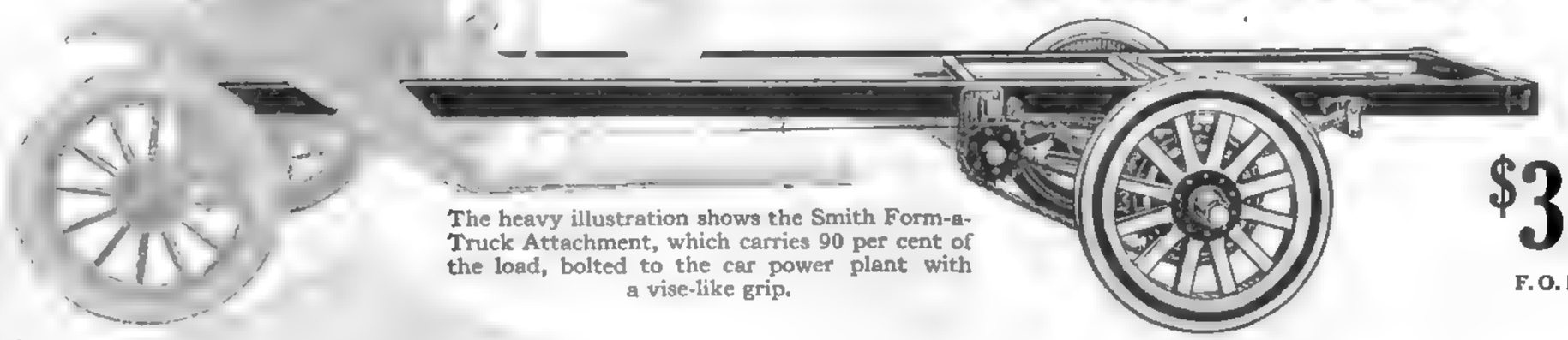
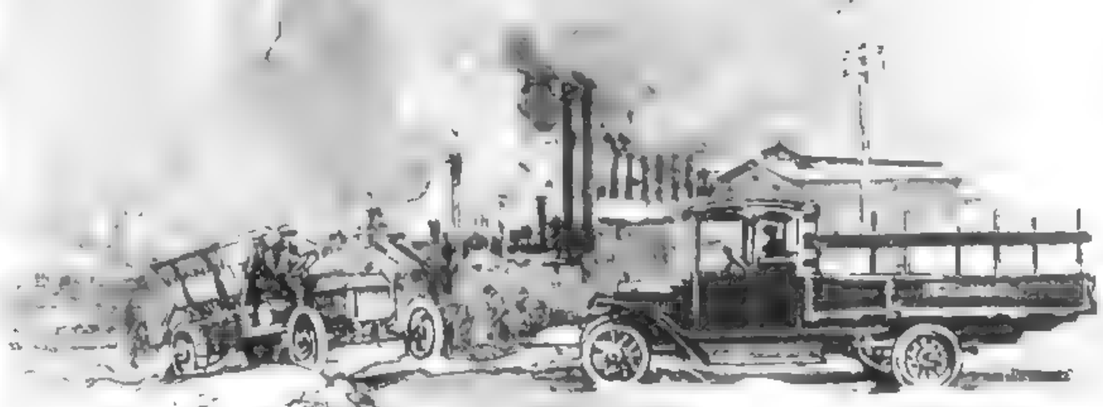
Smith Form-a-Truck



The heavy illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the car power plant with a vise-like grip.

$350

F. O. B. Chicago



Best for Winter Hauling

Over 9,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks are now in use in all parts of the country. Several thousand have been in daily service for a year or more. Thousands now ordered for delivering and hauling are to be placed in service during the winter months.

The enviable reputation established by Smith Form-a-Truck as "best for Winter use" is the result of the remarkable efficiency, sturdy dependability and high economy standards in all kinds of service under the hardest conditions of winter driving. Smith Form-a-Truck is light; with the Ford it weighs about one ton. Frozen roads do not wrack it and the tires stand up without being cut to pieces. The Ford power plant used in Smith Form-a-Trucks now in service is powerful for rough roads and deep snow—is reliable and efficient even on the coldest days.

This applies equally well to power plants of Dodge, Chevrolet, Maxwell, Buick and Overland cars, for which Smith Form-a-Trucks are now made.

The Smith Form-a-Truck dealer organization is built up of many of the biggest men in the motor-trade industry—each is the leader in his vicinity.

Send for your copy of "Delivers the Goods," a booklet crammed with valuable information.

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.

1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Eastern Branch
1834 Broadway, New York

Pacific Coast Branch
Pico and Hill Sts., Los Angeles

Southern Branch
120 Mariette St., Atlanta

Kansas City Branch: 1808 Grand Ave.

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(Concluded from Page 91)

should have mastered his locality and obtained a good knowledge of the whole outdoors. He should have learned a little of human nature, and ought to be able to read and speak clearly and interestingly concerning the grand and lovely objects in Nature's wild gardens.

One of the best guides I have known is a celebrated Yellowstone Park guide, with whom I camped for a few days one summer. He had horse sense, was a genius for being ever vigilant; and the only people I ever heard him denounce were those who mistreated horses. His wilderness etiquette was faultless; he had the utmost consideration for those in his care, and a quick eye for the interesting and the beautiful. Under his direction all camp refuse was burned or buried; no scars, no junk, no remains of mutilation were left in sight. A New York lawyer who gave a picnic dinner by a campfire in the wilds won his hearty approval. The camp site was so carefully cleaned that only an expert trailer could have discovered that it had ever been used. The fire had been made upon a flat outcropping rock. At the close of the feast every scrap was buried, the rock brushed and the ashes also buried. This guide listened courteously to those with him who wanted to display their own information—even to those who indulged in Nature-faking or told stories that were whoppers; but he carefully avoided following their example. Local history he often related; and he was sure of an interested audience, for everyone enjoys local color and is glad to have past incidents brought to life. He was a true guide.

Whenever John Muir accompanied the Sierra Club members on an outing he was closely followed by everyone who could get near. Frequently he stopped to tell the life story of a tree, to describe the manners and customs of a flower. Here he pointed to the vast sculptured work of the ice; there he showed the graveyard of a lake that was born, lived its day, and now was covered with groves and forgotten.

Lessons From a Girl Guide

Think of being personally conducted to woods, lakes and streams by John Burroughs, while he bubbled over with stories about birds, their home life and their travels, chipmunks and their children, and his adventures with Nature-fakers! Who would not be delighted to go with a John Burroughs or a John Muir—with anyone who so charmingly told the stories and secrets of the wilderness?

It is splendid to have thousands of men, women and children coming home each year from their vacations talking merrily of the habits and customs of the animals and plants they learned about on their enjoyable yet purposeful holidays.

People are beginning to realize that outdoor information is a joy and a great advantage to children. One of the most helpful experiences that any child can have is a visit to a National Park with a guide who knows outdoor lore. Many of our great men and women say that Nature gave them the breadth of vision which helped them to succeed.

Each park is a wild-flower reservation, a place in which the flowers bloom in all their wild luxuriance and live their day uneaten and untrampled. Each park is a place in which guide and visitors may revel in botanical lore. Trees, protected from fire and from cutting, may here grow old and picturesque in their untrimmed and delightful individuality.

A National Park is also a wild-life reservation, and in all these parks the birds and animals under protection are becoming numerous and tame. Rare opportunity is thus afforded to study the habits of all wild life. Everyone who visits a park ought to have a camera. Photographing waterfalls, mountain sheep and other natural objects gives a definite purpose to each trip taken; and it also preserves, with startling, delightful fidelity, a picture record of the trip. A guide especially should be a skillful and an artistic photographer.

The young woman guide already mentioned, in addition to conducting her party successfully to the summit of a peak or to the shore of an Alpine lake, and bringing them back in good condition, during each trip imparted to them a great deal of outdoor information and in many ways incited keen and lasting interest in Nature.

Many an evening, round the big fireplace, her mountain climbers were enthusiastic over the incidents of the day. The matchless song of the solitaire had been heard. They had seen a cony, a snowshoe rabbit, a number of mountain sheep, or the track of a bear. With several talking at once, each would try to tell the listeners the difference between a Douglas and an Engelmann spruce. Before bedtime the girl guide was scheduled for other trips.

Once a lady and a party of children took this guide for a day at the forest frontier-timber line. The guide pointed out that the limber pines were growing upon the drier and the windswept slopes, while in the moister places were Engelmann spruce, Arctic willow and black birch. Here many of the more unfavorably situated trees were extremely small. Many of these dwarfed trees, though four or five inches in diameter at the base, and from two hundred to six hundred years of age, were not so high as the children's heads.

Here is her comment concerning a camp bird: "This is the Rocky Mountain gray jay, a confiding and quiet species of the alert, nervous and noisy jay family. Rarely does the most hardened murderer of birds shoot at it; and the woodsmen, miners and prospectors of the West are on exceptionally friendly terms with it. In the United States it is known as the camp bird or the camp robber; while in Canada it is known as the whisky jack or Canada jay." The children naturally gained more from this vividly illustrated lesson than they could gain from a textbook in the schoolroom.

One gray morning fate gave her a party of climbers who were afraid of the rain. Up to that time good fortune had coöperated with her tact and judgment in making every trip an easy success. Off they started, with the clouds drifting low. The sky continued to darken. Presently the deep thunders rolled. Then came a deluge of rain. Many of the party were apprehensive, but her unconcern gave them confidence. With a few stops she led them up the mountainside. By the time the rain came they were upon a crag from which the sun cast their shadows upon the storm-cloud's silver lining. These "folks afraid of the rain" had become so interested by this time that nothing would do for them but to descend into the dark wet clouds for the sensation of being rained upon. Lunch was eaten while all steamed by a blazing campfire.

Resourcefulness is indispensable to the guide—especially, of course, in the little-traveled regions. During one of my Canadian trips with a small party I thought it best to have a guide, and was advised to employ Dan McCloud. He proved himself one of the most companionable of mountaineers. We went on foot, but took along two pack animals. One afternoon we searched for several miles for a crossing over a narrow rock-rimmed turbulent stream. Where we stopped, this stream was confined between rocky vertical walls about eighteen feet apart and rising perhaps four feet above the surface of the water. These walls made it impossible to swim horses across and land them, even if the swift current had allowed this; but my guide was resourceful, and during my absence on a near-by plateau he bridged the place.

First, a small seasoned log was cut and dragged to the bank of the stream. Then, throwing a picket rope round a small tree on the opposite side, with one end of the rope attached to the log, McCloud hitched the other end to his saddle horn. Horsepower dragged the log to the opposite side. Here it was held, cut off the right length, put into place, and then wedged between the tops of the two rocky walls. When I returned McCloud was already busy with his ax flattening the upper surface; and upon this our two wise mountain ponies walked over. Having been a timberman in a mine, I appreciated the skill my guide had thus displayed.

Another afternoon we stopped to make camp, in a violent rain, at a place where we had hoped to spend a few days. Before I realized what was happening, McCloud had felled a spruce tree. From this he cut a short section and split it into thin shakes or boards. Wedging two poles between two trees for roof supports, he placed the shakes upon these poles, each shake overlying another, like shingles. The roof thus formed effectually shed the downpour of rain. An hour after we had stopped in the heavy rain I was writing my notes beneath this roof, while McCloud was busily engaged cooking supper under another shake shelter.

One day a porcupine walked indifferently in front of us along the trail.

"The porcupine is the stupidest animal in the woods," remarked McCloud.

"Why?" asked one of the party.

"I suppose," replied the guide, "he is so well protected, so safe from all harm, that it has ever been the business of the other fellow to keep out of the porcupine's way. Having his life thus shielded and an inexhaustible food supply in the boundless forests, he has not found it necessary to develop his wit."

I once invited a young Harvard man to go camping with me on the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains. He possessed an unusual knowledge of woodcraft. As he especially desired to try his skill in keeping track of the points of the compass by consulting the distribution of moss and lichen growths, one day he set off and traveled a few miles from camp. When it was time to return he examined the trees and rocks and correctly determined the points of the compass; but, not recalling the direction in which he had been traveling all day, he realized, like the Indian, that the camp was lost. Was the camp east, west or south? He had not the slightest notion. I did not look for him until the following morning. When I came upon him he simply remarked:

"Determining the points of the compass does not tell the direction to camp."

Mr. S. N. Husted is the oldest and most popular guide in the Rocky Mountain National Park. In nearly all respects he is the most capable guide I have known. He has the faculty of being entertaining, watchful, instructive and commanding, all without his party's realizing what he is doing or suspecting that he is a man with an iron hand. Many small boys and girls have been conducted by him to the summit of rugged Long's Peak. The parents of these children chose him because they realized that he was sympathetic and safe, and that he would give the children a day to be remembered.

The Man Who Could Not See

He skillfully holds a crowd of climbers together, keeping everyone alert and in good humor. Like any good guide, he is eternally vigilant in guarding against accidents, as well as watchful to prevent discord in the party.

He tells a good joke or makes some witty comment, and the next instant he is discussing the life history of the lodgepole pine, forest fires, the habits of the mountain sheep, or local winter climate. He is doing a distinct and honorable work for the world.

"I am disappointed in finding birdlife so rare," said a man one day as we sat upon the rocks. "I have seen only one bird this morning."

He was out with me on a short excursion. I had to tell him that I had seen at least twelve species of birds, and that directly before us at that moment were three species in plain sight. Why had he seen but a single bird? It was because his eyes had not been trained to see. A guide will give this training.

Guides have an excellent opportunity for gathering Nature material that may be worked up into good outdoor books. Daily association with inspiring and evervarying Nature, and the companionship of thoughtful people, mean pleasure and steady development. Few occupations offer equal opportunities for advancement. A guide may become an author, a lecturer, or may enter any field of his choice; but guiding itself is an occupation of amplitude and is a worthy lifework.

And, as before suggested, there is no reason why a number of these guides may not be women. The occupation calls for courage and refinement, for firmness, good humor and tact. There is rarely need for physical prowess or brute force. A Camp Fire Girl or a Boy Scout who has mastered the higher degrees, and who knows natural history, has the necessary guiding qualifications.

Guides who try have a fine chance of becoming distinguished citizens. May their tribe increase!

THE FAT PAY ENVELOPE AND THE THIN

(Continued from Page 9)

"In other words, some of the 'easy money' they have been getting has gone into home luxuries. Of course some of it has been spent in dissipation and reckless living; but I can take you to quite a number of canny old-timers—especially among the toolmakers—who have been consistently salting away their fat earnings. If you mix up with them and hear them talking together you will be impressed with the fact that they are deliberately preparing against a slump in conditions—at least in their own conditions—after the war is over.

"I only wish that the percentage of our workers showing this hard-headed common sense and keen foresight was not so small as it is.

"Considering the conditions under which the original force of workers was recruited, it is not strange that the men are not so thrifty as could be desired. We threw out a dragnet and had our recruiting stations everywhere. It was inevitable from this method that we should gather anything but a picked force. The process of elimination began almost immediately and about three hundred undesirables to each thousand workers put on the pay roll were fired.

"I am not sure but that the office men who have stuck to their salaries and positions in spite of the temptation to go out into the works and pull down big money have shown good judgment, instead of false pride and lack of nerve. It looks to me as if they will last long after the shopmen working on specialized piecework have gone."

At night Eddystone is a scream of light. The wheels never stop under those red-tiled roofs and within those glass walls; they will not stop until the war is over. By day, and especially at the change of shifts, the place resembles a country town upon which about fifteen big circus crowds have suddenly descended. Normally Eddystone is a town of about eight hundred inhabitants; in these militant days and nights about thirty thousand men and women, girls and boys, toil in the works of its two great munition companies. Seven special trains on three railroads daily drain the surrounding country, from various directions, of its workers, and return them to their homes at the end of their shifts. Hundreds of automobiles and motorcycles supplement the work of the trains and trolleys in moving the labor required in these sleepless plants.

It took a certain automobile half an hour to beat its way through the crowd and pass a trifling distance to the railroad station. The employment chief in an Eddystone plant, who handles thousands of workers, says:

"As a rule we could get boys by hundreds at five dollars a week; now it is absolutely impossible to get them at eight and nine dollars. I don't know what the business houses in the Philadelphia district are doing for delivery boys; it seems to me we must have about all of them out here. They are on the light inspection jobs and work of similar character that brings them about thirteen dollars a week. This is certainly good pay for boys only about eighteen years old.

"Perhaps about the best indication of the extent to which the demand for labor has gone is the fact that four of the best employment offices in Philadelphia, specializing in restaurant labor and serving maids, tell us that it is impossible for them to fill our requisition for five waiting maids for our restaurant here in the plant. Evidently about all the girls in this section of the country who care to work are already in these factories, or others, where they are making at least nine or ten dollars a week, and from that up.

"Probably twenty-five per cent of our girls in this plant are on piecework. Their fingers become very nimble, which is a great consideration in the kind of work in which they are engaged. Plenty of our piecework girls are making eighteen, nineteen and twenty dollars a week. The very best of them are pulling down twenty-five

(Continued on Page 99)

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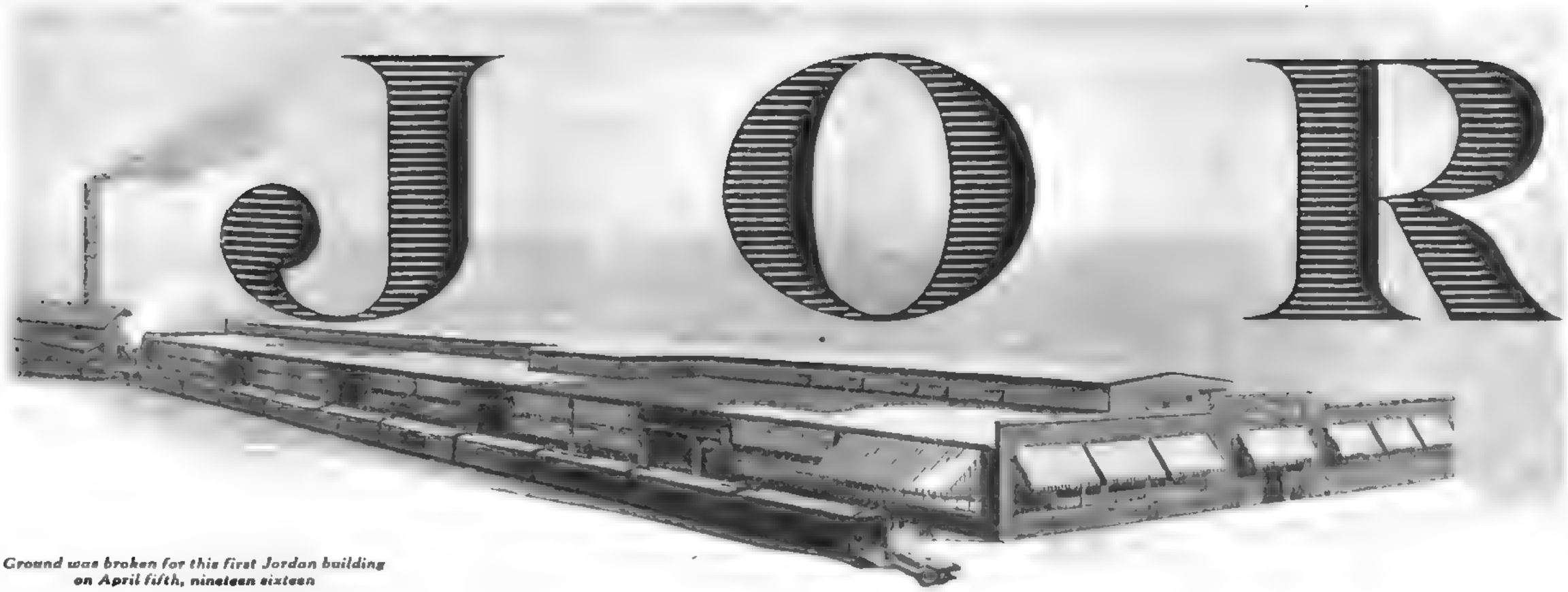


Ground was broken for this first Jordan building on April fifth, nineteen sixteen

JOR

Success

IT is with considerable gratification that we announce the complete success of the Jordan idea in modern motor cars.

The Jordan idea went over from the start. It never wavered for a minute. It went over in the first 24 hours. Jordan success was swift and instantaneous.

To start with the dealer demand was over 1000% greater than all expectations. Over 3000 important, prosperous dealers wanted the Jordan line the minute they heard of the Jordan idea, purpose, plans.

Long had the public tired of the same old common-place lines and finish of every car that passed on the street. Long had they waited for some manufacturer to offer a model well seasoned with a little of the French, Russian, German and English taste in artistic motor-car beauty all blended into a new American being.

Then appeared the Jordan!

This big beautiful six-cylinder car of mechanical perfection took America by storm. And mind you, it was not its mechanical excellence alone—which is second to none. No. It was the smart, stylish, altogether out-of-the-ordinary custom-made bodies. Their beauty; their odd contrasting and harmonious colors; their long, low lines; the saucy tilt to the windshield; the same angle on the steering column; a new luxury in comfort-giving seat cushions and springs.

It was the new vogue that all Americans had been waiting for!

Below is the now-famous four-passenger sport model. It is a car brim full of pep—a car that instantly appeals to red-blooded young men.

And the pitch of the seat cushions, their height from the floor, the studied distance of the foot rail, the distinctive floor rug all say "custom made." Some car!

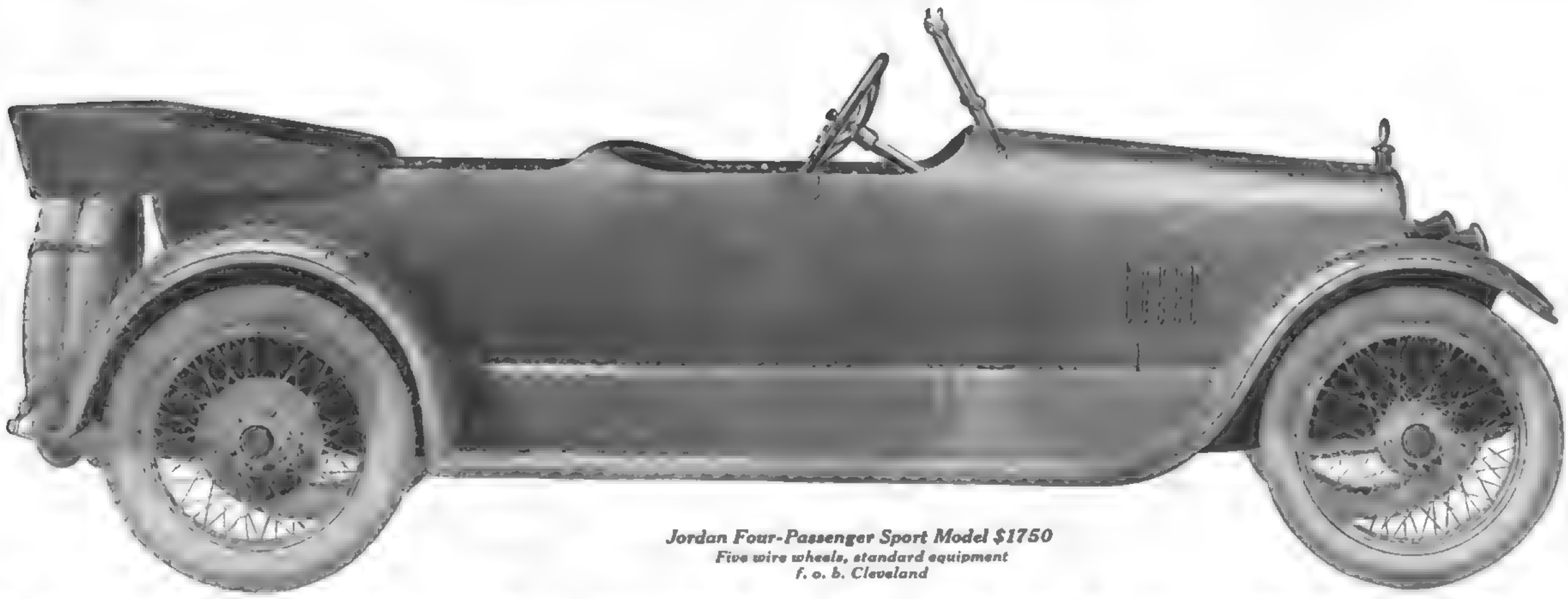
To really appreciate it, take another look—fit for a King, yet within the reach of all. $1750 complete—including five wire wheels.

So this year and next and for all time to come drive the car that by virtue of its true character and decided distinctiveness won success in 24 hours—the Jordan!

Standard Jordan Chassis

Continental Motor
Bosch Ignition
Vanadium Steel Springs
Timken Axles and Bearings
Firestone 35"x4½" Tires
Stewart Vacuum Tank
Bijur Starter

JORDAN



Jordan Four-Passenger Sport Model $1750
Five wire wheels, standard equipment
f. o. b. Cleveland

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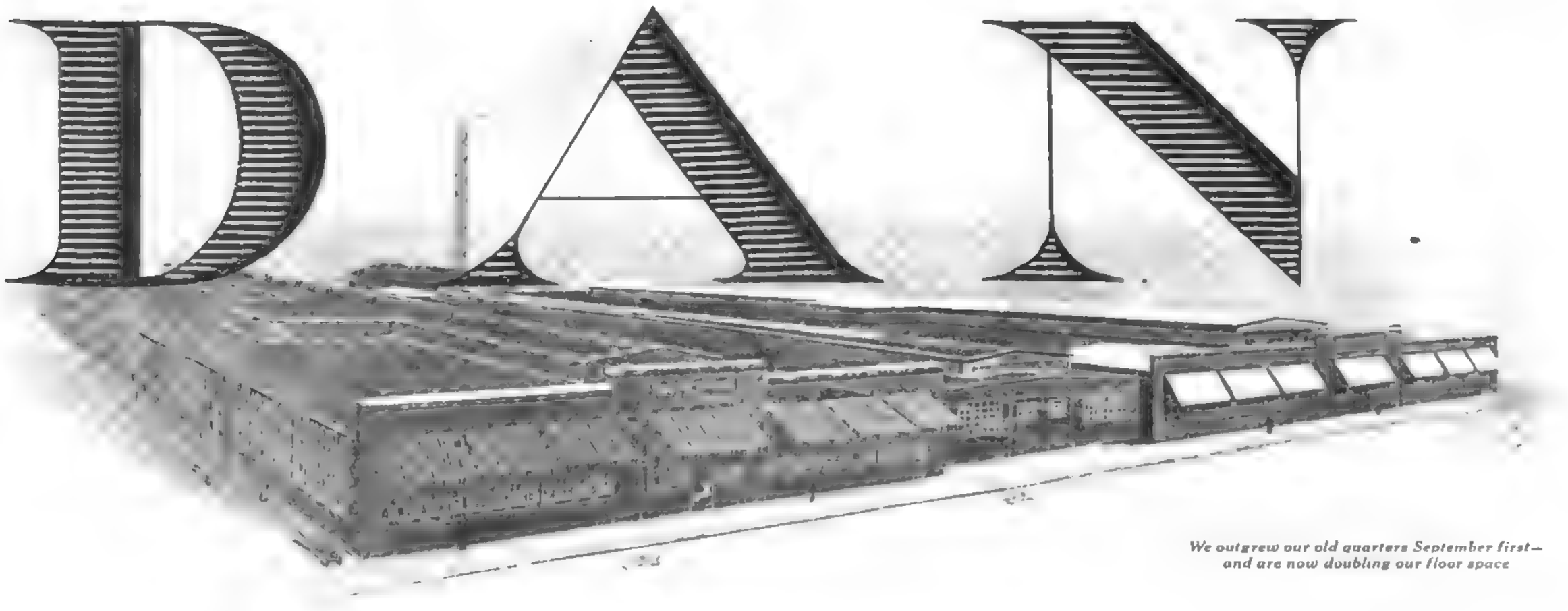

We outgrew our old quarters September first—
and are now doubling our floor space

Progress

SUCCESS is of little value unless properly backed by progress. Nothing in the Jordan plans or plants ever stands still.

Our original plant was planned for a production capacity which we did not think would reach its peak for at least a year. But in several short months we were operating to 100% capacity with orders pouring in at a greater rate than we could keep pace with.

So the Jordan plant is being doubled. Do not misunderstand this. Production will not be heedlessly increased. The Jordan plan to build carefully, slowly and under the most rigid inspection will be followed absolutely. The Jordan ideal has not changed one iota.

The new Jordan factories will simply enable us to build Jordan cars on a larger scale—*but fully up to Jordan standards*. There will be no sacrifice of quality.

That constitutes real progress. Additional factories solely because the public *demands* more Jordan cars—not an effort to increase production for the mere sake of bigness.

The care and caution with which Jordan dealers were selected has become the talk of the industry. Any dealer to get the Jordan line had to qualify. We took a good long look at his past. If he did not measure up to Jordan standards we could not do business.

His character had to be as high as ours.

The more rigidly we enforced our examination of dealers the more we attracted the best caliber of men in the business. And as a result we have gathered together the livest, most honorable, most wide-awake sales organization of important dealers in America.

That's another form of progress.

During January we will appoint a few more dealers. Those desiring full information as to territory, models, etc., communicate at once with Jordan Headquarters at Cleveland.

Remember—Jordan is a success.

But Jordan success is only commonsense plus initiative which is always loved by every whole-souled American citizen.

Jordan Prices

Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650
Four Passenger Sport Model $1750
Wire wheels standard
Jordan Sixty Roadster $1650
Jordan Sedan $2350
Jordan Coupé $2300
Jordan Limousine $3000
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

JORDAN

Jordan Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Jordan Seven Passenger Luxary Car $1650
Five wire wheels $100 extra
f. o. b. Cleveland

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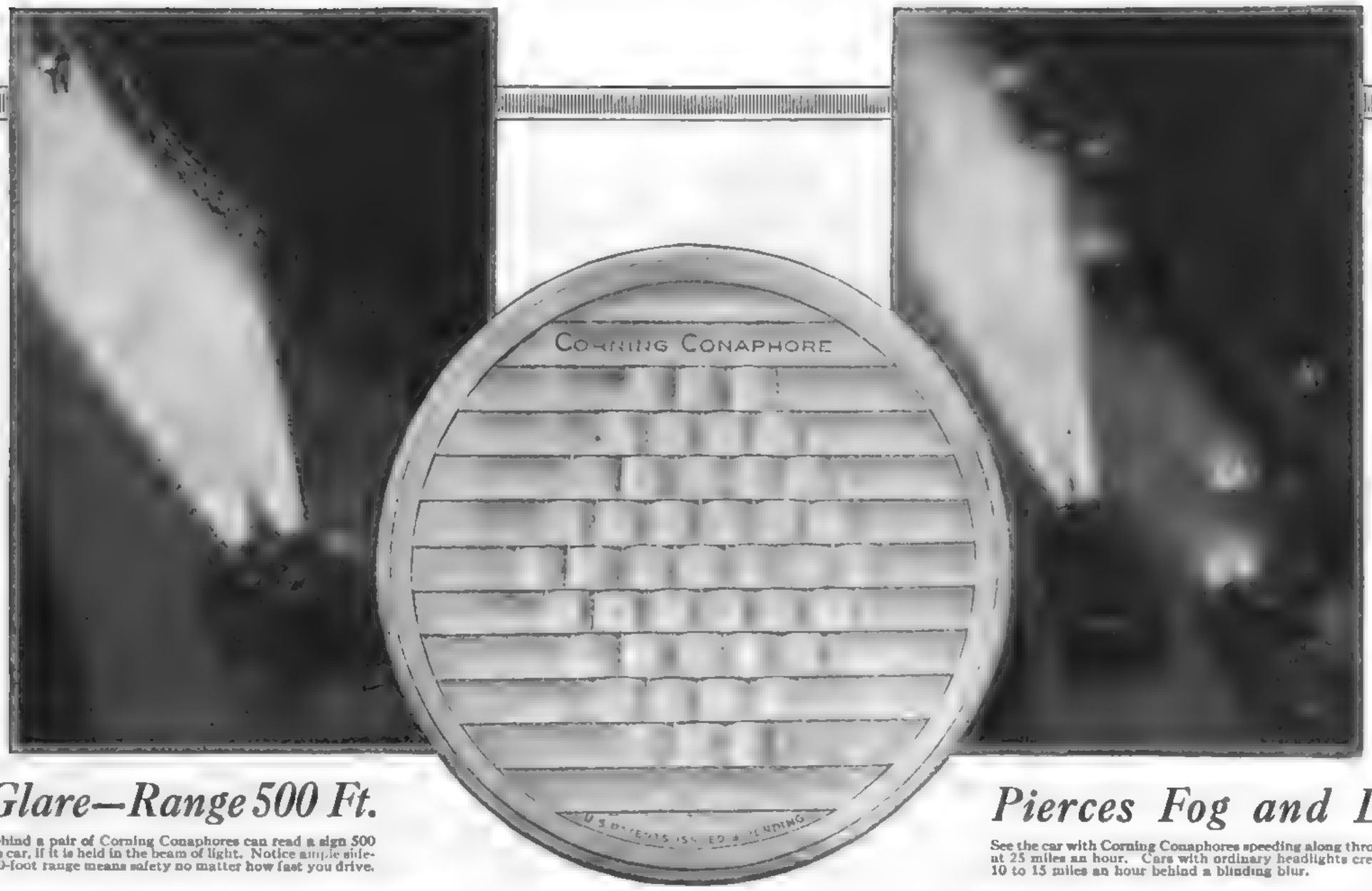


No Glare—Range 500 Ft.

The man behind a pair of Corning Conaphores can read a sign 500 feet from his car, if it is held in the beam of light. Notice ample side-light. A 500-foot range means safety no matter how fast you drive.

Pierces Fog and Dust

See the car with Corning Conaphores speeding along through the fog at 25 miles an hour. Cars with ordinary headlights creep along at 10 to 15 miles an hour behind a blinding blur.

CORNING CONAPHORE

Sets new headlighting standard

Motorists have long felt the need for a scientific headlight. They want a headlight with long range and strong side-light but no glare.

States and cities have emphasized the need for such a headlight by passing strict "anti-glare" laws in an effort to make night driving safe. A vigorous, nation-wide movement is now under way. During 1917, laws requiring the use of a scientific headlight will be enacted and enforced everywhere.

Ordinary Headlights Dangerous

The ordinary headlight is not satisfactory to motorists. It has a bulb to give the light and a reflector to reflect the light, but nothing to control the direction of the rays. The glass merely keeps out dirt and water. Such headlights may have long range, but they also have glare, because a large part of the light is projected at such a level as to dazzle approaching pedestrians and motorists. The driver has to dim continually. Tilting of lamps downward may reduce the glare, but it greatly decreases the range of the light.

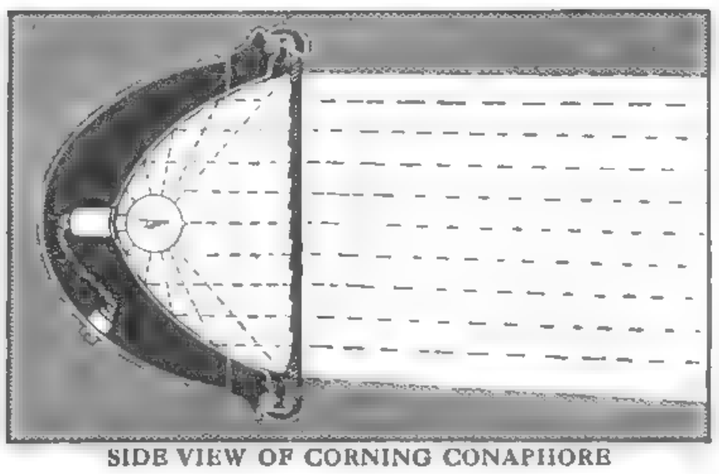
Function of the Conaphore

The headlight problem has been scientifically solved by adding to the bulb and reflector a third part, the Corning Conaphore. The function of the Conaphore is to direct the rays of light from the bulb and reflector, so that the beam will have long range, ample side-light, will not glare and will pierce fog and dust. Tests shown on this page prove the efficiency of the Corning Conaphore.

Scientifically Correct

Practically all of the signal glass used on American railroads is manufactured by the Corning Glass Works. This institution is the largest manufacturer of technical glass in the world, and maintains the *only* laboratory devoted to the study of signal glass. For many years these famous research laboratories have led the world in the art of glass making. It was in these laboratories that the Corning Conaphore was developed. This fact is the best guarantee that the Conaphore is scientifically correct in design and manufacture.

The Corning Conaphore has a smooth outer surface and a series of patented, horizontal corrugations on the inner face. This design bends down the light rays and shoots them out in a long, intense beam, never more than 42 inches above the road, which has wonderful range and ample side-light, but no glare.



SIDE VIEW OF CORNING CONAPHORE

Noviol Glass—A New Invention

Corning Conaphores are made of a new patented glass—Noviol Glass. This is a golden-tint glass which gives the Corning Conaphore a distinctive appearance.

Noviol Glass causes the beam of light to pierce fog or dust. It eliminates "back-glare." It makes the green along the roadside stand out. No ordinary headlight glass can have these features. The use of Noviol Glass is controlled by the Corning Glass Works.

Five Major Advantages

First Four Exclusive

1. Gives headlight range of 500 feet when a standard bulb of 21 candle power or more is properly focused.
2. Cuts out all the glare yet uses *all* the light, thus complying with all city and state "no-glare" laws.
3. Penetrates fog, dust or smoke, so you can easily drive 25 miles an hour under adverse weather conditions.
4. Has strong side-light which illuminates the roadside; the Noviol Beam makes the green stand out so you can distinguish bushes and ditches.
5. Never clogs with dust or mud in summer, or with ice or snow in winter, and is easily put on any car.

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating "back-glare" and penetrating fog or dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

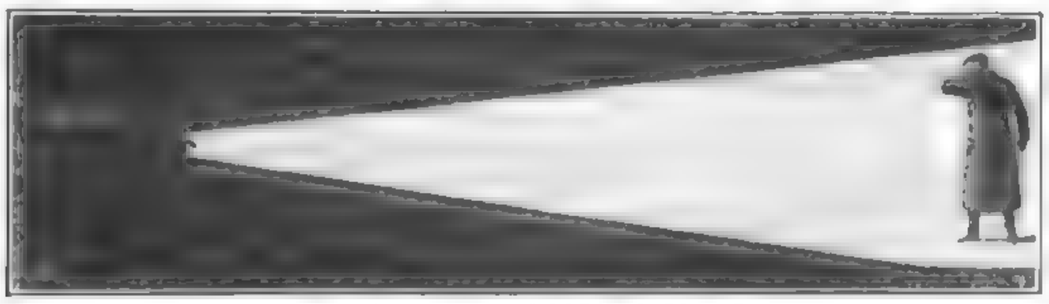
You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

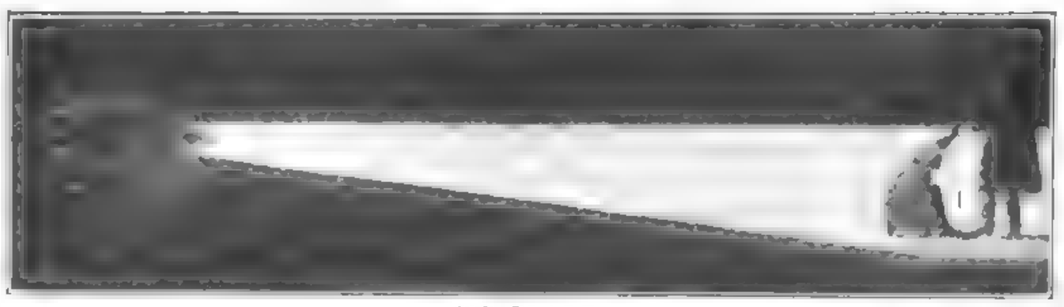
Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$1.30	3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$0.80
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	2.40	5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	1.60
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	7 to 8½ inches inclusive	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	4.00

Prices 25 cents more per pair West of Rocky Mts.
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch.

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
510 Foster Building New York City



ORDINARY HEADLIGHTS GLARE
The ordinary headlight blinds you with its glare. Glare means danger.



NO-GLARE
Light from Corning Conaphores is never more than 42 inches above road.

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(Continued from Page 95)

a week, and the number of those making anywhere between twenty and twenty-five is by no means small.

"At the time when these plants were built, just after the outbreak of the war, we could get white labor at eighteen cents an hour. The price has moved up, until now we are using two hundred negroes at twenty-five cents an hour to do the roughest and cheapest kind of manual labor."

A small factory in Eddystone has published an offer of a premium of five dollars for every weaver sent to their plant, the reward to be paid after the new employee has remained a month. Storekeepers in localities combed by the Eddystone scouts complain that it is practically impossible for them to get clerks at any wage short of what the boys can earn in the munition plants. One of the special trains saps a territory in which is located a large tool factory that employs about seven thousand men. Toolmakers who were getting from thirty to forty cents an hour two years ago can now command anywhere from sixty to ninety cents an hour for a ten-hour day at the munition plants. For overtime they receive time and a half; and the pressure upon them for overtime, in making machine tools and in teaching others how to make and use them, is unrelaxing.

Of course the toolmaking plant referred to has been pushed to meet the offers of the munition makers, in order to hold the men they have trained and developed. The fact that a special train takes workers from that locality to Eddystone in quick time and without a stop, and brings them back, makes this competition decidedly acute.

No Place for Soft Hands

From a broad and industrious inquiry it would seem that the office pay in the Philadelphia district has not generally increased more than fifteen per cent—perhaps ten per cent would be a fair average—since the war started. For bookkeepers, for example, twenty dollars a week seems to be a popular salary. Of course hundreds of them are getting as low as fifteen in the district, though those in the more advanced positions receive considerably more than this. However, it is evident that the bookkeeper drawing more than one hundred dollars a month feels that he is in the upper strata of his vocation.

At Eddystone are many examples of men who have had the courage of their desires and have deserted their soft-handed callings for the fat rewards of the man at the munition lathe. The experience of a former school-teacher illustrates that there are two sides to this game of pulling down big pay as a pieceworker in a munition plant. He was making eighteen dollars a week in a clerical position, keeping output records. When he saw that machine men in greasy overalls were earning double that amount, and even more, he begged for a transfer and finally received it.

Now he is back at his old job, wearing a white shirt and a chastened smile. He declares that he will never again envy a munition-machine worker his bloated wage, and that his two weeks in overalls almost literally broke down his constitution. The munition machine, according to this former school-teacher, is no place for a man with soft hands and soft muscles. He was able to stand the pace for a bare fortnight and then surrendered to save himself from collapse. This man has plenty of company; his case is typical of many others who have left office positions for shell lathes, only to find that they are unable to endure this kind of labor, especially at the high-pressure speed demanded.

Necessarily some forms of munition-machine work are harder and heavier than others, and if the man from the office is fortunate enough to get a light job he is able to pass through the "hardening" process without breaking. One production captain in a munition plant made the interesting observation that an office man with a reasonable amount of education behind him stood an especially good chance of promotion after he had successfully undergone the severe initiation into shopwork that one now gets in the production end of the munition game. These men, he pointed out, quite generally make excellent production captains, and their chances of being retained in the shop organization after the close of the war are better than many of those who had been longer in shopwork.

"The production end of almost any business," says another man in charge of a shop force, "is a good field in which to make use of an education, of a knowledge of figures, and of a knowledge of what goes on in the office. It can be made to count for a whole lot, and some of the young fellows who have chucked their salaried positions in favor of a workman's job in this time of peculiar industrial stress are going to find that it has opened up for them a short cut to desirable and profitable places in the organization. Very likely a good many of them who would have remained clerks and bookkeepers will soon find themselves filling jobs of authority, which carry good pay, in the production force—if they have not already reached such a goal.

"This strange mix-up that we are now in, this period of unprecedented high pressure in turning out products of certain kinds, has already seen some remarkable developments in the way of bringing fresh executive talent to the front; and by the time a period of relaxation comes a whole lot of young men, unknown at the beginning of the war, will be decorated by their organization superiors and marked for big places. Such pressure as we are now passing through has many unwholesome and undesirable features; but it is certainly giving a lot of young men a chance to demonstrate their powers and attract the attention of the big men in industry, who are looking for men of forty-two-centimeter caliber to put into the big positions."

This pressure for munition production is also correcting many human misplacements. In a munition plant in the Philadelphia district is a young man who left a small bookkeeping position, paying less than eighty dollars a month, put on a jumper and took his stand at a machine. His present earnings are at least three times what he received in his position at a desk, and he feels that he has found himself and that he will never go back to his books unless forced to do so. Cases of this kind are common in munition plants, where the lure of big earnings at piecework has tempted young men to sacrifice their genteel positions and white collars for the sake of making sensational wages.

Men Off the Shelf

Another interesting development of the present abnormal labor situation is the fact that it has called back hordes of superannuated men who had come to regard themselves as permanently "shelved" because the light labor they were able to do was monopolized by boys. In the munition centers the messenger boy is almost an extinct race. His place is taken by the messenger man—whose legs are less nimble but whose mind is not so keen for crap shooting, movie shows and other allurements that beset the feet of the messenger boy who is having his first eager fling at the busy and fascinating world. One of these mature messengers, who admits that he will never see sixty-eight again, proudly remarked:

"I can carry a message just as well and just as quickly as any boy. Why not? I know how to use my head! In the long run that counts more than nimble heels. And it seems good to have something to do again—something that is light and does not tire me too much. It occupies my thoughts in a very pleasant way—besides bringing in nine dollars a week, which helps quite a bit in meeting the increased cost of living. I've been told that my work is so satisfactory that I'm to be raised to ten dollars in a few days."

In the financial district of New York dignified men who have passed the prime of life are supplanting boys as runners for the Wall Street firms to a considerable extent. They make stock deliveries mainly—a work that is simple but that calls for responsibility. The men who are filling these positions formerly held by boys are evidently giving general satisfaction. They carry their bulging stock wallets with a dignity that their youthful predecessors did not support, and they are not so speedy on the street; but it is generally admitted that they make as many deliveries in a day and with perhaps less noise and confusion than their nimble competitors of a younger generation.

Some of these venerable Wall Street runners get from eighteen to twenty dollars a week, while few of them receive less than twelve dollars.

Many stores in both Philadelphia and New York are also using old men as messengers and for other work formerly done by boys.

Everywhere in the Philadelphia munition district bankers admit a year of unprecedented deposits; there are few of them, however, who can boast of having raised the salary scale of their employees. Various reasons are assigned for this. Probably the real explanation is that the bank clerk is naturally a stayer and is less tempted to quit or change his occupation than almost any other kind of office help. Perhaps the fact that there is a certain atmosphere of class about bank work may have something to do with holding the bank clerk to his position when he sees the cost of living and the pay of the wageworker climbing to unprecedented levels while the figures on his own salary check remain the same.

A savings-bank official, who admitted that his bank had enjoyed a wonderful year, said that he could not raise his clerks' salaries because his is a mutual institution in which responsibility runs straight back to the depositors.

Another savings bank said that in the past ten months they had added nearly three thousand new accounts as against less than one thousand for the preceding year, but had not advanced salaries.

A street contractor, operating mainly in the suburbs of Philadelphia, was asked what he had to pay for the roughest and cheapest labor that he could find. He replied that he was in great luck if he could pick up a few Dagos or "Hunkies," unable to speak any English or to understand more than a few words of it, at two and a half dollars for an eight-hour day. Two years ago, he explained, he could get all he wished of this grade of workers for one and a quarter dollars a day. In New York the Irish foreman of a street gang tilted his clay pipe at an angle of disgust as he declared that if you were lucky enough to catch a green Hunkie for two dollars and fifty cents you couldn't expect to keep him at that wage for more than a few weeks, at best. Then the demand would come for two eighty-five and three dollars. He proudly confessed that he was receiving five dollars a day, himself.

Mention Wall Street in connection with War Brides, and your hearer will instantly brace himself for an Aladdinlike tale of riches made overnight by means of casting a few marginal crumbs on the tidal wave of speculation that has swept the country. There is, however, quite another side to this feverish activity in the stock market. This is the side of the Wall Street worker. A few days ago the bookkeeper for a brokerage house came out of his glass retreat to greet a friend.

"Bob," he exclaimed, "after the cruel war is over we'll swap apologies for having seen nothing of each other for six months! I'll just cover the whole situation by saying that, aside from Saturday and Sunday nights, I have been home to dinner just three nights in three months. And, even at that, I'm not so badly off as some of the men I know who are on Wall Street books. A few of the fellows have to work all night now and then—literally all night! It has been the most wonderful speculative period that ever struck the Street. Nothing to compare with it in many respects—in length of duration, for example, and in the fact that it has been almost a steady boom. We practically eat and sleep at our desks."

How Bookkeepers Fare

"What do we get out of it? That all depends on the individual. I could show you a young chap in a position about parallel to mine who is taking in about four hundred dollars a month earnings as an accountant. Of course we are forbidden to speculate to the extent of a dollar. Whatever we get must come from our bookkeeping efforts. First, there is our overtime work, and then there are many chances to do a little extra bookkeeping on the side and get good pay for it.

"The Street is full of commission brokers, men of the society type, who have a few special customers. These men are not disposed to do anything in the way of clerical work. Therefore, they are the natural meat of the experienced bookkeeper in times when trading is brisk. Men of this sort generally have desk room in the houses through which their trades are handled, and naturally the bookkeeper of the concern finds his services in demand by these commission brokers. Perhaps his own work is so hard that he can scarcely keep up with it; but the fiercer the trading, the more the commission broker is willing to pay to have his accounts kept in shape.

"The pay is so good for the time taken that the bookkeeper hasn't the nerve to refuse this side money—that is, until he has reached the limit of his capacity. When we see men by hundreds all round us who are making fortunes, it is hardly to be expected that we fellows who handle the figures should be able wholly to suppress our appetites for a little of this candy. We are shut out from going after it in a speculative way; and so it seems that we're all the more entitled to a taste of it in the form of increased salary.

"Some of the Wall Street houses have boosted salaries under this pressure; but you can bet that the advance has not been anything like the raise in the wageworkers' pay or the jump in the price of living. I'm not complaining, personally. My employer has been quite fair with me and perhaps most of the others are to their men.

"You see, I can't forget that this house carried me right along on the salary list in the dark days before the boom, when the gross commissions were almost nothing, net—and the rent went right along at the old Wall Street rate! If I'm inclined to feel dissatisfied now I remember those times and try to strike a general average. Lots of others look at it the same way.

"However, the fact remains that bookkeepers getting from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week—as many of them are in this city—can tell you that their little salary check is standing a mighty stiff strain right at the present time. I know one clerk, for example, in the stock department of a house here on the Street who gets sixty dollars a week. He is neither dissipated nor extravagant; but he finds that he has to do some rather close figuring in order to make that meet the reasonable demands of a family in these days when you cannot buy a pound of good creamery butter and a dozen strictly fresh eggs with a dollar."

The Shanghai Bus

In point of recognizing the strained situation in which the salary check of ordinary size finds itself, the action of a certain New York banking house deserves conspicuous mention. After a careful investigation into the increased cost of living this bank, according to common report on the Street, will distribute to its salaried men an emergency fund equivalent to thirty per cent of each employee's salary for the year. It is understood that other large banks will announce a somewhat similar emergency plan in recognition of the rights and necessities of the salaried men who have stuck at their posts in spite of strong temptations to quit.

The New York situation in the matter of domestic help is suggested by the experience of a certain resident of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, who offered a househelper forty-five dollars to induce her to remain with his family. She declined the offer on the ground that she could do better at one of the munition plants.

In the eyes of the established manufacturer of the Atlantic seaboard, about the most efficient engine of industrial destruction thus far devised is the Sunday shanghai motorbus which fares forth from a munition center to the mill towns of New England and the other down-East states, seeking whom it may impress. The owner of a textile mill located perhaps a little less than one hundred miles from Bridgeport, Connecticut, entered this complaint to the writer:

"'The general public has no idea what the War Brides and their shanghai busses have been doing to manufacturers in established lines. Take it in our own case: We were far enough away from any large munition factory to feel reasonably safe about our workers; but we took the precaution to give them a substantial raise of rates, just the same. Things had begun to get into full swing down at Bridgeport when, one Sunday, two big automobiles stopped in our town. Its occupants approached a group of young men. They offered the boys cigars and then inquired where they were working. The lads answered that they were in the local textile mill. Then came an inquiry as to the wages they were getting. One of our boys replied that he was pulling down eighteen dollars a week and his partner was getting sixteen—which he allowed was a lot better than the twelve and fourteen which they drew when the war broke out. The visiting stranger laughed loudly at this and exclaimed:

"'Say, do you call that wages—sixteen and eighteen dollars a week? Lads, wake

(Continued on Page 102)

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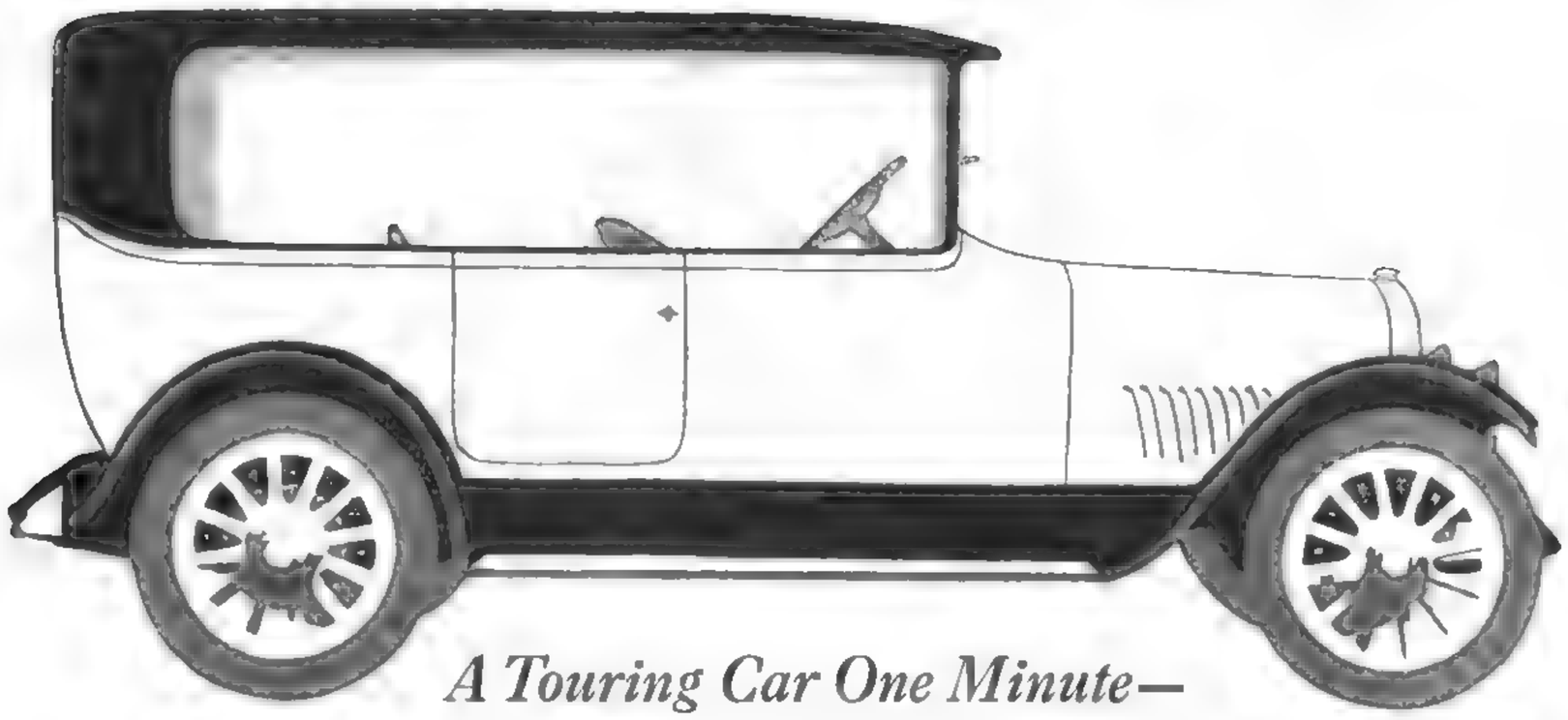
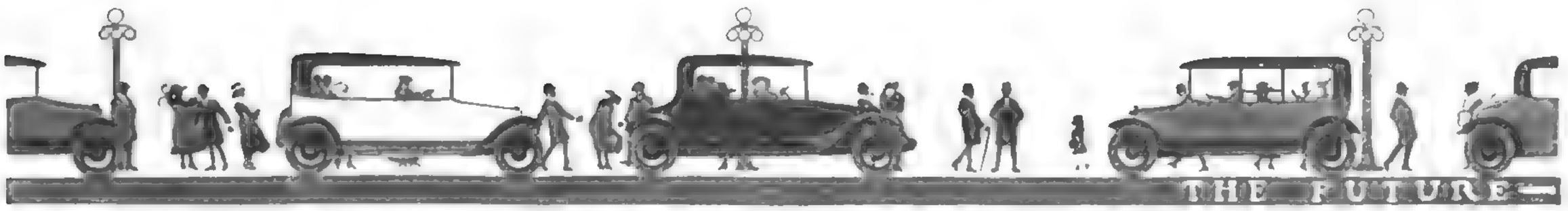
WORLD RECOGNITION

of what Springfield TYPE MEANS



A Touring Car One Minute—

This is The Springfield-Type Body Design
(PATENTED)
Originally designed, developed and marketed
by the Springfield Body Company.



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THE Springfield-Type Body is a universal necessity—a Touring Car and Limousine in one unit, providing the very thing all America has been waiting for—a body that is both a closed car and an open car, all in one.

The Springfield-Type Body is instantly adaptable for winter or summer—rain or shine—day or night service—combining all the protection, luxury and appearance of the finest limousine as well as the freedom and advantages of the open touring car.

Springfield Ideas and Springfield Types have continuously established precedent in body designs in America.

The *first* metal body was a Springfield.

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The Springfield-Type Body is a complete body—not a detachable or put-on top.

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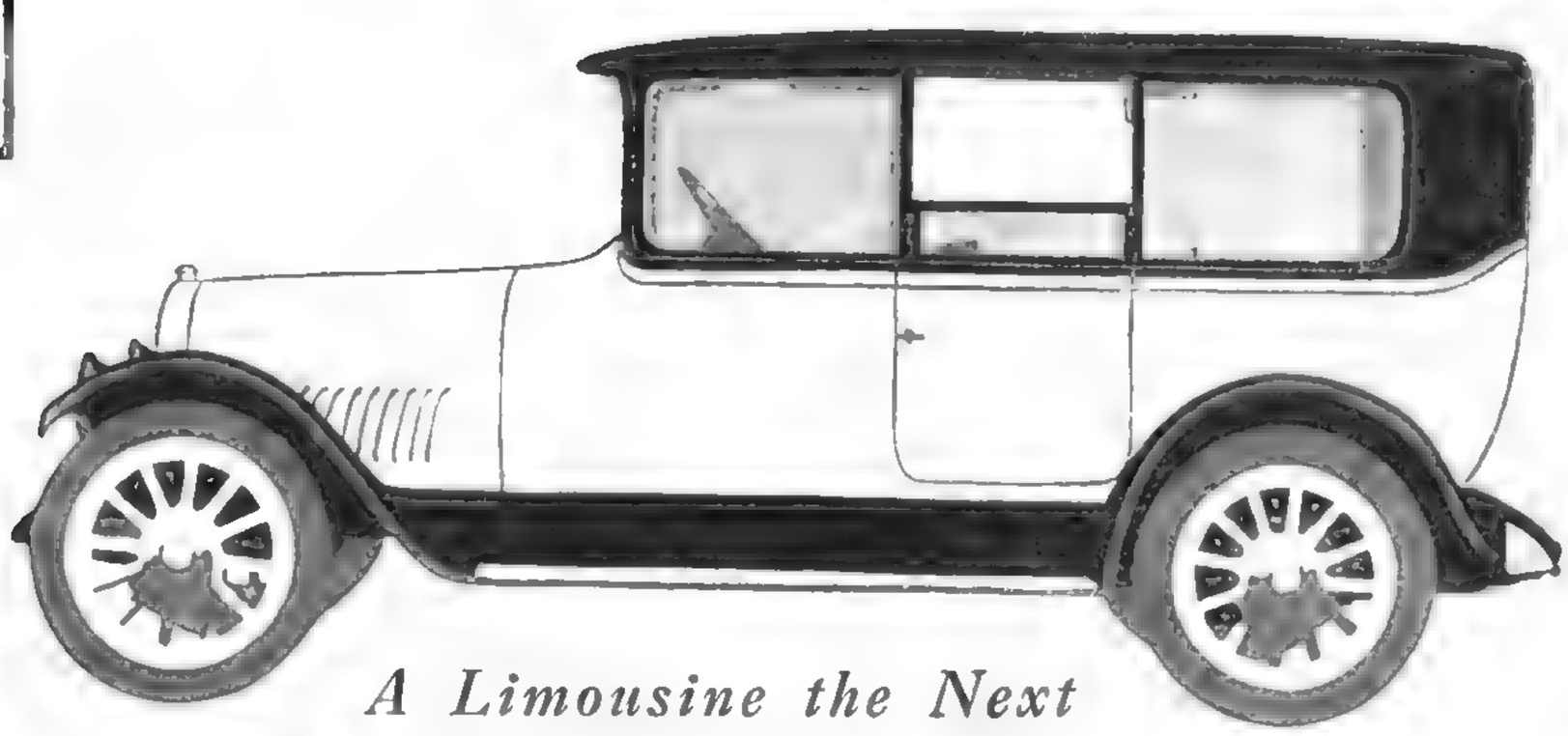

A Limousine the Next

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DETROIT SPRINGFIELD, MASS. NEW YORK
General Sales Office: 509 David Whitney Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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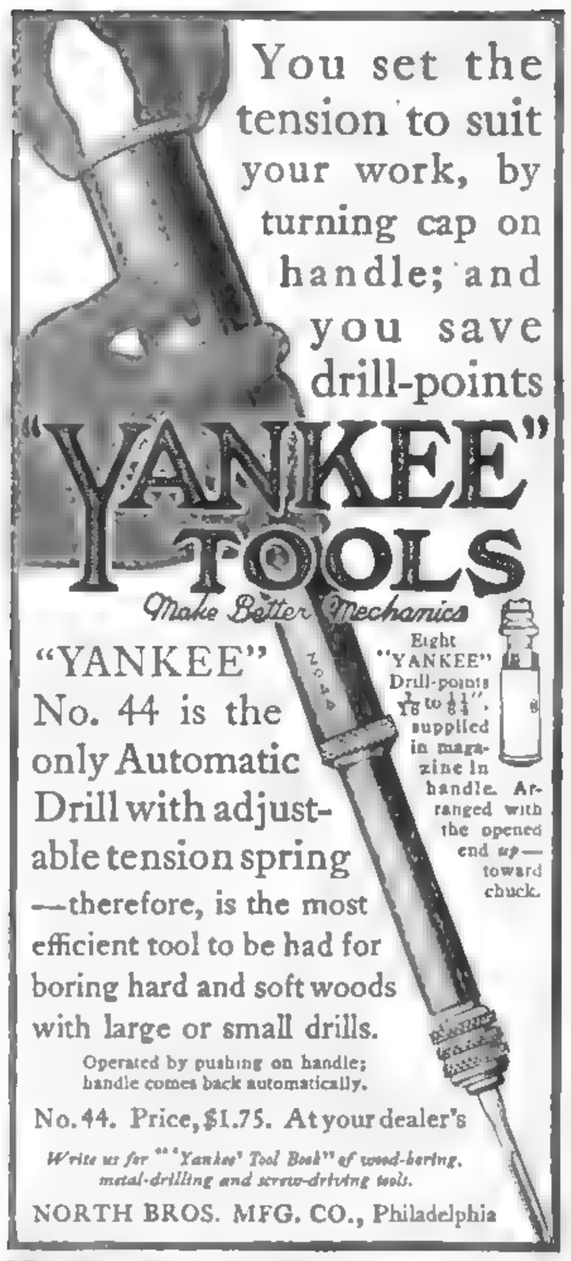
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Make Better Mechanics
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Eight "YANKEE" Drill-points 1/16 to 1/4", supplied in magazine in handle. Arranged with the opened end up—toward chuck.
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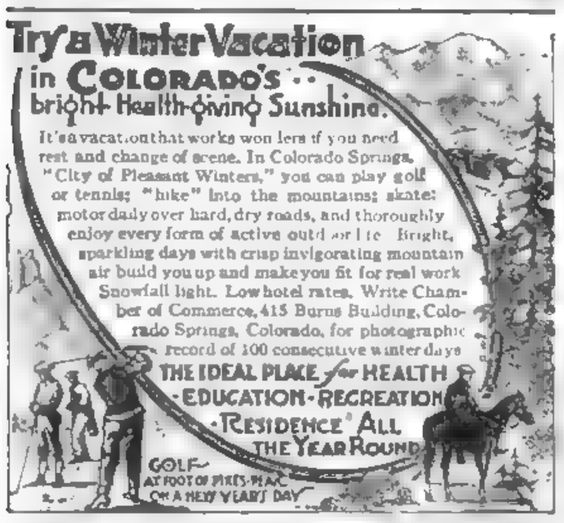
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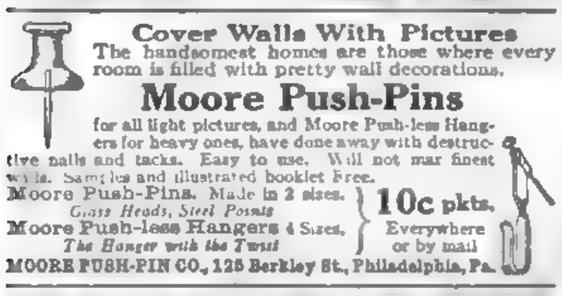
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(Continued from Page 99)

up! How would you like to earn eight dollars a day?'

"Our boy from the finishing room granted that such a wage was beyond his dreams of avarice, and intimated that there was no such animal. Then the visitor displayed his credentials for the munition plant, and told the young men to get together a few of their friends from the mill and he would take them all down together to where munition money was falling in showers. He was in a hurry and there was no chance to fuss about giving notice to their boss. Opportunity was knocking at their town, and if they wished to get aboard there was just time for them to grab their clothes and be off. This is precisely what they did! On the way down the man explained to them that they would have to put in a lot of overtime in order to make their wages average eight dollars a day; but they were in for it then and eager for the change and excitement.

"Next morning the superintendent of our mill found that several men from the dye-house and the finishing room had been shanghaied by the press gang from the munition plant. This set the output of the mill back a week, at least. More than that, it disrupted the whole working organization, and we knew it was the beginning of a constant drain. What could we do about it? We had already given two voluntary raises in wages or rates, and we made another advance; but, of course, it was impossible fully to meet such competition. All we could do was to show our disposition along the line of an advance and try to convince our hands—and especially the older ones—that it would be more profitable to them in the long run to stick with us, even if it did make rather a strong demand on their loyalty at the moment.

"An intimate friend in the textile business said to me a few days ago that if he could get labor enough to put through the orders now on hand he could clear five hundred dollars a day; but that, as this was impossible without paying prohibitive rates which would demoralize the business for perhaps years to come, he was going to get out what product he could without paying war prices for labor, and let the rest go. Textile millowners all over the East will declare that this is a true picture of their own situation, and that the Sunday shanghai bus from the munition plant is about the most dreaded and destructive thing they know."

Robbing the Kitchen

The influence of the Sunday shanghai bus and its busy press gang is sharply illustrated by the experience of a maker of automobile parts in the New Haven district. He must meet competition for labor, because of contracts for his product. This man declares that the Monday on which he does not have to go through his plant and hand out a line of raises is a red-letter day. He is now paying six dollars a day to mechanics of the handy-man class, who would normally be glad to get two or three dollars a day.

The startling fashions that War Brides have introduced into the field of female labor is encountered in a graphic way in this same field. A large corset manufacturer there suddenly found that hundreds of his girls were flocking to the local ammunition plant, which employs about eighteen thousand hands and has much light work to which women are specially adapted. Instead of trying to stem the tide by offering fully competitive wages, these shrewd corset manufacturers decided to meet the situation by doing something decidedly original. Though they have done what they could within reason to keep a force of their trained employees with them, they have introduced a novelty stunt in the labor struggle by starting a new factory in which all the hands will be negro girls drawn from domestic service in that district.

This clever move is the latest development in a chain of interesting circumstances that have not added to the gayety of the housewives of that locality.

First, the establishment of the original corset factory drew white working girls from domestic service and left the field very largely to the girls from the growing negro quarter of that section. These colored girls soon demonstrated their cleverness as household servants, and the adjustment of the domestic situation was supposed to be permanent and complete. Then came the call for girl munition makers, and the corset factory saw its organization of workers raided for the benefit of the War Brides. Once more it has turned to the kitchens of the community to stop the gaps and refill its trenches, with the result that the housewife of this classic district who is able to retain the services of a negro girl at a wage of less than thirty dollars a month and "found" may consider herself decidedly fortunate.

A New York business man who owns a small farm not far out gives this glimpse of what the gentleman farmer is up against in these munition days:

"I saw something of what was coming; so I made a contract with my man that, for 1916, he would be given fifty dollars a month and ten per cent on everything sold from the place—this in addition, of course, to all the perquisites and findings usually given a man in his position. Naturally he grew a lot of stuff on the place and has sold a heap of it. Of course he has been pressed by the munition-plant scouts to throw up his contract; but he has stuck faithfully. On the other hand my good neighbors have been having their troubles. One rented his house to a man at a low consideration so that the tenant would help him out over the busy season with the farmwork. The man had scarcely moved in when the scouts came along and carried him off to the munition plant, where he has worked ever since. Another neighbor had a splendid crop of peaches which he allowed to remain unpicked because he could not get help—at least at a price that was not, in his opinion, prohibitive."

Why Traffic is Tied Up

The head traffic man of a big New York concern was told by the president of his company to go out and find why shipments were from fifteen days to a month late. At one point a freight manager made this statement:

"Right there in the yards are forty cars of miscellaneous goods, and one hundred and fifty more cars of the same sort are waiting outside. If you can lead me to anybody who'll get me the men to unload those cars I'll do 'most anything for you!"

Then the New Yorker had a bright idea and asked the freight man why the road didn't bring a few trainloads of negroes up from the South to do this sort of work. This suggestion was met with the classic story that is being told everywhere in traffic circles. It relates that a big railroad system, suffering from acute traffic congestion, thought of this plan and started to put it into effect on a big scale. They assembled negroes and started North with them.

When they pulled into one of the big munition centers these hundreds of freight handlers, who were going to relieve the traffic congestion, suddenly faded. They had been met down on the road by the industrious scouts from the munition makers. The frequency with which this story is heard wherever labor and traffic troubles are discussed—whether at the Atlantic seaboard or in Chicago—almost compels the hearer to believe that it has happened—not once but repeatedly.

The manufacturer's traffic manager also investigated the question of delayed express deliveries. When he complained to a local express manager in Chicago that his goods were allowed to stand round five or six days without delivery he was told:

"Come to the stables with me, please."

After they arrived there the express man pointed to a line of twenty horses and ten wagons.

"See 'em?" he asked.

"Well," responded the New Yorker, "why don't you get them out?"

"You get me the men—men who are fit to handle horses—and I'll get them out P. D. Q.! But, remember, it is impossible to use men in this work who are not used to handling horses and who do not know Chicago. We simply can't man those teams, and that's all there is to it!"

The industrial traffic man says:

"I have about twenty carloads of stuff packed here waiting for lighter service, and cannot get it. Ship traffic is also blocked for lack of men to do the unloading. The same condition exists at every railroad transfer point. It is and has been one long series of embargoes and blockades for every class of material in every form of shipment. The price that carriers are willing to pay for labor to break the congestion seems to have little effect on the situation."

The superintendent of New York City's Public Employment Bureau puts the situation in these terse words:

"As late as the spring of 1915 you could get plenty of rough, common labor at seventeen and a half cents an hour; but by this time the rate has gone up to twenty-eight cents, thirty-three cents and thirty-five cents for this cheapest form of labor. Boys can still be had for ten dollars a week—in some localities for even eight dollars; but these boys are less interested in the futures of their jobs and more in the immediate pay than previously. Now they want cash in hand rather than promotion promises. Of course this may not always be as shrewd a policy as it might seem, but it simply indicates the mental effect of the present labor situation on the boys.

"As to the clerks and lower-grade bookkeepers, this class of workers was most in evidence during the recent period of depression. Evidently the man of this type is the first to be fired and the last to be taken on here. I attribute this somewhat to the fact that New York is greater as a commercial city than as an industrial city. The wages of this class have remained fairly constant; they are getting just about what they were when the war started—just about enough to dress respectably but not enough to permit them to marry. It is true, of course, that you can find examples of where the salaries of this immense class of workers have been raised slightly. On the other hand, those raises are the exception rather than the rule.

"One curious effect of the war is that it has not only made a place for men who were thought to be too old for work but has actually revitalized a whole lot of them. Only yesterday a man of sixty or more walked in here with his shoulders squared, his eyes bright and his voice full of confidence as he asked for a job in competition with the young fellows just out of college; and he got it, too. The fact is, this happens right along. A few months ago a man well along in years came in here for a position and told this story, which was later verified: He had been in business for himself, made a very comfortable little fortune, and retired. He lived with his son; and the son lost everything, including his own health and practically all of the father's fortune. The father secured a good position through this bureau and is now earning a fair salary and giving satisfaction."

Men of Sixty-Five Make Good

"I recall another man, of sixty-five, who is making good as a superintendent of construction work on a big breakwater project. He had large interests in Mexico, but when chaos broke loose down there he was lucky to escape with his life.

"It seems to me that all along the line there is a reaction against the efficiency theories that have, in hundreds of concerns, eliminated experienced men of middle age and put in their places sprightly youths. Evidently the heads of these houses are to some extent swinging back to the conclusion that in times of great prosperity pressure, like the present, these newcomers of the efficiency school are out after the immediate coin and will go where they can get it, where men of more mature years and longer service will remain."

What is happening all through the Pittsburgh district is suggested by the personal story of a certain man who, just before the outbreak of the war, was working two days a week and receiving a total of six dollars. He had just lost one child and his wife was in the hospital. One of the terrors before him was the prospect that he was likely to lose all the payments he had made on the home he was buying. Then the "shell game" opened, and he went into it to the limit of his endurance.

As a result in his best weeks his pay check on piecework amounted to an average of fifteen dollars a day, and his earnings were seldom less than twelve dollars a day after he had become thoroughly accustomed to the new work.

His home is now paid for and comfortably furnished, and he has a very nice nest egg stowed away in the bank. If he desired he could keep on earning at this rate until the end of the war; and, with his increased facility in the work, he could probably touch the twenty-dollar-a-day point at which so many shell workers are aiming. Instead, however, he has quit the lathe and taken a job as foreman at much less than he could make at the machine. This action

(Continued on Page 105)

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First, the plan: A hundred homes to choose from, and each as interesting, as charming and as practical as the one shown above. Next, the material: As clear and free from blemish as was ever taken from the forest. Read the great Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty. And last, the service: A knowledge and experience gathered from twelve years working with thousands of home builders—everywhere—a service that assists you in every step of your home building.

One of Your Neighbors is an Aladdin Customer

There is an Aladdin house near you wherever you live. Let us direct you to it. Look it over, inside and outside. Talk with the owner. Let him tell you about Aladdin Golden Rule Service. Let him tell you about the quality of material—about the big saving in money, the big saving in time and the saving in waste. Ask us for names of Aladdin home owners.

Shipments Made Direct from Our Mills in Michigan, Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, Toronto, Ottawa, Vancouver

Aladdin's Famous Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty

The famous guaranty of $1 per knot paid for every knot found in Aladdin Red Cedar Siding is continued for 1917, *AND* we have swept the last knot from Aladdin lumber inside and out. Every Aladdin House in 1917 will be furnished with knotless siding, knotless shingles, knotless outside finish, knotless porch work, knotless flooring, knotless inside finish, knotless door casings, stairwork—knotless inside and outside. Where else can you buy as good a home?

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Aladdin Houses are erected the same as other houses. Aladdin Houses are cut-to-fit—no waste of lumber or labor. The Aladdin price includes all materials cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paint, varnishes. The complete material is shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send stamps today for a copy of "Aladdin Homes," No. 300.

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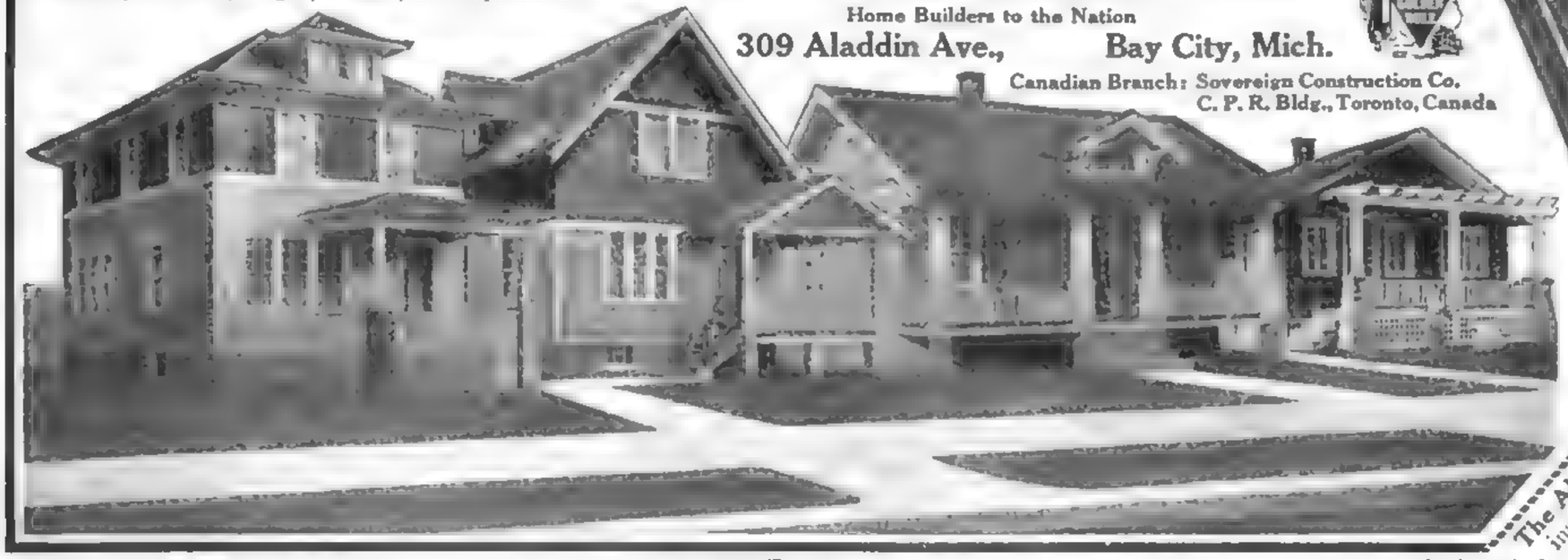

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Thousands of owners are getting 20 to 25 miles on a gallon of gasoline
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in the hands of a careful
sixteen miles.
The action of the high
explosions means a greater
of the crankshaft, a high
ances power and reduce
When you find w
get an average of n
the set of tires, you to
The winner average
miles per gallon of gas
grand average for the 206 S
"Sixes" was 23.5 miles
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It has speed It h
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Real economy is obtained
and dependability the Model "34-A" four
passed. For ideal performance
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extra comfort—
Open body is standard
full panel sides and ba
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00 miles per
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est roads It will
50 from four to fifty
miles an hour on high
and twenty-five miles
gallon of gas is not
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that convinced him of the wonderful ability
The run lasted five days and
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Five patents issued. Seven additional patents pending

Turn dial ring until reading desired, as indicated on ring, is opposite the setting knobs at right.

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Warning at each 500 miles
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Single flexible cable drive

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Tire mileage for each tire and two extra tires
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Lock to prevent tampering with records

Check Service Figures against Guarantees with the Hamilton Multometer

What does the tire manufacturer claim for the tires you are using—what does the manufacturer say is the average service?

Look these figures up—then check them with the record on the Hamilton Multometer. Are you getting full service—maximum economy—or are the tires giving out too soon?

Look up the average claimed mileage per gallon of gasoline—and oil—the car manufacturer's average service figures are based on a car's running perfectly. Check gasoline and oil consumption on the Hamilton Multometer. With it you can determine gasoline and oil mileage with absolute accuracy. Know what adjustments should be made at the end of 500 miles—1,000 miles of running—the Hamilton Multometer automatically gives you a warning of these necessary attentions.

Car and tire makers' guarantees and statements of average service take on a new meaning when checked by the Hamilton Multometer.

And the Hamilton Multometer registers car speed from 1 mile to 75 miles an hour—trip mileage up to 1,000 miles—total mileage up to 100,000 miles.

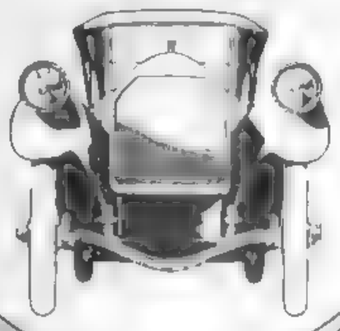
The Hamilton Multometer is easily adaptable to any motor car or motor truck—displaces ordinary speedometer—and is operated by single flexible cable drive either from transmission or front wheel driving gears.

The value of this accurate service recording instrument to motor truck users cannot be over estimated. It is the first positive check of ton-mile operating cost.

Write for full details regarding equipment for your motor car

The Hamilton Corporation, Lancaster, Pa., U.S.A.

Hamilton Multometer, a Recording Instrument of Scientific Accuracy



Hamilton Watch Company Makers of "The Railroad Time Keeper of America"

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(Continued from Page 102)

has been taken because he has been long-headed enough to look out for the future and shrewd enough to realize that he has developed to a higher plane of shopwork; in short, he has put himself up into the supervising class.

When surprise was shown at the fact that a person in authority in the shop, holding a supervising position and working with his head instead of his hands, should draw less money than the men under him, I was met with the statement that this is common.

How high the wage scale can climb in Pittsburgh under war pressure and the piecework plan is indicated by the admission, on the part of the active head of one of the great steel companies, that rollers in some of the Pittsburgh mills are making an average of twenty-five dollars a day, and that puddlers are doing practically as well.

This official declares that a very satisfactory proportion of these men are saving their money. He regards this thrift as the result, in a large measure, of the plan of encouraging employees to invest in the stock of the company, and making it possible for them to do so on very advantageous terms.

When the man earning a modest salary looks with envy upon the bloated pay envelope of the munition-machine operator, he is likely to overlook several interesting facts which it would be well for him to consider before deciding to swap his white-shirt position for a place at the shell lathe.

For example, there is the plain muscular strain incident to lifting the shells into place in the machine and taking them out again. A production captain in one of the smaller munition shops of the Pittsburgh district, who knows the weight of every shell handled, figured that a lathe man in the twenty-dollar-a-day class handled twenty-six thousand pounds a day in and out of his machine. He also declared that the hands of many of these men who are pulling down the big money and working at top speed for as many hours a day as they can stand up to the job are often so stiff when they come to work that they resemble set claws, and about half an hour of slow work is required to limber them up into good working shape.

The Pressure of Production

In this connection a certain supervisor of shell production in a large plant, where boys of seventeen and eighteen years of age are averaging twelve dollars a day and many men are keeping their daily earnings to a point above eighteen dollars, makes the interesting observation that if the experienced mechanics now working on shells had worked as hard—as many hours and at as intense a pressure—on the tasks with which they were engaged before America went into the munition business, their earnings would have been about eighty per cent of what they are now.

Of course this statement is made for the purpose of comparison and does not at all imply that these mechanics had the opportunity to work overtime at that period. They did not. On every hand, in every munition district visited in this investigation, the same spirit of wage greed was found driving men to their utmost powers. In many cases this appeared to be almost as much a matter of personal pride in the high figure on the pay envelope as a desire for the money itself.

One foreman described the situation in these words:

"The game here is something fierce! Our crack men are driving the spurs into themselves in a way that is absolutely merciless. Sometimes it seems to me they are simply wage-crazy. They are no longer content to touch the twenty-dollar-a-day point for about half the time, but they wish to put their daily average up to that figure—and a whole lot of them are doing it too. Of course the men over them are putting on all the pressure they can, because they are being pushed by the chief executives of their various companies. Again, the bonus they get is dependent upon what the workers under them do in the way of production miracles.

"No one outside the game can in the least appreciate how tremendous this production pressure is. There are shops in this district where output has been screwed up to a point that has given the supervising force a bonus of a hundred per cent; and even at that rate the crack men at the machines pulled down more money than all save one or two of the men over them. In other words, only the two men at the top of the shop's executive force drew salaries for the month larger than the pay of the best class of mechanics at the lathes."

How freely easy money is flowing in Pittsburgh is suggested by the experience of a salesman in a leading retail music store. Because of his ability in demonstrating disk machines he had been brought from a point outside the munition zone and was, therefore, unacquainted with the appearance and habits of the industrious shell-worker. He had hardly been in his new position a day when a request was received by telephone to have three of the best machines of as many different makes sent to a certain address in the afternoon, so that they could be demonstrated that evening. The person making the request explained that an evening demonstration would be necessary, because that was the only time when the head of the house could be present and that it was impossible for him to call at the store in person.

When the demonstrator found his way that evening to the cottage designated in the order he was sure a mistake had been made, and almost decided not to call and make an inquiry as a matter of form. The cottage was one of a row that he classed in his own mind as laborers' shacks. There was nothing in his past experience as a salesman to suggest to him the possibility that a family living in such surroundings could purchase the most expensive type of talking machine.

Contentment Everywhere

A knock at the door, however, brought the command: "Come in!" And he found himself in the presence of a middle-aged man, in shirt sleeves, smoking a clay pipe, who pointed in the direction of the disk machines and said:

"Shoot!"

From that instant the wife and daughter of the household took charge of the ceremonies until the grizzled smoker removed his pipe and remarked:

"That's the one for us. But, while we're about it, we may as well keep the one that was played just before this, and send it over to Mary. Then we'll want that outfit of records. Now figure up what the whole thing comes to and I'll write you a check."

The closing statement from "father" saved the salesman from extreme embarrassment, not to say heart failure; for he had been unable to bring himself to believe that he should be justified in leaving two expensive instruments in such a home without "something to show for them." The check was for a little less than six hundred dollars.

An indication of the wage strides made by the common laborer is afforded by the fact that it is easy to find huskies, who were glad to get a dollar and a half a day at the outbreak of the war, who now receive from three-fifty to four-fifty a day for rolling shells from one point of the shop floor to another. There are many cases where common labor not engaged in shell production gets five dollars and seventy cents for a twelve-hour day in the munition plants.

One of the happiest takers of War Bride money in the Pittsburgh district is an ex-janitor, who was getting seventeen and a half cents an hour when the war started and a little later secured twenty-four cents for sweeping floors. He used his acquaintance with one of the young college men who had been made a production captain in a munition shop to enter his plea for a chance at a lathe. The young man interceded for him, and for the last ten months the humble graduate from the janitor's department has made an average earning of thirteen dollars a day.

Perhaps his closest competitor, in point of satisfaction secured from the munition wage, is an ex-cigar clerk working in the same shop. Though he is not getting quite so much money as the former floor sweeper, he frankly declares that, for the first time in his life, he is making a living; and that he is also "salting down something for the day when the Dove of Peace throws the power off the shell lathes."

A shop neighbor to this greasy but contented graduate from the cigar counter is an ex-bank clerk from a Western State, who decided that a white collar, a salary of about sixteen dollars a week, and the privilege of talking to depositors through a grated window were all right for those who were either too proud or too soft of body to go up against the hard work of the munition plant; but that, as he was decidedly husky,

(Concluded on Page 107)

For Correct Styles—
For Patterns That Fit—
For Easier House-Keeping—
For a Guide in Buying—
For Fancy Needlework—
For Wholesome Stories—

More Than One Million Three Hundred Thousand (1,300,000) Discriminating Women Every Month Turn to McCALL'S MAGAZINE

We suggest that you send your subscription now to start with April (printed in March), our great Annual Spring Fashion Number.

February and March numbers may sell out before your order reaches us—buy them at 10c each at any News-stand or McCall Pattern Agency

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Announces a Change in Price

The pages of McCALL'S for 1916, end on end, would reach from New York to San Francisco forty-five (45) times, and weigh over ten million (10,000,000) pounds.

In 1917, raw paper, of the high grade we use (one of the biggest items of expense in publishing a magazine of large circulation), will cost nearly twice as much as we paid last year. Besides, ink, type metal, engravings, labor—in fact, everything that goes into making McCALL'S—has nearly doubled in cost.

To lower McCALL standards, or cheapen McCALL quality, is unthinkable. The one and only thing to do is to increase our subscription price and keep on improving our magazine.

McCALL'S is now ten cents (10c) a copy, seventy-five cents (75c) a year, ($1.00 Canada; $1.50 foreign), beginning with the February, 1917, number, on sale this month. However, *for a short time only*, this opportunity is given to subscribe at the old low rates.

A RECOGNIZED FASHION AUTHORITY FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS

How often you hear, "She hasn't a bit of style." You know women possessing extravagant wardrobes, yet who are never stylishly dressed. You also know women who spend a very modest sum on their clothes and you wonder how they manage to dress so charmingly. Our Fashion Editor says, "*STYLE is a matter of TASTE rather than money.*"

Taste, you will agree, however excellent, must have a reliable guide. THE McCALL COMPANY of New York, founded 1870, makers of McCALL patterns (so favorably known for their style, fit, simplicity, and economy) and publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE (monthly), THE McCALL BOOK OF FASHIONS (Quarterly), McCALL'S EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK, etc., enjoys a prestige of nearly 50 years' success as Fashion Publishers and offers just such a guide in its monthly style news (recognized as authority), richly illustrated in black and white and in colors, by the choicest new, approved designs, and patterns that faithfully reproduce those designs.

1917 EDITORIAL PROGRAM

You and all your family will surely enjoy these February and March features:

"The Nameless Man," big new serial story of love, mystery and surprising climaxes, just starting, by Natalie Lincoln; "Keeping House for Presidents," Helen Hambidge; "The Strongest Pleaders," powerful love story, Mary Lerner; "The Long Way 'Round," middle-aged romance, Ruth N. Tuthill; "Mary Pickford's Movie Children," William Armstrong; "Providing for the Lean Years," practical article; "Compensation," love story, Lilian Ducey; "Latch-Strings Ajar," story of a young girl misunderstood, Katherine Kingsley Crosby; "The Church that Waked Up," Montanye Perry; etc. Stories and articles follow later from these popular writers: Helen Christine Bennett, Anne Gunter Boykin, Mariel Brady, Helen Topping Miller, William Hamby, and many others.

DEPARTMENTS THAT HELP

Many home-loving women have come to look upon McCALL'S as a "household necessity" because of these practical service departments:

Common-sense Beauty Talks, Annette Beacon; Correct Social Usage—What Priscilla Learned at Boarding-School, Mary Marshall Duffee; Words—How to Use Them, Emma M. Bolenius, text book Author, Home Millinery, Evelyn Tobey, Millinery Director Columbia University; Paris Fashion Letter, Paris Correspondent; Home Dressmaking, Margaret Whitney, Embroidery, Genevieve Sterling and Helen Thomas, Children's Page, Frederick White; Baby Welfare, Mary L. Read, Director School of Mothercraft; Foods and Food Values, Isobel Brands; Gardens, F. F. Rockwell, Household Decoration, Mary H. Northend; Parties and Entertainments, Martha Groesman; Housekeeping Exchange, Helen Hopkins.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT BEFORE MARCH 31, 1917 (S.E.P.)

Mark a cross (X) before items wanted. Pin this coupon to a sheet of paper, write name and address plainly and mail with Money Order or Check—send 50c or less in U. S. stamps, or send coins or bills by registered mail—(for Canada and Foreign no stamps accepted) to

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Please send....McCall's Magazine **one year**, 50c enclosed (75c Canada; $1.00 Foreign).

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To buy a pair of new lamps and a new fender once in awhile—to have the car tied up for two or three days—or to invest a few dollars in bumpers for the front and rear of your car? You're going to have a smash some day—isn't it good business to be ready for it?

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are the ones made on the correct End Thrust principle. They fit all cars and are furnished with diamond, channel or spring bars. They add to the appearance of the car, and are quickly and easily attached. *Ask your dealer.*

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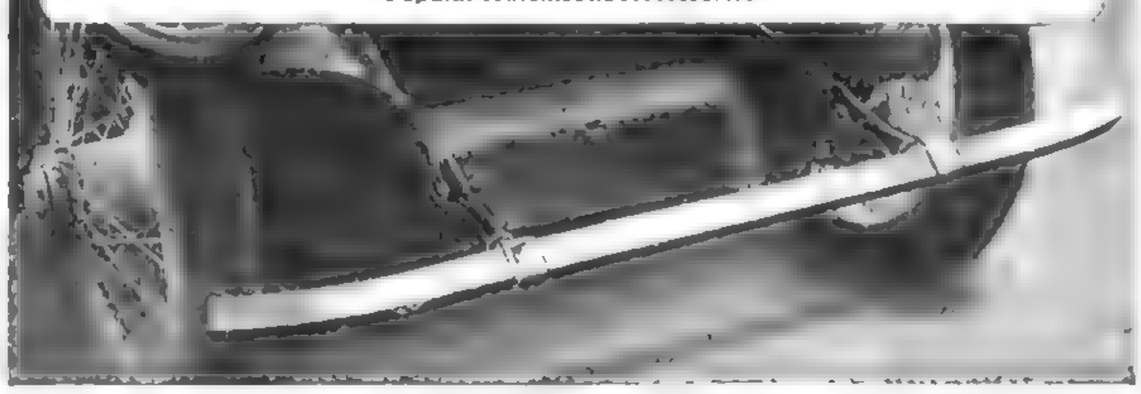

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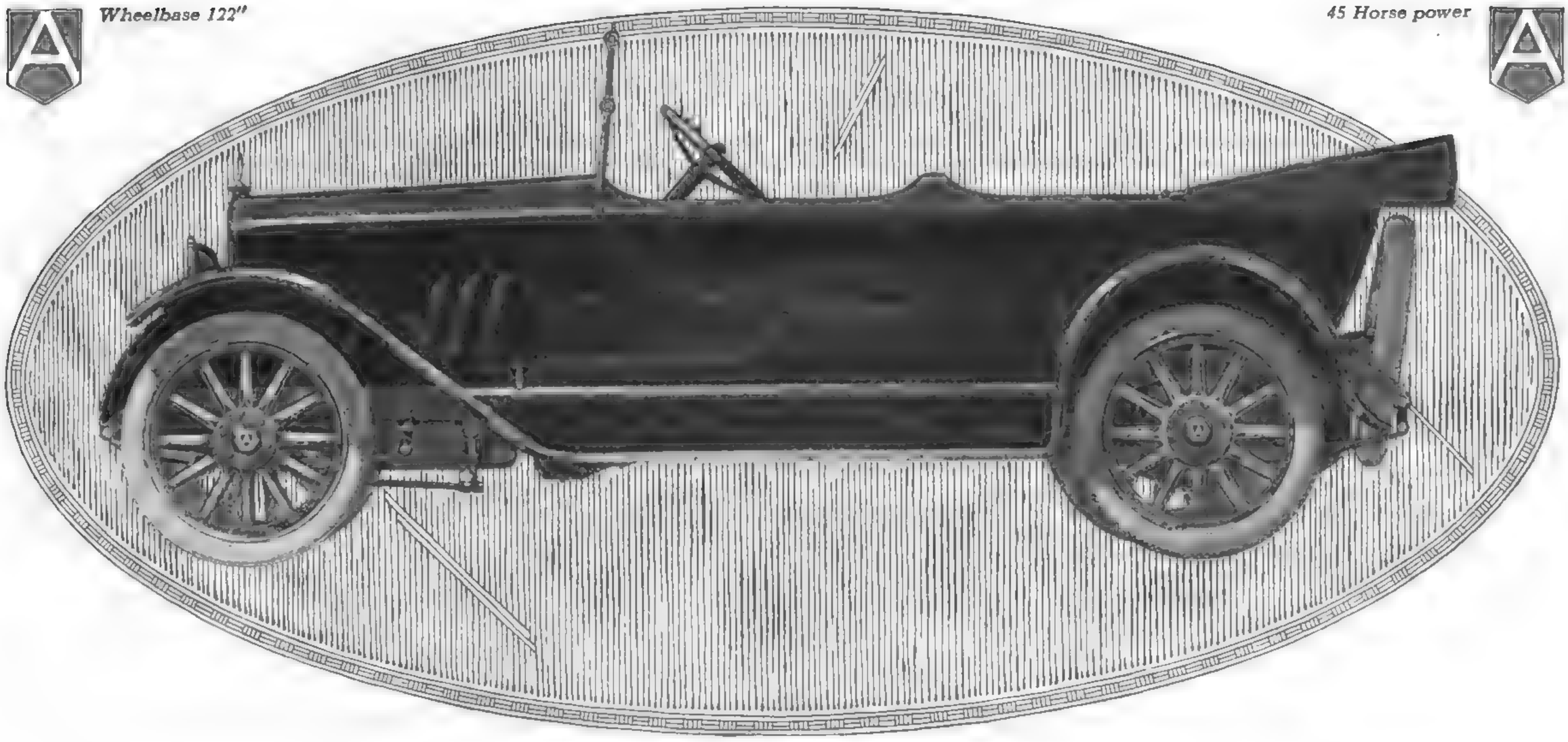
45 Horse power



WHY I SHALL DRIVE AN AMERICAN SIX THIS YEAR

Because it is a GOOD-RUNNING car, staunchly built and smooth in operation—a *perfect piece of mechanism* that will run the way I want it to run as long as I have a use for it.

Because it is a GOOD-SIZED car, big enough for all my needs, with ample legroom in front where you seldom get it and space aplenty in back for riding comfort.

Because it is a GOOD-LOOKING car—graceful and pleasing to the eye, with a real air of distinction about it—a car that I shall not be ashamed of when it is lined up alongside my friends' *costlier* cars.

Because, finally, it is built by LOUIS CHEVROLET and a group of engineering and manufacturing experts whose skill and ability are recognized wherever automobiles are made, and therefore I know that in the AMERICAN SIX I am getting a car that is planned and built as it should be and so will perform according to the most exacting standards.

For These and other good and sufficient reasons I am satisfied that I *should* drive an AMERICAN SIX this year—*and I WILL!*

Brief Particulars of the AMERICAN SIX

Power Plant—45 H.P. 3"x5" motor, cast *en bloc*, upper half crankcase aluminum, three-point suspension, water around each cylinder, valves 1⅜", helical gears, Zenith carburetor, Gray & Davis ignition, six-volt 100-ampere-hour Willard battery. *Clutch*—Three dry-plate discs. *Transmission*—Selective sliding gear, three speeds and reverse. *Axles*—front, one-piece drop-forged I-beam; rear, three-quarter floating, spiral bevel gears, gear ratio 4⅞ to 1. *Springs*—Semi-elliptic, front, 38" x 2", rear, 52" x 2"; Hotchkiss drive. *Wheelbase*—122", tread 56", wheels 32" x 4".

The AMERICAN SIX is on display at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows

NEW YORK AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION PLAINFIELD, N. J.

A Car to Compare with Costlier Cars

AMERICAN SIX $1285

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(Concluded from Page 105)

he would go after his share of War-Bride money. And he is getting it too. As he bends over a boring mill he does not cut quite so genteel a figure as he did at the counter of the country bank, but his daily wage is seldom less than twelve dollars, and sometimes more than that. He takes no small satisfaction in the reflection that his wages are at least equal to the salary of the president of the little bank "out home" in the Western town.

Within fifteen minutes' walk from the munition shops in which these young men are making such startling wages you can find thousands of clerks who are receiving salaries ranging from sixty-five to one hundred dollars a month. In fact the clerk in this district whose salary check is above eighty dollars a month feels that he is "good"—or, at least, he has felt so until the bloated pay envelope of the munition worker finally disturbed his peace.

A bookkeeper in the Pittsburgh district admits that a man in his calling who gets above one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month is not ashamed to show his salary check to anybody. It is apparently true that clerks, bookkeepers and office men—the white-collar crowd—in the employ of munition-making companies are faring rather better, as a rule, than their compatriots working in parallel positions for concerns not engaged in munition production. At the same time there is no denying the fact that the rank and file of these men are not on a compensation basis which balances with the wage of the shopworkers at the present time. I have not found a single executive who was willing to say that such a balance does exist.

On the other hand, they admit that the salaried man as a rule must, at least to some extent, look to considerations other than the size of his salary check for consolation when his living expenses, on the one hand, and the wages of his friends in overalls in the plant depress him. There is, for one thing, the hope that he may be handsomely remembered at Christmas. Again, he is encouraged to consider the likelihood that his salary will continue at the same old rate after munition making has gone out of fashion in the United States.

"The Mysterious Dutchman"

The moment you enter the munition field known as the Automobile District you are made to realize that the War Brides have saved their most unstinted dispensations for the West. If you happen to reach Detroit at just the right time, and are posted so that you may wait at the proper place, you will see the figure of "the mysterious Dutchman," who is the center of more speculation than perhaps any other individual munition maker in America. This watchmaker came from Holland about twenty years ago and started a little shop where the cleaning and repairing of fine watches became his specialty. He struggled along, making a meager living until the guns of Europe began to roar.

Then his shop was suddenly visited by one of his customers who had become a scout for a big manufacturing plant that had taken on an immense munition contract. The next day the old watchmaker was missing from his bench. Though he occasionally reappears, the keenest newspaper men in Detroit have been unable to find out where he is concealed. But they do know that when the genial old Dutchman returns to his familiar haunts he leaves a trail of gold behind him—in the hands of the poor of his old neighborhood. "Poor," however, is only a relative term in Detroit at the present time, and indicates merely the minimum of prosperity.

The largess the genial Hollander dispenses is on a scale scarcely possible to any person with an income of less than from five to six hundred dollars a week. Those who are nearest to this man of mystery in the munition world stoutly assert the belief that his earnings are not less than a hundred dollars a day, and that he is engaged in the making of delicate mechanism for use in connection with certain types of high-explosive bombs or shells.

Though the exact size of the old watchmaker's earnings cannot be verified, there can be no doubt that they fully justify his title of King of Munition Makers. His sensational success in his new field serves to emphasize the keenness with which the scouts for the munition plants have combed the field of highly skilled labor as well as the lower ranks of workers.

A conductor on a trolley car running between Detroit and Toledo one day heard three negroes arguing loudly on the rear platform. Two of them were scoring the third for quitting his job in a machine shop—where he was working as fireman with a chance of early promotion to the position of engineer—to go into common labor. The one under criticism instantly retorted:

"You-all kin done keep right on learnin' t' be engineers—heavin' coal an' sweatin' yore clothes at three dollahs a day. Dat's what you-all's gittin'. Me? I's pullin' down ten bones every time de sun draps out o' sight. If you don't believe what I's tellin' you, just come roun' to de big boss at dat minution plant an' he'll put you on fer what I's drawin'."

This statement settled the dispute and the critics decided to desert their posts as stokers.

The case of a certain lathe man in a Detroit munition plant may be a little out of the ordinary, but not enough so to be wholly out of perspective as indicating how high an unskilled mechanic can push the pay-roll figures. In 1915 he was plying the uncertain calling of train butcher on an Eastern road and making, as a rule, from twelve to eighteen dollars a week. Now his pay envelope never contains less than sixty dollars, and sometimes more than seventy. He does a special task of lining or striping shell bodies.

Prosperity in Detroit

Conditions among the more skilled workers in munition plants are suggested by the experience of a man who was employed in an automobile plant, where he did fine work and earned about thirty dollars a week. Now his pay envelope, as a maker of fuse caps, or points, contains an average of about eighty-five dollars a week—and this with very little overtime to his credit. According to one of his superiors in the shop, who knows something of his family life, he lives on an extremely generous scale—"right up to the Detroit pitch"; but carries an extremely heavy line of life and accident insurance, considering the fact that he is described in his application as a mechanic.

According to the superintendent of the plant this man is typical, both in his earnings and in his use of them, of a large class of really skilled workmen in the munition plants of that district.

Detroit may be said to be almost literally staggering under its load of prosperity. One shrewd workman, who has been through several munition plants in other districts, declares that nowhere in this country are the War Brides and their followers cutting quite such high jinks as here. Here even salaries have been compelled to respond—at least to a degree—to the pressure. A high banking official in Detroit is frank enough to admit that banks in that city have been forced to raise the salaries of their employees or else see them absorbed by industrial concerns needing a greatly increased volume of office help.

Naturally this means that competition has boosted salaries in practically all offices in that city. But, again, it must be said there would be extreme difficulty in demonstrating that those salaries are on a par with the war wages which are filling the banks there with deposits and heaping the cash registers of merchants and business houses to overflowing.

A certain banker illustrates the condition with the statement that scores of new manufacturing concerns which have started business in Detroit since the beginning of the war have scouted everywhere for competent clerks, bookkeepers, and office help of every kind; and in their search they have not neglected the banks. The competition thus established has been met, according to this authority, in order to hold their experienced men instead of getting recruits from outside the city—or, at least, outside the immediate district—at pre-war prices. This, he declares, could be done without difficulty.

The tune to which the War Brides are dancing in the Calumet or Chicago-Gary district is suggested by the story of a laborer who will be here mentioned under the fictitious name of Mike Murphy. In 1914 Mike was working in a machine shop in that territory for the modest but respectable wage of seventeen cents an hour. When the War Brides beckoned, Mike responded, and proved to be fairly nimble at piecework. Not long ago, however, Mike and some of his associates struck, because it was decided that the rate then received was too low. For the week before Mike went out his pay check was only ninety dollars! Some preceding weeks, however, brought his pay up to a considerably larger sum, on account of overtime. About a month after Mike disappeared from the pay roll of the munition plant his family applied for charity.

In this same district a merchant declares that women who have never had more than a few dollars to spend at a time are now buying silks and furs.

"We do the best we can to give them true value for their money," he says, "and restrain their reckless extravagance; but it is apparent that what they are after is merely something expensive and showy. We have actually sold silk dresses and seven-dollar corsets to women who have before been utter strangers to anything that a refined woman would class under the name of lingerie."

Bankers throughout this district assert, however, that only the most common and unskilled labor is wasting its money in this way, and that the more skilled workmen, accustomed to earning fair wages under normal conditions, are saving their money to an extent which has immensely increased the deposits of the banks in that territory.

About fifty miles from Chicago is a town, of little more than four thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a rich farming country. A manufacturing concern already established there took a munition contract. The superintendent said he would continue only under the condition that he should be permitted to pick his own men and be allowed time in which to train them. He hired young men from the farms within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles. These husky boys had been used to receiving only a little more than a dollar a day, when they "worked out" at all.

Now they are earning from three-fifty to seven dollars a day and are saving a large percentage of their wages. One of these workers, who is representative of his class, started a savings account at a local bank while working on a near-by farm. In five years his balance in the bank was sixty dollars. At the beginning of 1916 he went into the munition plant and was soon earning six dollars a day, and overtime. In November last, after having withdrawn two hundred dollars with which to buy land, his balance stood at eight hundred and forty dollars.

What Mr. Ripley Says

It is interesting to contrast the wages and conditions just described with those in a large wholesale establishment in the same district, employing unskilled labor. This house has raised its packers' wages from eighteen to twenty dollars a week; its drivers' from sixteen and eighteen to twenty dollars; its boxmakers' from forty to forty-five cents an hour; its loaders' from thirteen and fourteen to sixteen and seventeen dollars a week; its checkers' from sixteen to nineteen dollars; and its truckers' from fifteen to eighteen dollars.

There has not, however, been a general raise in the salaries paid to the office help of this concern. In the factory of this house are employed a large number of girls, doing light work. Their wages have been increased from ten to twelve dollars a week.

With regard to the question of railroad salaries and wages Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé, was asked whether he felt that there is an equitable balance between the wages and the salaries paid by his company. He said:

"If that question had been put to me, say, two years ago I could have given an affirmative answer and felt that it was a fair generalization of the situation. That is not now the case. Lately, organized labor has gone after an increase and secured it. Unorganized labor, especially in the broad field of what may be called middle salaries, has had little advance in pay since the great European war began. At the same time the cost of the necessities of life has increased immensely. This means, of course, that the man on a small salary or even a medium salary is the one who is feeling the pinch of increasing expenses most keenly.

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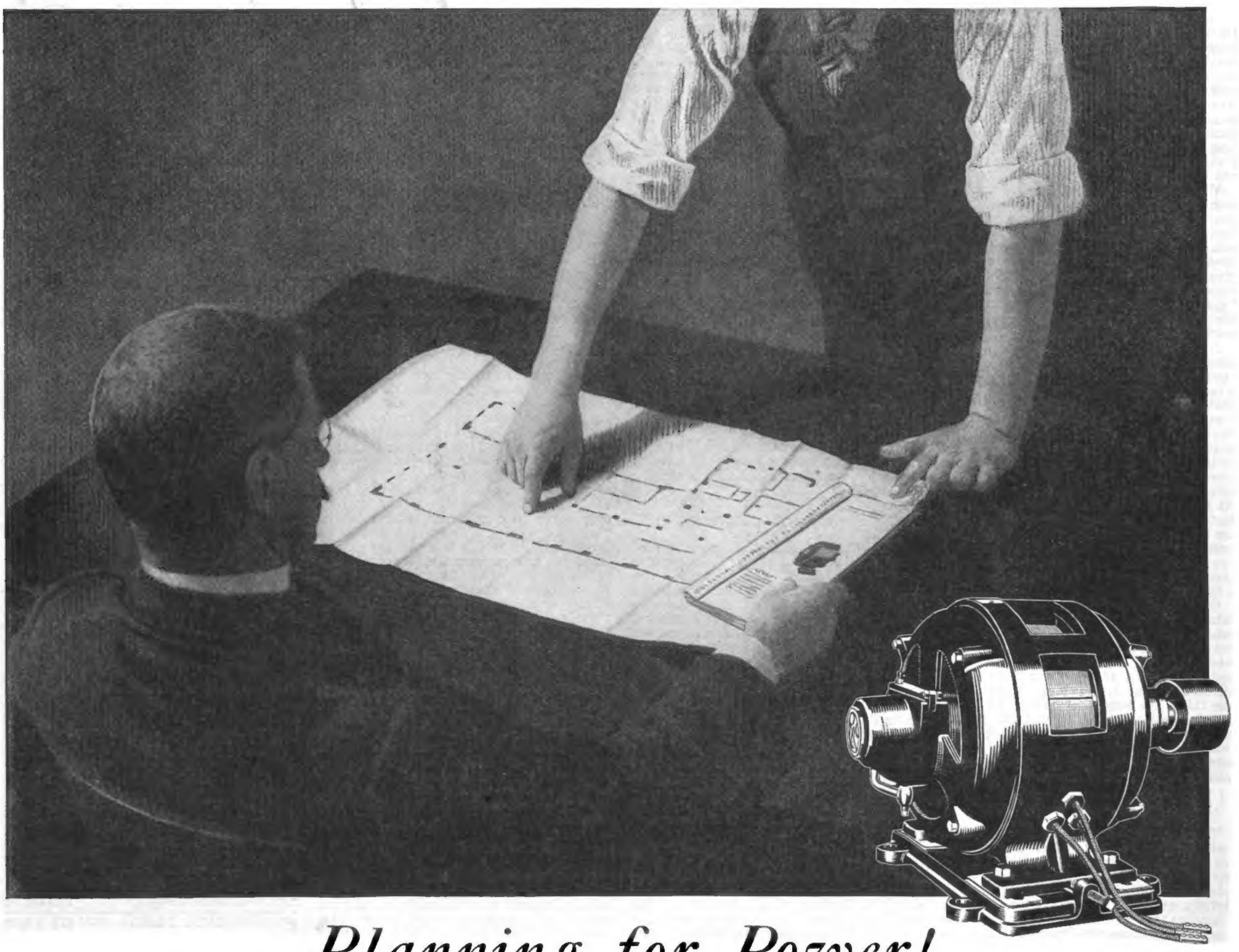

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Whatever the size—1/40 or 25 horsepower; whatever the service—large machine or small; whatever the circuit—direct or alternating current—there is a particular Robbins & Myers Motor for the purpose.

Makers of the best motor-driven equipment also prefer Robbins & Myers Motors for their dependable qualities. Whenever you see any electrical device equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor, whether it be a vacuum cleaner for the home, an adding machine for the office, or a drill press for the machine shop, be assured that it is a high-grade product throughout.

You will rarely find a Robbins & Myers Motor on any appliance that does not measure up to the Robbins & Myers standard.

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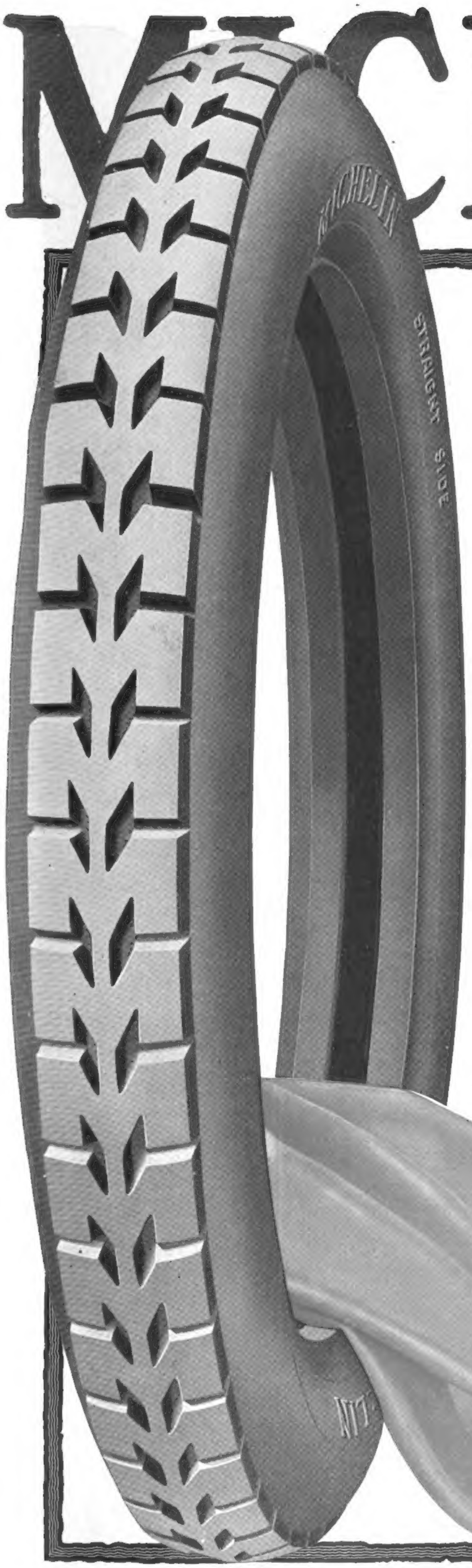

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liquid

SHAVING STRATEGY

Don't try to bluff your beard—trick it. The Williams' Big Stick is a paradox. It's husky to look at but it yields a lather so soft and gentle and soothing that it sneaks in on Mr. Beard unawares and puts him in the discard.

The Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick gives you this magic lather in a nickel container with a metal grip for your fingers that grows in your affections as the stick wears itself away in your interest.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

and in round cakes

Send 12c. in stamps for a trial size of the four forms shown here.
Then decide which you prefer or send 4c. in stamps for any one.

The J. B. Williams Co., *Dept. A*, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

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